ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1965 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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TERRY SOUTHERN • BUDD SCHULBERG
MARTIN LUTHER KING • JACK KEROUAC
P. G. WODEHOUSE • KENNETH TYNAN
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AND NINE-PAGE PLAYMATE PORTFOLIO

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PLAYBILL ELEVEN, as everyone knows, is a lucky number, and our eleventh year of publication found Dame Fortune smiling broadly. In 1964, PLAYBOY became the largest-selling men's magazine of all time; and, indeed, our growth in the last few years has been nothing short of phenomenal. PLAYBOY took six years to reach the million mark in circulation and less than four to double that figure. But that, as they say in vaudeville, was only the beginning. Since early in 1963, an already robust readership has been vaulting upward. In the first six months of 1964, our circulation rose over a half million; in the second half it was well on its way to three million—a nice round number that our sales seers confidently predict we will hit early this year. We must confess we're not certain as to exactly why PLAYBOY has enjoyed this unprecedented increase in popularity—and it *is* unprecedented in that there has never been such a rapid, unforced circulation rise for such a prestige-priced publication—but we suspect that there are several factors involved. The babies of the War and post-War population explosion have grown into young adults, a group with whom PLAYBOY rates first chair. And we like to think that PLAYBOY itself has grown, too—into a more sophisticated, more entertaining publication than ever before. On this, PLAYBOY's eleventh birthday, we pledge ourself to make it even better in the years ahead.

Each year, PLAYBOY's editors cudgel their brains and recap the past 12 months' stories and articles to make the difficult decisions that determine which of our contributors will receive our annual "best" awards of $1000 each—a tangible token of our recognition that we owe much of our success to the excellence of their work. Previously, the PLAYBOY awards were limited to two categories: fiction and nonfiction. This year, a third $1000 award was established in recognition of the writers of humor and satire. Here's how the voting—a hard choice among an embarrassment of riches—worked out. The fiction award eliminations were narrowed down to two stories and there our editors were deadlocked, with Romain Gary's evocative, sensitive *A Bit of a Dreamer, A Bit of a Fool* (March) and Irwin Shaw's roisterously picaresque *Once, in Aleppo* (December) receiving an equal number of votes in several sessions of balloting. The tie was resolved in the happiest way for all the partisan voters, and for the authors, too: Gary and Shaw will each get a $1000 award. Close runners-up were Ray Bradbury's broodingly Oedipal Halloween horror tale, *Heavy Set* (October), Bernard Wolfe's letter-perfect exchange of correspondence between a brace of Hollywood types, *Sue Me Rich* (October), and Philip Roth's probing account of a Manhattan marriage-on-the-rocks, *An Actor's Life for Me* (January). There was also an abundance of prime candidates for top honors in nonfiction. Judged nonpareil was John Clellon Holmes' perceptive analysis-in-depth of the current sexual upheaval, *Revolution Below the Belt* (August). Close runners-up were Paul Goodman's tilt with America's mass-education mania, *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* (September), *The Pious Pornographers Revisited* (September, October) by William Iversen, and Kenneth Tynan's wickedly uproarious account of a meeting-at-the-summit between Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams, *Papa and the Playwright* (May). Dan Greenburg's primer on universal Momism-made-easy, *How to Be a Jewish Mother* (September), was deemed 1964's winner in our new award category of humor and satire. Hard on its comedic heels were Jean Shepherd's mirthful memoir of an Indiana childhood, *Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies* (June), and Bill Iversen's Dickensian tour de farce, *The Christmas Carol Caper* (December).

Leading off our Eleventh Anniversary–Holiday Issue's star-cast contents is Part I of Vladimir Nabokov's *The Eye*. A major work of shimmering imagery, whose protagonist weaves back and forth between the worlds of fantasy and reality, *The Eye* first appeared in Russian in an *émigré* review; it has been translated by Nabokov's son, Dmitri, in collaboration with the author—who made substantial revisions in the process. We are proud to be its first publisher in English. The Russian title, Vladimir Nabokov tells us, was "*Soglyadatay*, which means 'spy' and rhymes with 'dárt eye.'" Illustrating *The Eye* is a hypnotically haunting painting by Robert Andrew Parker, who has just had a one-man show at the World House Galleries in Manhattan. Parker, whose work hangs in the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum, lives in the back country near Carmel, New York, where he deserts his easel on occasion for grouse hunting and fishing.

On hand for the holidays is a lustrous array of new fiction. Man *vs.* machine—the theme of Arthur C. Clarke's chilling sci-fi scarer, *Dial "F" for Frankenstein*—should be taken with very few grains of salt in view of the omniscience Clarke has shown in the past anent future scientific events. Recognized as the creator of the communication-satellite idea (a concept he put forth way back in 1945), Clarke is currently at work on a so-far secret project involving a novel and a movie.

Jack Kerouac, author of this month's fictionalized slice out of his life, *Good Blonde*, is presently engaged in a ruminative, juice-restoring hiatus in his writing career—not unlike the period that supplied the background material for his *On the Road* and *The Dharma Bums*. He is walking the Florida beaches, plotting out a new novel.

One of P. G. Wodehouse's most happily hapless characters finds himself a victim of circumstance in *Bingo Bans the Bomb*. Bingo's creator, who at 83 has not yet banned hard work, has a *Blandings Castle* novel scheduled for a 1965 debut, is in the midst of compiling a book of short stories to be published in 1966.

The surrealistically disturbing story *Tea Party* introduces the English playwright of the absurd, Harold Pinter, to these

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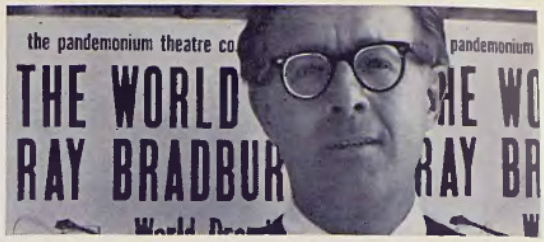

CASILLI

CERF

PARKER

pages. Pinter, who studied acting at Britain's Royal Academy, moved to the other side of the proscenium in 1959 to become one of England's most renowned Angry Young Men. His play *The Caretaker* was a Broadway hit, received critical acclaim when transferred to the screen as *The Guest*.

In this inaugural month, when election ardors have cooled to a point somewhere near objectivity, Budd Schulberg's *Political Conventions as Showbiz* examines the uniquely American pageant that produces Presidential candidates. Schulberg, a Hollywood expatriate for over 25 years, now divides his time between Cinema City and Mexico, where he is working on a novel and putting together a collection of short stories.

Terry Southern, whose movies-over-novels thesis in *Seeing Is Believing* is acerbically argued, is currently converting into filmscript his co-authored best seller, *Candy*, which Frank (*David and Lisa*) Perry will direct and coproduce with Southern. *Dr. Strangelove*'s co-author recently finished coproducing Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*. With all that co-ing behind him, the next project on the Southern horizon is an adaptation for the screen of his satiric novel *The Magic Christian*.

When PLAYBOY interviewer Alex Haley was finally able to sit back and gaze through the filtering distances of time at his subject—Nobel Prize–winner Dr. Martin Luther King—he realized just how little in the way of physical impressions of King he had carried away with him from the interview. A remarkably self-effacing man whose life has been completely devoted to the cause of racial equality, Dr. King can call almost no time his own; a walk from his church to his office—a distance of about three city blocks—often takes an hour and a half; people pour out onto the street to greet him and to talk to him. All the more reason for our very great pride in presenting the longest and—by his fellow workers' own reckoning—best interview Nobel laureate King has ever granted.

Ray Bradbury, whose Pandemonium Theater recently opened in Los Angeles, wrote *Remembrances of Things Future* because "I have heard a lot of talk about national purpose for years now and have fretted over it, for I have always felt our new national purpose lay right under our noses—space travel, which would engage the new generation with fresh idealism, sorely needed now, more than ever before."

Bennett Cerf, perpetrator of *Wag Dogs Tales*, a punnishing attempt to trace the history of his favorite form of humor, finds time between duties as president of Random House, director for Bantam Books and MGM, lecturer and panelist on *What's My Line?* to author and edit an impressive number of books. Betwixt ventures, the publishing pundit champions those words which Cerf a dual purpose.

Woody Allen, the owlish comic whose rise to fame we saluted in *On the Scene* (PLAYBOY, December 1963), delineates in outraged detail his unsuccessful campaign against the mechanical aspects of modern-day life in *My War with the Machines*. Woody is now turning Europe into his bed of neuroses as he stars (along with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers and Romy Schneider) in *What's New, Pussycat?*, a film from the pen of one Woody Allen.

Aficionado Kenneth Tynan's *Beatle in the Bull Ring* unveils for PLAYBOY readers the current *corrida* picture in Spain, focuses on El Cordobés, the first hip matador. Tynan, who knows his *toreros* (he has a book *Bull Fever* to his credit), recently rejoined London's *Observer* as film critic.

Sir Julian Huxley, perhaps the world's most distinguished writer-biologist, puts forth in *The Age of Overbreed* an earnest and urgent plea for a rational approach to the population explosion, a subject which has interested him since 1927 (he won the Lasker Award for his work in that area). Sir Julian was Director General of Unesco from 1947 to 1948, has taught in England, Canada and the United States, won the Royal Society's Darwin Medal in 1956.

Other January attractions: Shel Silverstein once more donning the guise of tots' tormentor and mentor in *Uncle Shelby's Kiddie Corner*, a child's garden of verses filled with Venus'-flytraps; Great Books founder Dr. Mortimer Adler's iconoclastic reactions to some of the world's most illustrious tomes in *The Not-So-Classic Classics*; Jed Harris, longtime Broadway major-domo, recalling a *Guys and Dolls*–type associate in *Joe*; William Saroyan taking a lighthearted crack at the literary Johnny-come-latelies in *I Don't Get It*; Peter Ustinov romping through *A Hypothetical History of Harems*. Ustinov and his undraped crew were shot by PLAYBOY lensman Mario Casilli, shown above at the door of our Leicable new West Coast photographic digs, Playboy Studio West, in the handsome, just-opened Playboy Building on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard.

Also in this issue, PLAYBOY's Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty zeros in on one of the major causes of executive headaches in *The Psychology of Sound Personnel Management*; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario and Fashion Director Robert L. Green combine their gustatorial and sartorial talents to produce a black-tie extravaganza, *The Progressive Dinner Party*; and *The Playboy Philosophy* offers Part II of a round-table discussion by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, a priest, a minister and a rabbi on America's sexual revolution.

On hand, too, is *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a retrospective look at the dozen gatefold girls of this past year; PLAYBOY's own *Little Annie Fanny*; our annual *Retroactive New Year's Resolutions*; a panoply of last-minute Christmas gifts; Part II of Jules Feiffer's *Hostileman*; another batch of *Teevee Jeebies*; Don Addis' *Symbolic Sex* and January's splendiferous Playmate, Sally Duberson. In sum, a sumptuous issue which we hope will prove a happy augury that "the best is yet to be."

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1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

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1083. "Abundance of pulsing rhythms." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.

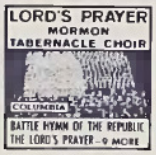
1582. Also: Cherry Stones, Saturday Night Out, etc.

1363. Also: Fly Me to The Moon, More, Fascination, etc.

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.



1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

1453. This show is "bright and wholly beguiling!" — Cue

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.

1109. "Virtuosity in the grand style!" — Montreal Gazette

1600. Corcovado, Once upon A Summer Night, 7 in all

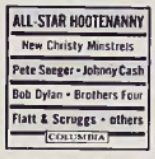
1365. Also: What'll I Do, Always on My Mind, Solitude, etc.

1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1605. America's most celebrated organist." — Newsweek

1606. Also Lovesong of May, Frasquita's Serenade, etc.



1317. Also: Carolyn Hester, Leon Bibb, Orriel Smith, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

1556. World's Fair, Unisphere, Iberia, Elementals, 2 more

1581. Also: Mama Said, You Don't Own Me, etc.

1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

1279. "Not likely to be bettered."—HiFi/Stereo Review

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all

1400. Fools Rush In, Pennies from Heaven, Blue Moon, 9 others

1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails, etc.

1322. Performances are "quite dazzling." —New York Times

1597. Also: How Long Is Forever, Please Talk to My Heart, etc.

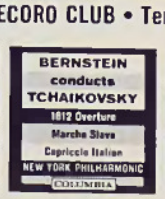
1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1596. Also: Home on The Range, Carolina Moon, etc.

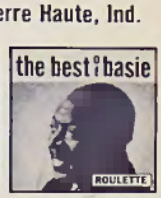
1441. Also: I Saw Her Standing There, Bits And Pieces, etc.

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.



1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity



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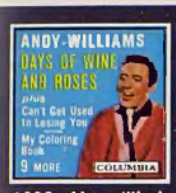


1002. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, May Each Day, etc.

1608. Also: The Blue Danube, Sabre Dance, Cielito Lindo, etc.

1537. Also: Lost in The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

1610. Also: Crooked Little Man, Wives And Lovers, etc.

1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

1614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, Sugar Shack, etc.

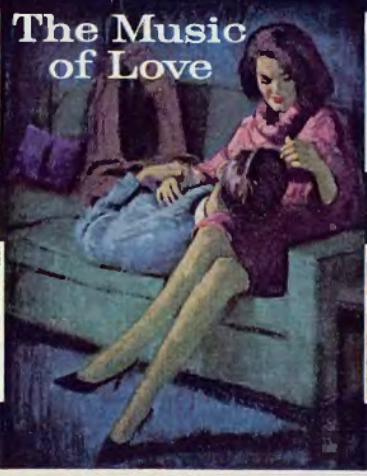
1373. Also: I Can Dream, Can't I?; If; Trying; etc.

1612. Also: When I Take My Sugar to Tea, A Fine Romance, etc.

1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.



1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

1348. Also: Getting to Know You, The Sound of Music, etc.

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

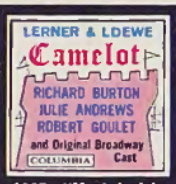
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, 10 more

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

1539. Also: My Heart Cries for You; Hey, Good Lookin'; etc.

1459. The Academy Award Winning score by John Addison

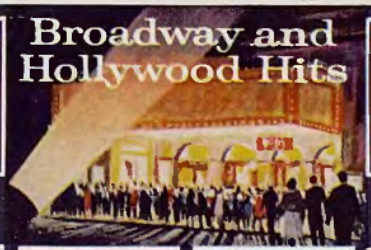


1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1199. "Superb...all the beauty, nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1602. Hailed as "a historic Hamlet!" — Life



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

1355. Jose runs wild in Hollywood . . . 11 riotous sketches

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1038. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

1214. With Barbara Cook. "One of the finest!"—Billboard

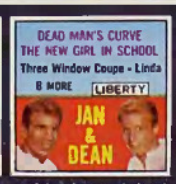
1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.

1538. Also: If I Had A Hammer, La Bamba, A-Me-Ri-Ca, etc.

1447. All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.

1445. Also: Life Is But A Dream, Only Yesterday, etc.



1571. Also: School Day, Hey Little Freshman, Bucket "T", etc.

1444. Also: All The Time, Stay, No Time to Lose, etc. *

1168. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

JOIN THE FUN OF A Hootenanny

1008. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1590. Also: Anything Love Can Buy, This Ol' Riverboat, etc.

1410. Also: Someday My Prince Will Come, Hurdy-Gurdy Man, etc.

1587. It's Gotta Be You, Leave Me Alone, Don't Call Me, 9 more

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1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Home, Sinner Man, etc.

1589. Also: Ballad of Moreton Bay, Beans Taste Fine, etc.

1519. Also: Twist And Shout, Walkin' The Dog, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.

1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more

1563. Also: Funny, Forever And A Day, On Broadway, etc.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

"*REVISITED*" REVISITED

Kudos indeed to author William Iversen and his brilliantly funny duo, *The Pious Pornographers Revisited* (PLAYBOY, September, October). Masquerading such distastefully written sexual episodes as palatable fare for the emancipated housewife is certainly indicative of the hypocrisy rampant today regarding sex.

As a Dane I find it very hard to see why *Cosmopolitan*, et al., should hide behind such sugary façades. Never having read any of the magazines in question, I must admit that I seem to be missing out on a lot of delightful fiction. But then again, I might have become hooked for life and never discovered PLAYBOY.

I should hope, though, that as more women discover your magazine, *Redbook* and its cohorts will be relegated to the respected position held by Sears, Roebuck catalogs—that of necessary outhouse equipment.

Steen Johansen
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

As the author of the *Cosmopolitan* novel *The Gimlet Affair*, I was delighted to find myself in your slick and lucrative pages, even though I remained anonymous and was smuggled through the back door by William Iversen. I am rarely so near the mint. But I am *not*, whatever Mr. Iversen may imply, pious.

Fletcher Flora
Leavenworth, Kansas

I'm still not sure of William Iversen's stand on pornography for ladies. Does he think we shouldn't have it or don't need it? Was he making fun of us for our "sheer pleasure just to get a vicarious hand between a man's legs without having to visit the medical department and feign clinical interest in ailing prostate glands and low sperm counts"?

Vivienne Holmes
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Iversen believes in equal rights for women.

Your *Pious Pornographers* makes me sick. Not the quotes, but the title. You set out to prove in the *Philosophy* that PLAYBOY is not pornography and did so. Then you set yourself up as the critic you deplored by publishing *Pious Pornographers*. So now you are the censor. You are saying, "We're not dirty, those guys are. Quit picking on us, go pick on them, they're the dirty ones."

William C. Hardesty
Corona del Mar, California

You've missed the point, Bill. It's not that we have anything against what the women's magazines publish; it's the phony holier-than-thou façade behind which they operate that irks us. As Iversen says, early in Part I of "The Pious Pornographers Revisited," the women's journals are both more "tasteless" and more "sanctimonious" than ever.

CLAY COURT

Just a word to say how much I liked that interview with Cassius Clay in the October issue. Though it's in another category, it can take its place beside the one with Bertrand Russell—one of your best.

If all that Clay says about himself is true, he's really a smart guy. I sure wouldn't want him buggin' me! That last line, "Ain't never been no *nothing* like me," is a gem. I'm writing it on my wall.

Henry Miller
Pacific Palisades, California

Cassius Clay's comments on the Constitution are absolutely correct. When the suggestion was first made that he be deprived of his title because of his religion, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee wrote a strong protest to the N. B. A. and gave it out as a release to the press. The idea that any man should be deprived of a title he has won fairly because of his religious beliefs, or lack of them, is so outrageous that we should all be thankful for Mr. Clay's position and his triumph.

Clark Foreman, Director
Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
New York, New York

Cassius Clay reveals himself to be clever and completely unscrupulous. His deliberate plan to defeat Liston dishonestly—by deceit, by needling, by turning his neighbors against him and creating a white backlash—is a glaring example of

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the common North American attitude: Any tactic is OK as long as it works for *me*. That, along with greed, too easy living and unwillingness to become "involved," is what is making this continent decadent at a frighteningly rapid rate.

Paul A. Gardner
Ottawa, Ontario

Let's ask ourselves, has Cassius Clay acted in any way like a world champion? The answer is that he does not have the respect of any element of decent society. We all know that he is nothing but a loudmouthed braggart who is so repulsive one can hardly react fast enough to turn him off TV. He is sickening to the average man in the street. The real champions of the past were gentlemen in every way; reserved, dignified, charming, who, above all, always upheld the ideals of true sportsmanship.

The decline of boxing actually began when the Negro was allowed to enter the ring. The real boxing greats of the past would not lower themselves to fight with an animal just out of the jungle. No one in those days ever dreamed our children would live to "look up" to a black, so-called "champ." Once the Negro was allowed into the same ring with the white man, it was inevitable that in time the boxing profession would become almost all black. The Negro race has an average arm length several inches longer than that of the white races. Their skulls are a quarter of an inch thicker than that of white men. The Negro brain weighs several ounces less than the white man's. This gave the Negro racial superiority in the fight game. They can often take a beating in the head that would kill a normal white fighter.

It is too late now to bring segregation back to professional boxing. The Negro has so debased this formerly great sport that it should now be abandoned. The specter of Negro criminals and mental misfits pretending to be world champs has dropped boxing to its lowest depths in history. Let's outlaw professional boxing and put the likes of obnoxious punks like Cassius Clay back in their place: that is, carrying out the garbage, scrubbing floors, picking cotton, etc.

Dr. Edward R. Fields,
Information Director
National States' Rights Party
Birmingham, Alabama

Thanks for the "information," doctor. It's always a pleasure to get an objective, scientific approach to such matters as boxing, race and cotton picking. You remind us of those who preached the Nazi "master race" theory 25 years ago and, you may recall, crowed loudly about Aryan "superiority" when Max Schmeling upset Joe Louis; then, after Louis promptly floored Schmeling in a one-round return match, explained that no white athlete could compete with a "jungle beast." To your "facts" we'd like to add a few that are historically and scientifically accurate:

The decline of boxing began with the entry of television, not of the Negro, into the ring. Boxing, in fact, is one of the few sports wherein (except in the hard-core South) racial barriers have been virtually nonexistent. Jack Johnson, a Negro, held the heavyweight crown from 1908 to 1915—ushering in not boxing's demise, but its golden age.

Your statements that the Negro's skull is thicker and his brain lighter than the Caucasian's are, according to every reliable anatomical and anthropological source, false. Incidentally, any implication that a smaller brain means a smaller intelligence is also mistaken. There is no correlation between the size of a man's brain and his intelligence.

While Negroes, taken as a statistical group, do have slightly longer arms and shorter bodies than Caucasians, such a statistical difference is meaningless in a discussion of individuals. Rocky Marciano, for example, had the shortest reach of any modern heavyweight champ —and never lost a fight.

To quote Dr. Martin Luther King, whose "Playboy Interview" appears elsewhere in this issue: "The American Anthropological Association has unanimously adopted a resolution repudiating statements that Negroes are biologically, in innate mental ability or in any other way, inferior to whites. The collective weight and authority of world scientists are embodied in a Unesco report on races which flatly refutes the theory of innate superiority among any ethnic group."

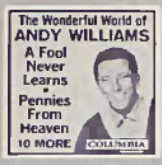
GUN BLASTS

Your *Little Annie Fanny* feature in the October 1964 issue of PLAYBOY has many unfair antigun implications. And the generalizations made about guns in this cartoon series are without basis.

Recently, much has been proposed that is antigun. Most of it would deprive the honest citizen of his right to own firearms. The criminal never seems to have any trouble getting his hands on any kinds of weapons. New York State is the prime example of quite strict antigun laws; yet criminals there seem to have ready access to weapons. Guns are inanimate—just as are automobiles. They are only as dangerous as their users.

Thomas B. Rentschler
Hamilton, Ohio

We wish to commend you on October's *Little Annie Fanny*. As you know, our Communist timetable calls for the confiscation of all firearms in 1966 if we are to succeed in taking over the United States by 1972. But, unless we can get the American people to legislate more



1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1366. Also: Land of Hope and Glory, This Is My Country, etc.

1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

1093. "A work of genius . . . colossal score!"High Fid.

1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"Kilgallen

1371. Say It, Too Young to Go Steady, Nancy, 8 in all

1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

1457. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.

1077. "A master of his instrument." — N. Y. Herald Tribune

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1332. Casey Jones, Waiting for A Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all

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1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos." High Fid.

1556. World's Fair, Unisphere, Iberia, Elementals, 2 more

1605. America's most celebrated organist." — Newsweek

1017. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.

1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.

1521. Also: When I Fall In Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.

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Kirbis Pearlmutter
Omaha, Nebraska

FISH STORY

I have read with considerable interest Mr. Vance Bourjaily's article *Rainbows in a Bucket* in the October issue of PLAYBOY. Mr. Bourjaily has either done a fine job of researching for this article or is a very dedicated fisherman. I suspect that both are true. It is one of the best articles on the development of a trout fisherman that I have ever read. All fishermen have at one time or another stood in awe of the local expert who seemingly never fails to have a good day on the stream. Most fishermen who continue to develop their angling skill eventually find that what works for the expert may not always work for the less experienced. As a result, they develop certain techniques of their own which may one day earn for them the title of "expert."

This nation was once blessed with clean and beautiful trout streams that supported large populations of native trout. Logging, mining, erosion and stream pollution have greatly reduced trout habitat. During the same period, the human population increased tremendously, with the number of fishermen increasing even faster. This has brought about a situation of an increased demand for a decreasing resource.

Whether Mr. Bourjaily likes it or not —and few of us do—nature is no longer able to cope with the increased fishing pressure, and hatchery fish must be used to fill the gap. The proportion of wild fish in the catch is now probably less than 20 percent. Artificially reared fish are providing most of the trout fishing.

The problem becomes one of improving the quality of these fish so they will be as much like their wild brethren as possible. In recent years, fish propagation has made great strides in this direction. The Fish and Wildlife Service recently dedicated a Fish Genetics Laboratory near Beulah, Wyoming, where controlled breeding is expected to develop strains of trout that have the characteristics that anglers want in their fish. For a hard-fished stream this might mean a strain of trout that will be more wary. In other areas, fish that are easy to catch might be the answer.

Fishermen used to complain about the liver taste in hatchery trout, but liver and other livestock by-products have been largely replaced as a trout food by dry pellets. There are few anglers today who can distinguish between the taste of a modern hatchery fish and a wild trout. Through nutritional studies for hatchery fish, trout in excess of ten pounds can now be reared in three years.

Hatcheries are not the cure-all for the trout problems in this country, but rather another and very valuable tool for the professional fishery manager. With increased future demands for water resources as well as for fish, hatchery-reared trout must be used wisely to provide the greatest possible sport for America's anglers.

Clarence F. Pautzke, Commissioner
United States Department
of the Interior
Fish and Wildlife Service
Washington, D.C.

BONES OF CONTENTION

I have been a PLAYBOY reader for a long time. Over the years I have seen several cartoons and one puppet show ridiculing or making sport of the Santa Claus "image," which may have been in good fun or in the interests of ribaldry. The recent effort by Gahan Wilson (PLAYBOY, October 1964), however, is one of the most repulsive and grotesque examples of modern "sick" humor I have ever seen. It does not take an ultraconservative moralist or a squeamish mentality to be offended at what was probably a gross oversight by your cartoon editor in allowing the inclusion of this pictorial putrescence into your otherwise fine magazine.

Michael S. Kappy
Madison, Wisconsin

Granted that really original new Santa Claus jokes are at a premium, what makes Gahan Wilson think there is anything humorous about a partly decomposed body gruesomely depicted in a cartoon? Shame on you. Sick, sick.

Jack Diether
New York, New York

Well, guys, we think you're old enough for some straight-from-the-shoulder talk: You see, there is no Santa Claus.

BUNDLE FROM BRITAIN

Boy, you really gave your readers something to crow about in the October issue. If Playmate Rosemarie Hillcrest is Britain's payment on her War debt, let's mark it paid in full.

Buzz Shorb
Derwood, Maryland

CLASS CONSCIOUS

Paul Goodman's *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* in your September 1964 issue was wonderful. Having survived three years of insufferable required courses, I think if I had more than one more year of academic servitude to endure I would perish. Although some of his ideas for correcting these prehistoric methods are

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radical, I think most students would find them a refreshing change.

Spencer Holland
Glassboro State College
Glassboro, New Jersey

I want to commend Mr. Paul Goodman for writing such a perceptive article concerning mass education. *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* has only reaffirmed many of my own views on the subject.

I do feel, however, that Mr. Goodman places too much emphasis on the influence of "corporation" on our universities. One of the major causes of this mass regimentation and "uneducation" is the general public, which refuses to permit the universities to become market places of ideas in a ludicrous attempt to protect "our children" from subversive and immoral teachings.

This "overprotection" creates fear within the academic community and leads to the stifling of individual incentive. Inane courses and a poor faculty create a most unfavorable student body relationship. The removal of this outside interference would greatly alleviate these problems and thus the quality and scope of our universities would be greatly improved. The removal of "inside meddling" by publicity-minded, humble and cowardly bureaucratic administrators would definitely insure the solution and eliminate many of these problems with which our universities are confronted.

Over 100 years ago the United States liberated the Negro slaves; the time has now come for America to set free her present slaves—the educators and their students. Only through a true intellectual freedom can America achieve the greatness that she expects from our leading universities.

B. M. Klekner, Executive Director
Association of Home Study Schools
Sherman Oaks, California

Congratulations to Goodman. His article *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* provides excellent material for ebbing away a student's displeasures. It's refreshing to know that someone feels the way I do about today's educational setup.

It's not that students cannot "imagine alternatives, any other ways of growing up" than in school, as Mr. Goodman stated in his closing paragraph. We are the victims, not the proponents: It's society's ball park, we just play the game or suffer the consequences.

C. J. Freeman
Boulder, Colorado

MOM'S THE WORD

How to Be a Jewish Mother is the funniest thing I've read in a long time. You should have Allan Sherman set it to music.

Frederic B. M. Hollyday
Durham, North Carolina

The Dan Greenburg exposé of Jewish

motherhood (PLAYBOY, September 1964) should not go unlauded. Without doubt it added to the noted wit and charm of PLAYBOY.

Corinne Marrace
Toronto, Ontario

My mother did not like your article *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, but I did.

S. Moldovan, Psychologist
Syracuse, New York

Having one of these "smotherloving" Jewish mothers, I know exactly what Dan Greenburg is talking about, especially the implantation of a subtle guilt complex. The article reminded me of the movie *Come Blow Your Horn*, and it seemed to have the same effect upon me. My non-Jewish friends laughed a good deal at the picture, but I could not. The picture was striking too close to home, as does the article by Greenburg. An article such as this I would find very funny if I were not Jewish and living in the article's situation. But my hat is still off to Greenburg for showing what a Jewish mother really is.

Phil Sapper
New York, New York

With reference to your excellent piece on *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, you left out the final gambit: After you've stuffed down your third helping of potatoes and can only protest the offering of a fourth, Momma invariably states, "Well, just hold it in your mouth . . . it feels good."

Cy Steiner
Birmingham, Alabama

PLAYBOY's editors found Greenburg's "Jewish Mother" as funny as our readers did, voted it the best humor piece to have appeared in the magazine this past year (see "Playbill").

SCHOOL DAZE

I enjoyed the October 1964 issue of PLAYBOY except for the *Playboy After Hours* item about Presidential noncandidate Mrs. Yetta Bronstein. I think Mrs. Bronstein made a mockery of the Presidential race, and I am pained that PLAYBOY became an unconscious agent in her conspiracy.

Incidentally, as the first alumnus in the 117-year history of the City College of New York ever to run for President, I was disappointed that you chose to identify me as a New York University man. CCNY is a hotbed of Republicanism; NYU breeds Democrats. But I understand how these honest mistakes occur. You mixed me up with Bernard Baruch, a famous NYU alumnus.

Marvin Kitman
Leonia, New Jersey

You sly devil, Marvin; trying to trip us up with your Bernard Baruch (CCNY, class of '89) chicanery. Turn in your sheepskin.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We had a visit the other day from a peripatetic, self-made social anthropologist, free-lance-writer friend—Mr. Avery Corman, Manhattanite and frequent contributor to *The Realist*—who fell by to say hello while we were hard at work on advance schedules for 1965 issues of PLAYBOY. "If you're thinking ahead," he said, "you might give some thought to my latest theory concerning The Interpersonal Heterosexual Confrontation and what may become of it in the future." It took but a moment to grasp that he was talking about boys and girls together and—once he'd lapsed into his customary patterns of everyday speech—we found his ideas not only worth repeating here, but possibly pertinent to cogitations on the New Year and what it may portend.

Fortunately, our friend observed, there's much more social freedom today than there was, say, 15 years ago, when many of us started dating. Everything was pretty rigid then. If your shyness didn't get you, the rules did.

You had to call a girl no later than Monday for Saturday, Tuesday for Friday, Wednesday for Sunday. If you called any other time, she'd say no, even if she weren't busy. The only exception was if you bought tickets for something, in which case you could call any time. After all, you were paying a premium for that privilege.

The ground rules for the date were all worked out in advance. On a first date to the movies, you could take her arm walking in, take her hand after the first feature, put your arm around her seat back during the middle coming attraction, put your arm around her during the second feature.

After the movie, the rules called for: small date, like Friday night, soda; big date, like Saturday night, pizza or Chinese only. When you got her home, considering the money you just spent on her, you could stand in the hall and kiss her, once. Mouth closed. Mouth open came later in the relationship.

After that first date, slowly, cautiously over the months, you built it up until you were petting, and maybe more. Maybe. If you were sleeping with a girl, you were the luckiest guy on the block, or the only guy.

All through this elaborate ritual, you talked and talked and talked. Talk was a means to the end, which of course was sex. You did so much talking, you were really good at it. You got particularly good at talking about sex, since you had to do so much of it. If you ever computed how much talk it took for each girl you slept with, it was probably equal to the UN mediating an international border dispute.

Then, as the years went on and you got older, mercifully, the girls got older. Times changed, too. Things loosened up.

By now, we're all in better shape. Dating may still cost some money, but it doesn't take that much talk. The rules aren't so rigid anymore, either. You can even call a girl for a date on the spur of the moment and she can accept. If you're lucky, you can even get to sleep with a girl on the spur of the moment, just like all the other guys on the block. We've gotten that far in 15 years.

But where do we go from here? What happens if the next 15 years see as much progress as the last? That's a lot of progress.

What might happen is we'll come so far, it will all start inverting itself. We already have some signs of that. Although it takes less and less time to sleep with somebody, it takes longer and longer to get to know somebody well enough to really talk, where the talk isn't glib and nobody is coming on. It's easier to sleep with someone than reveal your deepest feelings and hang-ups. Anyway, why do so much talking when it's not required?

People will get to talk to each other, to have deep conversations, only after they're sleeping together, not before. And if, in the next 15 years, good sex gets taken too much for granted and good talk gets difficult to find, sex might become the means and conversation the end.

Think of the implications. A guy will spend enormous amounts of time sleeping with a girl, just so he can get to talk to her. The first date with a girl you'll spend in total sex and at the end of the night you'll exchange a few token words. By the second or third date, you might begin to talk in a mild conversational tone. After a few dates, if everything is grooving along, you might work up to a good, solid discussion. But it will require a fair amount of sex play to lead up to that exciting climax, a hot argument. You'll hit the jackpot if, in the midst of a scorching debate, you and your girl come to a conclusion, simultaneously.

Naturally, once a guy makes a good conversational point, he'll be content to relax a little, take some time before the next one. But you know how girls are. Once the girl gets going, she'll want to talk her head off, one point on top of the next.

A guy might go an entire evening with a girl, working on her to leave the house so they can spend the prime, payoff time of the night in some crowded restaurant or public place, where they'd know their only reason for being there would be to talk.

There might be wild, way-out scenes where you'd get together somewhere with other couples and sit around talking, sometimes even taking turns talking to each other's dates.

Just for fun, a guy might figure out how much money he's spent on each of his girls, per word.

Impressionable young girls might get drawn into conversations because they think they have to, because they think it's the only way to be popular.

If you call up a girl you dig and she's out for the evening, you might worry if she's off with some other guy, gabbing away.

If you're seeing someone steadily, doing a lot of talking, you might start

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to wonder how many guys she talked to before you, and how intense the conversations were. Or you might wonder if she ever talks to other guys.

If this is where we're going, there might come that crucial time in every relationship when the girl turns to you with moist eyes and says, "Honey, can't we ever just spend the evening making out like other couples? All you ever want to do is get me up to your apartment and talk, talk, talk. Sometimes I think you're only interested in me for my mind."

•

Last-minute Christmas gift suggestions for that certain someone: a 39-inch sterling silver shovel from Tiffany and Company for "ground-breaking ceremonies and terribly chic gardening," $1000; *A Scream in the Night*, an avant-garde new art book by Dutch artist Karel Appel, printed on glass and plastic sheets measuring 31 inches wide and 6 feet, 11 inches high, published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc., $7225 a copy; a solid-gold "Caviar Tester," a sphere one inch in diameter which is placed atop a heap of caviar (if it sinks, the caviar is nogoodski; if not, it's top-notch), available at a fashionable Parisian *boutique*; and for those of sadomasochistic bent, either a cowhide cat-o'-nine-tails with rhinestone-encrusted handle (available at a Lexington Avenue gift shop in New York for $17) or a genuine brass-studded antique mace ("massive, mighty—and just") from Brentano's Gallery of Decorative Crafts, also in Manhattan, only $125. Merry Christmas!

•

Candid quote from an otherwise undistinguished profile of Prince Philip in *Parade* magazine: "He is a man in the prime of his life, at the peak of his intelligence, who, having fulfilled his primary biological function of providing the Queen with four children, is relegated to the tedium of laying cornerstones." Oh well, *noblesse oblige*.

•

We applaud the candor—and the whimsey—of the dog owner who placed the following ad in the "Pets for Sale" column of *The Grand Rapids Press*: "PUPS—50% promiscuous setter, 50% lecherous beagle. Could be called 'betters,' 'seagles' or 'settles.' $2 each. No ear-pullers need apply. Phone VO 5-7079."

•

Excerpt from an orientation handbook for students at a New Hartford, New York, high school: "Students will be issued a literature book and a grammer book on payment of a fee of two dollars . . ."

•

In what must be the smartest trade of the football season, we read recently in the *Newark Star-Ledger*, veteran Pittsburgh Steeler place kicker Lou Michaels was acquired by the Baltimore Colts in exchange for "linebacker Bill Saul and rookie back Mary Woodson."

•

We'd like to meet the enterprising young lady who placed the following ad in the "Positions Wanted" column of the Santa Ana, California, *Register*: "You name the price. I'll sit with children or pet."

•

Grisly maritime note from the *National Observer*: an advertisement offering a yacht for sale with "sleeping accommodations for six and a half persons in comfort."

•

The California State Department of Employment, in a moment of uncharacteristic abandon, has created a catchy new job title for the attractively endowed young ladies who ply excursion-bus passengers en route between Reno and San Francisco with airline-style food and drink: bustesses.

•

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Vault: *The Wall Street Journal* notes that a wave of Pittsburgh bank robberies has prompted one heads-up savings institution to run off a supply of press releases to facilitate coverage of any upcoming heists. The releases include blank spaces for such pertinent data as the amount of the robbery, number of participants, etc.

•

We salute the *Chicago Tribune*'s noteworthy efforts to rid the literary world of that musty old phrase, dust jacket, to describe a book's outer garment. Among the entries in a contest the *Trib* conducted were outer touter, lust jacket and bookbushka. The runaway winner, however, was bookini.

•

Atop our list of recommended cultural events for the holidays is the following new feature, right hand up, from movie mogul Joseph E. Levine: *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*.

THEATER

Golden Boy is a musical constantly at odds with itself. Its failure cannot be blamed specifically on a bad book, or a bad score, or a bad anything, except perhaps the original idea of trying to make the Clifford Odets social trauma sing a different tune. "Updating" the Italian-American Joe Bonaparte into a Negro Joe Wellington sets up all sorts of complications that could only be solved by writing an entirely new play. This Joe doesn't hesitate about fighting for fear of his fiddling fingers, but simply because his father doesn't think it's a good idea. Mostly, Joe (Sammy Davis) is racially directed. He loves his manager's damaged-goods white mistress (Paula Wayne), and that affair might almost

carry the show, except the old Odets rhetoric keeps poking through the hip Harlem jargon. One keeps expecting Poppa Wellington to lapse into Sicilian dialect. The musical is a little like a tank-town boxer who can throw a powerful punch but is unable to follow through. Davis leads the chorus in a wonderfully jazzy hymn to Harlem, *Don't Forget 127th Street*, and a rocking freedom chant, *No More* (part watusi stomp and part gospel shout), only to have them undermined by night-club patter and sappy sermonizing. (Davis has a brother and *he* does *his* fighting in Alabama.) The show's finale is a balletic prize fight in which Davis and Jaime Rogers, in rhythmic chorus with drums and bass, make boxing both graceful and agonizing. But the power is squeezed out of it by a quick, sentimentalized ending complete with throbbing violins. The Charles Strouse–Lee Adams score has its ups, and they're brilliant, but it has more downs, and they're dismal. The same is true of the Clifford Odets–William Gibson book. Not true, however, of Sammy Davis, who is always on top of his material, way on top. At the Majestic, 245 West 44th Street.

•

In ***The Physicists*** Friedrich Duerrenmatt tries to be both cosmic and comic, with limited success. His theme is the nuclear madness, his scene is a madhouse, and his characters, madmen—or are they? There are three physicists at this funny farm. One (George Voskovec) swears he is Einstein: he plays the fiddle. The second (Hume Cronyn) says he's Newton: he wears his hair in ringlets. (Actually he is bald, and he whisks away his wig to prove that he is fooling about being Newton.) Who is he? Einstein, a bald Einstein. The third (Robert Shaw, in the most forceful of the play's impersonations) is the only patient who doesn't think he's Einstein, or anybody except himself—"the world's greatest physicist," say his fellow lunatics. His only delusion is that he thinks he has conversations with King Solomon. The mad scientists are shepherded by a hunchbacked, permissive lady psychiatrist (Jessica Tandy): she permits them to murder their nurses, and to banter, boast and make like buffoons. Actually, beneath their foolscaps, none of them are really crazy, just a bit demonic about their charade. Einstein and Newton are rival spyentists who have feigned insanity in order to steal the third fellow's secrets away from the sanitarium, where he is hiding from greedy maniacs like themselves. The stage is full of grotesque surprises, and with the help of Peter Brook's macabre production, Duerrenmatt leads the audience through a labyrinthic plot to his point: that there's no hiding place, even in a madhouse. The point needs stating, but it also needs insight and elaboration, and the author offers only black comedy and melodra-

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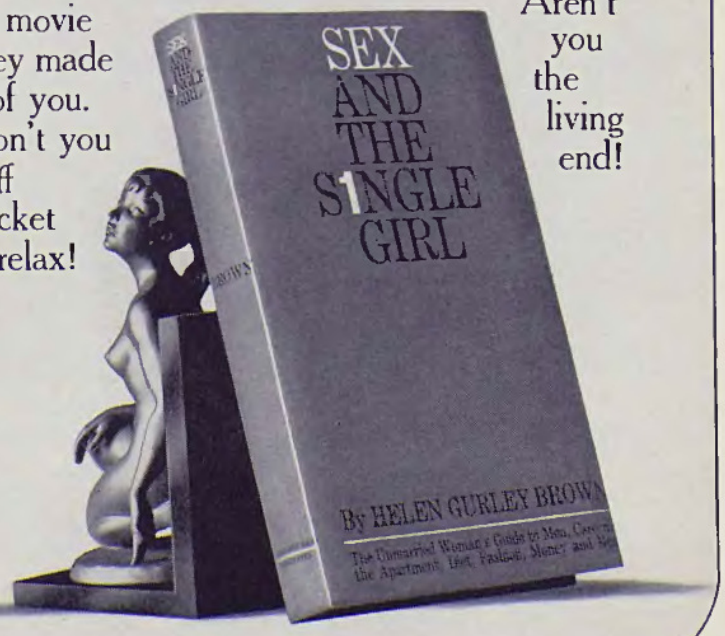

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STEP #2

To the *second* quart of mix add half a bottle of Bacardi • Fold in one cup of heavy cream, whipped • Chill, then stir and serve with a light sprinkling of nutmeg • Invite some friends and have *another* party. Talk about *fun!*

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matics. *The Physicists* is intricate and tantalizing, but ultimately little more than a Chinese puzzle of a play. And when the game is up, Duerrenmatt's message seems about as naked as Cronyn's skull. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

•

Joan Littlewood is an earthy mixture of Bertolt Brecht and the English music hall. The two elements blend brilliantly in ***Oh What a Lovely War,*** which Miss L. and the members of her Theater Workshop patched together from songs, gags, tag lines, incidents, bits of bawdry, headlines and slides of World War I. It is a formless revue that rambles, repeats, but never stops dead. The effect is cumulative and overpowering. Miss Littlewood is against war, the First in particular, but all kinds in general (and all generals in kind). She jibes the vainglorious—it was a sin not to want to die—the stay-at-homes, and the stuck-in-the-trenches. Her main butt is British Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig who righteously sent wave after wave of limeys marching straight into German guns. The songs are her chief weapon; now they are naïve, now chauvinistic, now mordant. As the headlines flash "VERDUN: TOTAL LOSSES, ONE AND A HALF MILLION MEN," the officers strut and preen and the chorus sings *They Were Only Playing Leapfrog.* The buttery *Roses of Picardy* is sandwiched between *Gassed Last Night* and *Hush, Here Comes a Whizz-bang.* The cast, a versatile army of clowns, is dressed in white satin, like Pierrots, and the stage is without scenery except for dazzling neon lights. Briefly, at the beginning, when emcee Victor Spinetti steps forward and cracks a few lame jokes, the tone is slightly patronizing, but *Lovely War* soon rears its hard edge. It is on the side of the devils, and its weapons are art, intelligence and humor. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

MOVIES

My Fair Lady, as if you didn't know, is on the screen—with Rex Harrison again playing Higgins in one of *the* portrayals of our time. Let's trot out the most worn adjective in English, and use it correctly for once. Harrison's performance is great and so is the film. For anyone who needs to know more: Audrey Hepburn is Eliza, weak on Cockney but strong on charm (her songs are nicely dubbed by Marni Nixon). Stanley Holloway repeats his triumph as Doolittle *père* with a pair of knockout numbers. Set designer Cecil Beaton has also designed costumes—especially women's hats—to throw hats in the air about. And the Technicolor is generally terrific. Other contributions come from George Cukor, whose direction is OK rather than colossal; Wilfrid Hyde-White, not per-

fect as Pickering, but pleasant; Gladys Cooper as Higgins' ma, etching a few acid scenes. The dialog—from "a play" by Bernard Shaw, it says—is still stellar; the songs, by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, are just as hummable as ever. There are no elements in the movie less than enjoyable and the best element—Harrison's Higgins—is a blasted marvel.

•

Goodbye Charlie says hello to a fresh idea. George Axelrod's Broadway hit, niftily noodled for the screen by Harry Kurnitz, spoofs the supernatural à la Thorne Smith. Charlie, a fast fellow with the females, is killed by a jealous husband. The gods' revenge is to send him back with his soul unchanged but in a pretty girl's body. As he says, it's as if a gourmet came back as a lamb chop. One of the standout gags is the moment he (she) undresses and discovers that she (he) doesn't need to go to Brigitte Bardot movies anymore. Debbie Reynolds does a sharp job as the wolf in sleek clothing. Tony Curtis, as the victim's former pal, is blithely beleaguered—attracted to the person of a broad who has all the broad thoughts of his erstwhile lecherous chum. Pat Boone does a sort of self-caricature as a young millionaire who flips for Debbie. As a Continental film producer with a wandering wife, Walter Matthau is strictly from Hungary. And Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle, twisting torridly behind the opening credits, gives that usually dull list a nifty lift. Director Vincente Minnelli, known for his musicals, does well with this straight comedy. Throughout, the question is: How will they get out of it? We won't tell—but it's good.

•

The career of Claudia Cardinale careens along—a film fusillade that sometimes fires blanks, sometimes zings home. Amid the 26 films she has made in 6 years, ***Bebo's Girl*** scores a near miss. It's a story of post-War Italy, immediately post and grappling with its past. A former partisan (George Chakiris) visits CC's poor home because her brother, who was killed, was one of his group. CC sees him, seizes him, and becomes devoted to him in the stubborn, stolid, persistent way that may be peasant but can be quite pleasant. He leads her down a troubled trail, but she sticks to him through thick and thick. Luigi Comencini, the director, made a previous peach of a film (*Everybody Go Home!*) about much the same era; this one is not as good, it's more sluggish and sideways in approach. But it conveys something of the curious crisis that some of the partisans faced in civilian life because they were Reds and now found themselves resisted (not without cause) by many of the people whose lives had been saved by the Resistance. A bitter little byway of history that would have been better

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illuminated if the film had not had its political ironies somewhat ironed out.

•

Talented Argentine director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson has yet to make a film that begins badly or ends well. His new effort, ***The Terrace***, takes place mostly on the roof garden of a luxe apartment house in Buenos Aires, complete with swimming pool, cabanas and little lawns. Some university students—male, female and an undecided specimen—go up there one day for an impromptu party, swimming, swigging, swinging. One day becomes one night, and by the time various parents come up to get them, the cats are so far out and so far gone that they threaten to jump if the oldies don't leave them alone. Their holdout on the roof grows to have serious, almost tragic consequences—the point, of course, being that it's really pointless. But the point is not sharp enough, nor are the surface motives (parental immorality and neglect) nor the subsurface motives (general social sickness). Besides, throughout there are bits of Buñuel, flashes of Fellini, tones of Antonioni. Once again Nilsson leaves us with the sense that he might be a first-class director if he had a first-class producer to make him toe the story line.

•

Quick, Before It Melts is a perfect title for an ice-cream comedy that won't stand much critical heat but has some flavor while it lasts. Robert Morse and George Maharis are a writer-photographer team sent by a big U. S. magazine to the Navy's Antarctic base in Little America. Their looniness with girls en route, and their loneliness without girls when they are rooted, makes for lots of little laughs. The whole film is an example of how you can travel the same comic road over and over if only you change the scenery a bit, keep moving and have the right hands at the wheel. As a busy little beaver with a big interest in feminine limbs, no one can beat Morse; the way he falls for the fair sex makes for a sex fair. Maharis lacks Morse's timing, but still pouts amusingly after the pigeons. The snow settings look about as real as the suburban homes—which is to say, not very—but director Delbert Mann gets good gags out of the snowbound schnooks at the Pole. No one will miss much if they miss this picture: no one will be bored by seeing it. Sample: Newcomers are greeted by a large sign stuck in the ice bearing the letters T.F.P. Morse asks what it means. A weary whiskered type looks at him, then enunciates ultra-clearly: "This Frigid Place."

RECORDINGS

Herewith a Christmas compendium of elegantly packaged LP albums guaranteed to make any audiophile nonstatically ecstatic. The most impressive offering by far is ***Ten Centuries of Music*** (Archive), a ten-LP affair covering a panoply of Western music from Gregorian chants to the 18th Century works of Leopold Mozart, Michael Haydn and Johann Christian Bach—in all, a compilation of musical majesty. Strikingly beautiful in both presentation and content is George Frederick Handel's ***Twelve Concerti Grossi*** (Angel), performed by the Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with the great violinist featured as soloist. It is on four LPs. Johann Sebastian Bach's ***Unaccompanied Suites Nos. 1 Through 6*** (Concert-Disc), on three LPs, are given a virtuoso performance by Milton Thomas on viola. Mr. Thomas, who studied with Casals, has learned his lessons well. Handsome and stirring is ***Stravinsky Conducts Firebird / Petrushka / The Rite of Spring*** (Columbia). Leading the Columbia Symphony Orchestra through a three-LP album of his ballet works, the 82-year-old composer is still a titan of contemporary music. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Erich Leinsdorf, performs Gustav Mahler's massive ***Symphony No. 5*** and excerpts from Alban Berg's avant-garde opera ***Wozzeck*** (Victor) with soprano Phyllis Curtin as soloist and the Sacred Heart Boychoir of Roslindale, Massachusetts, as chorus in a two-LP album. A collector's joy is ***Toscanini Conducts Overtures / The NBC Symphony Orchestra*** (Victor). A two-LP album of never-before-released performances taken (with the exception of Rossini's *The Siege of Corinth*) from radio broadcasts beamed over NBC from 1943 to 1953, it makes available works not previously recorded by Toscanini. For the incurable romantic on your yule list, we recommend a recording of ***Chopin Waltzes*** (Victor) by the incomparable pianist Artur Rubinstein. Included in the package are extensive notes on the waltzes by Herbert Weinstock, and on Rubinstein and the recording session by producer Max Wilcox.

For the opera addict, there are all manner of splendid aural goodies this Christmas. G. F. Handel's three-act opera ***Rodelinda*** (Westminster), on three LPs, features soprano Teresa Stich-Randall in the title role, with the Vienna Radio Orchestra under Brian Priestman. A performance of the 17th Century composer Monteverdi's opera ***L'Incoronazione di Poppea*** (Angel) stars soprano Magda Laszlo as Poppea and tenor Richard Lewis as Roman Emperor Nerone. The Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are led by John Pritchard. The Bolshoi Theater Production of Mussorgsky's brooding masterpiece, ***Boris Godunov*** (Columbia), is made more outstanding by consummate American bass baritone George London's definitive interpretation of the title role. The four-LP album comes with an exhaustive study of the opera and a Russian-English libretto.

The jazz *aficionado*, the folk follower, the pop fancier, and the Broadway-show buff have not been neglected by Saint Nick. ***The Jazz Story*** (Capitol) is a five-LP chronicle which begins, inevitably, in New Orleans, and ends with the instrumental forays into the future by Jimmy Giuffre and Joe Harriott. In between, such jazz luminaries as Jack Teagarden, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman, Art Tatum, Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis are heard from. More jazz nostalgia may be heard on the two-LP package ***The Best of Count Basie*** (Decca), a sheer big-band delight. The Basie group of 1937–1939, when it recorded for Decca, was nonpareil. Herschel Evans and Chu Berry, Buck Clayton and Harry Edison, Benny Morton and Dickie Wells, Jimmy Rushing and Helen Humes all added to the Basie luster. As far as we can determine, all of the Basie "classics" are here for the listening. A unique package is the ***Reprise Musical Repertory Theater*** (Reprise), a four-LP undertaking covering *Guys and Dolls, Finian's Rainbow, Kiss Me Kate* and *South Pacific*. The "cast" is all-star: Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., the Hi-Lo's, Jo Stafford, Rosemary Clooney, Bing Crosby, and even Allan Sherman are among those who get in on the acts. Although The Sparrow is no longer with us, the recordings of Edith Piaf, fortunately, are. ***The Definitive Piaf*** (Capitol), a two-LP album, contains 22 of her most memorable etchings; *The Poor People of Paris, La Vie en Rose, Comme Moi* and *Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien* are among those included. For the folk purist, there's ***Woody Guthrie / Library of Congress Recordings*** (Elektra), transcribed in 1940 by the dean of American folk singers. Three hours of songs and conversation by Woody make the album a must for the serious folknik. For those who prefer folk music in a more polished form, we offer ***Belafonte at the Greek Theatre*** (Victor), two LPs' worth of Belafonte at his best as he performed before a packed Los Angeles house. The audience loved him and Harry responded in kind; the felicitous end result is at your disposal.

The spoken word in admirable and evocative abundance brightens the yuletide. The premier item is Sir Laurence Olivier as Shakespeare's ill-fated Moor, ***Othello*** (Victor). The four-LP recording of the National Theater of Great Britain's production is a singular triumph for Olivier, but the supporting cast, especially Maggie Smith as Desdemona, is superlative. Richard Burton's ***Hamlet*** (Columbia), on the other hand, is a collector's item almost solely for his performance. The rest of the John Gielgud–directed cast, with the exception of Hume Cronyn, who is a remarkable Polonius, has its faults exposed to the glare emanating from Burton's brilliant portrayal of the melancholy Dane. One of the major triumphs of the last Broad-

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

way season was the fine new playwright Frank Gilroy's poignant dissection of family life, ***The Subject Was Roses*** (Columbia). On vinyl, the words of author Gilroy are just as effective. The performances of the three-actor cast—Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, Martin Sheen—under director Ulu Grosbard, are faultless. Tennessee Williams' ***The Glass Menagerie*** (Caedmon), which many consider his best play, has been recorded by Montgomery Clift, Julie Harris, Jessica Tandy and David Wayne, under the direction of Howard Sackler. It is a thing of beauty. Miss Harris, in particular, as Williams' fragile, forlorn heroine, is luminescent. Richard Sheridan's bawdy, irreverently witty 18th Century play on manners and morals, ***The School for Scandal*** (Command), in a three-LP recording by a 20th Century cast, shows that 200 years have not blunted Sheridan's exquisitely barbed social commentary. Directed by John Gielgud, who also stars, the cast is further highlighted by the performance of Ralph Richardson, Geraldine McEwan and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. The contemporary master of English literature, Vladimir Nabokov, reading a segment from his modern classic, ***Lolita*** (Spoken Arts), and a number of his poems, is an admirable spokesman for his works. His meticulous, foreign-accented speech adds an apropos note to his writings which occupy a position in the world of letters unto themselves.

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Accompanying *My Fair Lady*'s screen debut has been a deluge of LPs based on the score. Among those that have descended upon us: ***The Original Sound Track*** (Columbia) with the noncredited voice of Marni Nixon doing the singing chores for Audrey Hepburn and quite creditably, too, but without the charm of the Broadway cast's Julie Andrews. The choruses are bigger, the music, arranged by André Previn, is more lush (perhaps a bit too much so) in the film version, but Rex Harrison proves once again to be the world's best nonsinger. Andy Williams (definitely not a nonsinger) fills one side of an LP with ***The Great Songs from My Fair Lady*** (Columbia), and does it in estimable fashion. Our vote for the best of the half dozen: *Wouldn't It Be Loverly* and *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*. Side two, made up of other Broadway hits, includes such current attractions as *Hello, Dolly!* and *People*, and the standards *Where or When* and *Begin the Beguine*. There are three—count 'em, three—jazz take-offs on hand, and by far the most interesting is ***My Fair Lady with the Un-Original Cast*** (Capitol). Shelly Manne leads his Men and an orchestra through freshly conceived Johnny Williams arrangements. Vocals are supplied by Irene Kral and Jack Sheldon, with the latter stealing the show. Sheldon's kookie, swinging delivery, especially on *I'm an Ordinary Man*, is an eclectic delight. Both ***My Fair Lady / André Previn and His Quartet*** (Columbia) and ***Oscar Peterson Plays My Fair Lady*** (Verve) are jazz gems. Previn, of course, made recording history with his first jazz etching of the *My Fair Lady* score. In this go-round, with guitarist Herb Ellis, bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Capp for company, Previn proves that he has not yet become jaded by his long association with the music. Oscar rates the Oscar, however. Accompanied by old stand-by Ray Brown on bass, and new drummer Gene Gammage, Peterson is both torrid and tender as befits the occasion. Ethniks will no doubt dig ***My Fair Lady Sung in Italian*** (Columbia) and ***My Fair Lady Sung in Hebrew*** (Columbia). Both are by the casts that performed them abroad, and if Eliza Doolittle's transition from Cockney flower girl to a very proper English lady loses something in the translations, the spirit of the Lerner-Loewe score admirably overcomes the language barriers.

•

It stands to reason that ***The Best of Ella Fitzgerald*** (Verve) would have to be just about the very best there is in the way of distaff vocalizing. Among the pickups from Verve's Fitzgerald catalog making up this LP: *Mr. Paganini*, the Gershwins' beautiful *Lorelei*, Ella's upbeat *Mack the Knife* and a reprise of her first big hit, *A Tisket A Tasket*.

•

The title ***Sammy Davis Jr. Sings the Big Ones for Young Lovers*** (Reprise) is too restrictive; it should have included young and old, and music lovers as well as romantic types. Sammy was never better as he delivers rockers, torch songs and ballads with straightforward éclat. One regret is the inclusion of *Deep Purple*, a saccharine chestnut that remains unpalatable no matter who serves it up. But that's picking at nits; the rest of the session—including *Kansas City*, *Choose*, *Days of Wine and Roses* and *Blue Velvet*—is splendid.

•

Barbara McNair / The Livin' End (Warner Brothers) is close to being just that. Miss McNair packs a vocal wallop, and her exuberance comes across engagingly on vinyl. Her work, for instance, on *I've Got Your Number*, *When in Rome* and *Don't Rain on My Parade* reveals her to be a singer *cum laude*. Conductor Ralph Carmichael has supplied arrangements that match Barbara's ebullience.

•

We missed her first LP effort, unfortunately, but, judging from ***Discovery Vol. II / Vikki Carr*** (Liberty), the little lady has a great big voice. In a session arranged and conducted by Bob Florence, Vikki puts her pipes to work in fine fashion on a collection of goodies that includes such diverse tidbits as *Like Love*,

My Melancholy Baby and *Goodbye*. And a good buy is this LP.

•

If you can overlook the accompaniment and arrangements on ***The Body & the Soul / Freddie Hubbard*** (Impulse!), which we must admit is a man-sized job, and concentrate on Hubbard's trumpet playing, you're in for a treat. Hubbard is inventive, facile, technically prodigious and blows a beautiful sound. *Carnival* and *Thermo* are as good examples as any of the scope of the Hubbard horn. But as we said before, Freddie really has to swim upstream.

•

There are certain passages on ***Liza! Liza! / Liza Minnelli*** (Capitol) that roll back the clock; you'd swear it was a young Judy Garland—and there's the rub. It's regrettable that only as a sound-alike in the lower registers for her illustrious mom does Miss Minnelli come on strong; the rest of the time her voice has an uncertainty that perhaps experience will eliminate. We hope so; it would be nice to have the Garland voice or a fine family facsimile of it around for a long, long time.

•

Count Basie / Basie Land (Verve) is slick, driving, impeccable big-band jazz that sounds as if the heart has been cut out of it. All the pieces fit neatly into place—the solos are clinkerless, the ensemblework is glossy—but the fire of inspiration and adventure seems banked at an all-time Basie low. On the other hand, ***Drums! Drums! Drums! / Olatunji*** (Roulette) overflows with a contagious zestfulness. The great Nigerian drummer, with native singers and a phalanx of African drummers, performs the music that made him one of the main drawing cards of the New York World's Fair's African Pavilion. The group efforts may be a bit rough-cut in spots, but the spirited outpouring more than compensates for it.

•

Marian Montgomery, who swings on ***Lovin' Is Livin' and Livin' Is Lovin'*** (Capitol), is really a throwback to the Kay Starr school of female belters. Dave Cavanaugh's charging charts keep pace with the galvanic Miss Montgomery as she punches across the likes of *Teach Me Tonight*, *There! I've Said It Again* and *Do It Again*.

•

A pair of exciting LP amalgams have come our way: ***Collaboration / The Modern Jazz Quartet with Laurindo Almeida*** (Atlantic) and ***Herbie Mann & the Bill Evans Trio / Nirvana*** (Atlantic). Mann's cerebral, evocative fluting adds a topping to the Evans instrumental cake that's particularly tasty on the title tune, *Willow Weep for Me* and *Lover Man*. Chuck Israels' bass and Paul Motian's drums flesh out the Trio. Almeida and the

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MJQ see eye to eye on almost everything. From Bach's *Fugue in A Minor* to a modern classical masterpiece, Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*, to a trio of pieces by pianist-leader John Lewis, to Antonio Carlos Jobim's brilliant bossa nova *One Note Samba*, Almeida's guitar provides the perfect counterpoint to Milt Jackson's vibes and Lewis' piano.

•

Nobody ever had too much of a good thing; thus: ***More 4 Freshmen and 5 Trombones*** (Capitol). A vocal quartet of superlative talents, the Freshmen are once more joined by the Pete Rugolo–led trombone choir and rhythm as they weave a lustrous harmonic thread through such delights as *Midnight Sun*, *The Girl from Ipanema*, *A Taste of Honey* and *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For the first time since the heavy oaken door to ***Shelly's Manne-Hole*** (1608 N. Cahuenga Boulevard) was swung open by the famous jazz drummer, the Hollywood jazzstube boasts a license to sell hard liquor; the days of nought save wine and beer are happily over. The long-awaited liquor license has been a boon to business. "But above all," according to manager Rudy Onderwyzer, a fiercely black-bearded Hollander, "at the Manne-Hole, the *music* is the most important thing. If it came to a choice between the music and the whiskey, we'd throw out the whiskey." Music's charms no doubt are enhanced by the bohemian milieu—musty tapestries and oddball memorabilia hanging from the walls; a life-size cardboard figure of Commander Whitehead draped with bar apron benignly surveying the house from an upper level; trimly fetching young waitresses garbed à la Manne-Hole mode in dark sweaters and tight black pants. The Manne-Hole's be-all-end-all is music, jazz music. Thus, the trencherman must settle for fare that can best be categorized as quaintly plebeian. The room itself is on three levels; the lowest is a nookery where couples may appreciate the jazz and each other in tucked-away corners; the main batch of listening posts is at intermediate level; the highest came about as a result of the club's enlargement some months back when Manne acquired the premises next door, broke through and increased the seating capacity from 115 to 190. With added room for more customers, Manne then decided to widen his musical spectrum; he began hiring expensive name groups such as Miles Davis', John Coltrane's, Gerry Mulligan's, and the Modern Jazz Quartet. This has meant an admission charge during the name engagements which reached a high-water mark of $2.50 for one night only this fall when the 18-piece Woody Herman Herd all but blasted the Manne-Hole's heavy wooden tables and benches into the middle of Cahuenga. Between stands by out-of-town groups from the East, the Manne-Hole's jazz is well catered by the owner's quintet on weekends (Don Sleet, trumpet; Charlie Kennedy, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums) and on week nights by what the proprietor labels "the best jazz talent around L. A.," a selection of local groups, which has included such as the Mike Melvoin Trio, the Clare Fischer Trio, the Victor Feldman Trio, and larger groups such as Teddy Edwards' quartet, Bud Shank's quartet, the Paul Horn Quintet, the Curtis Amy Quintet, and trombonist Lou Blackburn's sextet. Los Angeles has been called a jazz-club graveyard. Since the Manne-Hole opened shop, numerous spots in the region have withered and died. What has kept the drummer's place going? "The main reason," according to Manne, "seems to be that I don't need the club for a living. My studio recording work takes care of that. I haven't made any money from the club. But don't get me wrong: I'd love to; I'd love to get back the money I put into it in the first place. But basically, we make the Manne-Hole go by not being too hungry." The lid comes off the Manne-Hole every evening at 8:30; it goes back on at 2 A.M.

DINING-DRINKING

Boston, home of the bean and the cod, has broadened its gustatorial horizons, if one is to judge from the cuisine offered at the ***Five Châteaux***, located in the Charter House Hotel in Cambridge. The management has selected five famous French châteaux and placed on its menu at least one dish for which each château's area is noted. The food is superbly prepared and served in an opulent yet tasteful room designed in keeping with the French Provincial dining theme. Each of the dishes is distinctive. The fillet of beef Chavaniac draws its recipe from the area noted for its beef, as the baked lobster Vitré and the pheasant *rôti* Clères are made from recipes from areas in which seafood and fowl, respectively, are particularly prominent. From Bourbon, also a noted beef area, comes a choice of either plain ribs of beef or sirloin garnished with horseradish and whipped cream, or a sirloin steak with a Bordelaise sauce of the House of Bourbon. From the Château Logis, an area where poultry is approached with reverence, comes, naturally, breast of chicken. The wine list is excellent and extensive; the dessert menu a Gallic delight. The room itself is softly lit except for the glow emanating from the many *flambé* dishes. Entrees begin modestly at $3.95 for the breast of chicken and go to $5.95 for pheasant, which is served with a tantalizingly subtle truffle sauce. Dining at the Five Châteaux Monday through Saturday is from 11:30 A.M.–2:30 P.M., and from 5:30 P.M.–10 P.M. (11 P.M. on Saturdays), and on Sundays and holidays from 12:30 P.M.–10 P.M., with the same menu for lunch and dinner. The restaurant remains open for drinking until 1 A.M. except for Saturdays when it shutters at midnight.

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Manhattan's ***Lutèce*** (249 East 50th Street) is one of those rare bastions of *haute cuisine* in the classic tradition wherein the service and the surroundings are the equal of the food, which is superb. André Surmain, proprietor of Lutèce, is always elegantly but unobtrusively on hand, assisted by a maître de replete with butler's uniform and the most perfectly trained corps of waiters to be found this side of the Victorian era. The room itself is appropriately *intime*, seating only 18, but when the weather is benign the dining area expands to encompass a very French summer garden. The luxury comes not only in the preparation and presentation of the food, which is designed to excite the eye as well as the palate, but in the little touches as well. For example, the prices are written only on the menu given to monsieur. The glassware is Baccarat, the napery Irish linen. If you reserve a pretheater table for 6:30, you won't have to worry about either cab hunting or bucking cross-town traffic; M. Surmain will have you taken to the theater in a vintage Parisian autobus, but you are more likely to prefer to make an evening of it, since Lutèce's culinary attractions and exquisite service demand leisurely attention. Prices are very much what you would expect from a restaurant that knows it's one of America's truly great dining places. Dinner is à la carte, but there is a *prix fixe* lunch at $6.50 from Monday to Friday. Every dish is a *spécialité de la maison* and nothing is served in which M. Surmain does not take particular pride. Typical: $2.75 for Bisque d'Ecrivesse (crawfish soup), $3.75 for appetizer of Timbales d'Escargot à la Chablisième (snails cooked in Chablis and served in antique porcelain timbales), $8.50 for a main course of Tournedos Lutèce. The wine cellar is select yet extensive. Lutèce is closed Sundays.

BOOKS

Time again to select from the season's array of gift books, the special volume or two that will pleasure the senses, nourish the mind and adorn the cocktail table,

For little girls who have been good all year.

either a friend's or your own.

The most notable collaboration of the year, between James Baldwin and Richard Avedon, has produced ***Nothing Personal*** (Atheneum, $12.95), a view of the nation which definitely lacks any stamp of approval from the chamber of commerce. Avedon's elegant lens and Baldwin's blistering prose complement each other admirably as they examine America and such specimens of Americana as Governor Wallace, Perle Mesta, President Eisenhower and the Daughters of the American Revolution with rare candor and incisiveness.

Lautrec by Lautrec (Viking, $30) is a resplendent tribute to Henri on the hundredth anniversary of his birth—and no artist could ask for a more impressive remembrance. Combining Lautrec's diaries, letters and informal photographs with 128 superlative color reproductions of his work, authors Philippe Huisman and Mme. M. G. Dortu give us a rounder and kinder portrait of the illustrator *extraordinaire* than the dwarfish libertine which tradition has left us. Perhaps they are too generous—but who deserves generosity more than a man who was so lavish with his own phenomenal talents?

If, as Robert Carrier contends, "Culture stems from the stomach as well as the brain," prepare yourself for an aesthetic banquet, opening with *hors d'oeuvres variés* and proceeding bounteously to a finale of *brioches aux pêches*. The youthful Mr. Carrier, who serves with distinction the palates of Britain in his role of food editor of the London *Sunday Times* and London's *Vogue*, now feasts America with ***Great Dishes of the World*** (Random House, $12.95). He serves up hundreds of famous yet surprising recipes from not quite every land under the sun, along with helpful rundowns on basic ingredients, cooking terms, equipment and methods. A big and brimming board.

The heavens are paid homage this season by two fat new volumes—Louis MacNeice's ***Astrology*** (Doubleday, $9.95) and ***The Flammarion Book of Astronomy*** (Simon & Schuster, $22.95). The former, the late Mr. MacNeice's last work, is a straightforward report, replete with anecdotes and all sorts of illustrative material about the signs of the zodiac, the anatomy of the horoscope and such matters. Poet-turned-reporter MacNeice takes no sides, but for those who have the inclination, there are four appendices which will permit them to analyze their heaven-made characters and catch a glimpse of their future prospects. On the other hand, if you're interested in what's *really* going on up there, Camille Flammarion's 19th Century classic of scientific popularization will tell you all about that. It has been conscientiously updated and packaged with 1000 illustrations, diagrams, photographs, woodcuts and what not, all designed to make astronomy accessible to the amateur. This is one of those cases where fact is considerably more fascinating than fancy.

The ambitious intention of ***William Blake*** (Orion Press, $15) is to give us reasonable facsimiles of the mystical master's "illuminated paintings." The delicately hand-tinted designs with which Blake often surrounded his poems make reproduction difficult, and this volume does not quite solve all the problems. Still, its 59 reverently rendered color prints constitute as authentic a tribute to this prince of poet-painters as we have seen. The appreciative introduction by Sir Geoffrey Keynes is a welcome addition.

The prize prose of William Faulkner provides the captions for ***Faulkner's County*** (Random House, $15), Martin J. Dain's photographic essay of Lafayette County, Mississippi. As Faulkner fans know, this is the fabled Yoknapatawpha County, whose lusty past and deteriorating present were chronicled by our great Southern mythmaker. With the sharpness of honest documentary, Mr. Dain's pictures capture faces and places that have long enriched America's imagination.

In ***Leather Armchairs*** (Coward-McCann, $7.95), Charles Graves takes us on a tour through the clubs of London which, though somewhat hasty, does permit a peep into several dozen of the most prestigious of those porticoed male sanctuaries along Pall Mall and St. James's. Membership lists are not so dominated by milords as once they were, and some of the clubs actually allow *women* into the sacred precincts these days. But they still exude a fine old fusty atmosphere. (Speaking of fine old fustiness, there is a brief but witty introduction by P. G. Wodehouse.)

The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence (Viking, $15) brings together in a pair of boxed volumes all the verse this passionate man of letters ever wrote, plus his own critical introductions to his work. Lawrence's most successful poems have the same lyricism and strength of feeling that mark his major novels, and even the less successful are true to his burning spirit. The expert editing of Vivian de Sola Pinta and F. Warren Roberts makes this a trove of insights into one of the key figures of 20th Century literature.

The ideas of Carl G. Jung, which have been agitating psychoanalysts, philosophers and theologians for half a century, are now available to the general reader in a large, highly embellished volume of essays by Jung and a few of his disciples called ***Man and His Symbols*** (Doubleday, $14.95). Jung, who worked on this book during the last months of his life, was absorbed in the gods and demons that have plagued man's dreams—and his waking life as well—down through history. His enthusiasm is contagious, even when his theories are far, far out.

Everything the take-it-or-leave-it gambler is likely to want to know about gambling in its multifarious forms is contained in Alan Wykes' rigorously researched ***The Complete Illustrated Guide to Gambling*** (Doubleday, $9.95). It's all here, from roulette to rummy, from mah-jongg to Monopoly, from chuck-a-luck to cheating, accompanied by plenty of pictures and a wealth of anecdotes old and new involving such disparate sporting types as Sean Connery, Fyodor Dostoievsky and Wyatt Earp.

The Complete Boating Encyclopedia (Golden Press, $9.95), edited by Morris Weeks, Jr., is exactly what the title says. Fifty experts have contributed explanations of everything to do with boats from Aback to Zipp, and including Man Overboard. The diagrams and photographs are clear and instructive. All in all, a shipshape volume for you or the boatniks of your acquaintance.

The Great Ages of Architecture (Putnam, $25) is a sumptuous survey of the imagination which men have lavished for some 3000 years on structures for worshiping their gods, housing their leaders, celebrating their victories and, more recently, merely carrying on their businesses. Author Bodo Cichy guides us adeptly from the formal temples of ancient Greece to the free-flowing shapes of the 20th Century; there are dozens of striking full-page color photographs; and a prettily designed glossary of more than 400 architectural terms makes a handy back porch.

For most of his life, J. B. Priestley has been brooding over the riddle of time. Now, in ***Man and Time*** (Doubleday, $14.95), the eminent British writer puts his findings and reflections into one abundantly illustrated book. Distressed at the modern world's imprisonment by "clock-time," Priestley reminds us that other civilizations, as well as artists, scientists and metaphysicians of our own day have found very different ways to think about time. This handsome volume will not help anybody keep an appointment, but it should start some of us wondering what all the rush is about.

The Birth of Greek Art (Golden Press, $25) is the sixth volume in the superb Arts of Mankind series, under the overall editorship of André Malraux and Georges Salles. With more than 400 plates in color and monochrome, author Pierre Demargne explores the creative genius of the Aegean from Neolithic times to the Seventh Century B.C., when the roots were sunk for what would be the greatest efflorescence of art in man's history.

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"In the summer of '57, after an automobile accident, I had such pain . . . that I was given daily injections of a morphine surrogate. . . . At the end of

three months I was so addicted, so intoxicated, that I had to go to a sanitarium. It was only for a short stay, but while there I kept a diary which I rediscovered just the other day." ***Toxique*** (Dutton) is Françoise Sagan's brief diary, covering her nine days in the sanitarium. It has been dressed up—in fact, overwhelmed—with drawings and calligraphy by Bernard Buffet. The drawings are stiffish and pretentious—staring eyes, grotesque hands. They fight the text which, by and large, is modest and sometimes endearing: "It seems they may give me a detoxication medal. Everyone says how brave I am. I smile blissfully and foolishly." Since the detoxication process requires all of her energies, the first part of the diary is understandably sketchy, and much of it concerns her suffering. But as she kicks the habit, her thoughts widen (though seldom beyond herself) and she longs to get back to her old, hurry-up life. "When shall I be strong enough to drive an Aston? To speed through Porte Maillot? Every street and square is a regret for something left undone." She is like a convalescing child, impatient with her illness and eager to resume her fun and games. "I used to do everything I wanted," she complains, "now I can't do a thing, it's disgusting." But she is not a child, and her illness forces her to face the inevitable—her lost youth. At first she protests. "I who feel like youth itself," she exclaims on her seventh day. "I haven't grown any older, I haven't given up anything." Alas, she knows better. On her last day she notes, "I've become quite used to the idea of death. . . . It disgusts and frightens me, but the idea keeps coming back. . . . I have a cramp in my right arm which frightens me." Her intimations of mortality are moving because she does not belabor them. She is very good at knowing what not to say. The fashionable M. Buffet, on the other hand, is exasperatingly explanatory. His illustration for the final entry is a grinning skull, a death's-head. Get it?

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It is sad to see the late Brendan Behan involved with a nonbook, for Behan was a grandly candid writer who detested sham. ***Brendan Behan's New York*** (Geis) reads as if it were Scotch-taped together from slips of paper on which he had jotted down his impressions of New York. Even with Paul Hogarth's coolly efficient drawings and a handsome production job all around, this notebook is not noteworthy. Yet there are moments of force in Behan's rambling tribute to a city which he enjoyed so much because, among other reasons, it was never dark. The vital passages are those in which Behan is a guide to himself rather than to the city. There is his credo, for instance: "The principal thing to do in this world is to get something to eat and something to drink and somebody to love you." And there is his reaction to life

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styles very different from his own: "My attitude to homosexuality is rather like that of a woman who, at the time of the trial of Oscar Wilde, said she didn't mind what they did, so long as they didn't do it in the street and frighten the horses." As for his views of New York, Behan was generally accurate about the places in which he felt most comfortable—the Chelsea Hotel, Jim Downey's (a more lively actors' rendezvous than Sardi's) and Greenwich Village. At times, however, he succumbs to the easy generalization. When he writes, for instance, of "the wonderful desegregation that is taking place in New York," he is speaking more in terms of wish fulfillment than statistics. Behan was a man of outsize warmth and directness, and that was one reason he so enjoyed Tallulah Bankhead's dissection of those who talked small. Behan tells of the fellow at a dinner party who said to Miss Bankhead, "Do you know that ants actually have their own army?" "Oh," she answered. "Is that so? No air force or navy, I presume." Except for a few such quotes and a few mildly salty lines of his own, *Brendan Behan's New York* is thin gruel. It would have been better to have taped one of his nights on the town.

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As adults began to discover with the release of that antic film *A Hard Day's Night*, the Beatles are more than just another mechanical product of the pop-music industry. Yet despite all the articles about them, no one has yet convincingly explored their nature and the reasons for their typhoonlike impact. In his autobiography, ***A Cellarful of Noise*** (Doubleday), the Beatles' discoverer and manager, Brian Epstein, has also tried to plumb the Beatles. He, too, has failed, but his slight book is interesting in other ways. Son of a Polish immigrant to Britain who built up a successful family furniture store in the raw seaport city of Liverpool, Epstein failed early and often as he grew up. A boy who never fitted in at school and who was equally alien in the army, he was unable to fulfill either of his earliest ambitions—to become a dress designer and then an actor. Reduced to being good at the family business, he opened a record department in the store, heard about the Beatles and was soon prospering wildly, not only with them but with such other pop stars as Cilla Black, Billy J. Kramer and Gerry and the Pacemakers. Still lonely and still colorless himself, Epstein obviously draws much emotional sustenance from his contact with these vivid youngsters. He remains attracted to the Beatles in particular because, as he accurately notes, they are "slightly outside society, yet socially acceptable, nonconformist but in no way outlawed." A delightful combination—but how, Epstein mourns between the lines, can one reach that happy state? He is too cautious to be

candid about disc jockeys and recording executives, but he is quite revealing when it comes to his own continuing attempt—and failure—to understand himself. He writes, for example, with a pass at being ingenuous: "My terms with the artists are well known—friendship and 25 percent." But, he complains, "I am, I fear, accused of greed." Despite his frequent disclaimers in the book, Epstein does indeed like money, but his real greed is for life, for being able to *feel*. And he has come closest to feeling through his association with such warmly raffish phenomena as the Beatles. *A Cellarful of Noise* is an odd document—a tale of a "dead soul" guiding his very alive charges through the shrieks of teenage idolators who also have an emptiness which they look to others to fill. Epstein reveals at the end of his fragment of autobiography that he cannot conceive of ever disassociating himself from the Beatles. This is convincing—for they are his lifeline.

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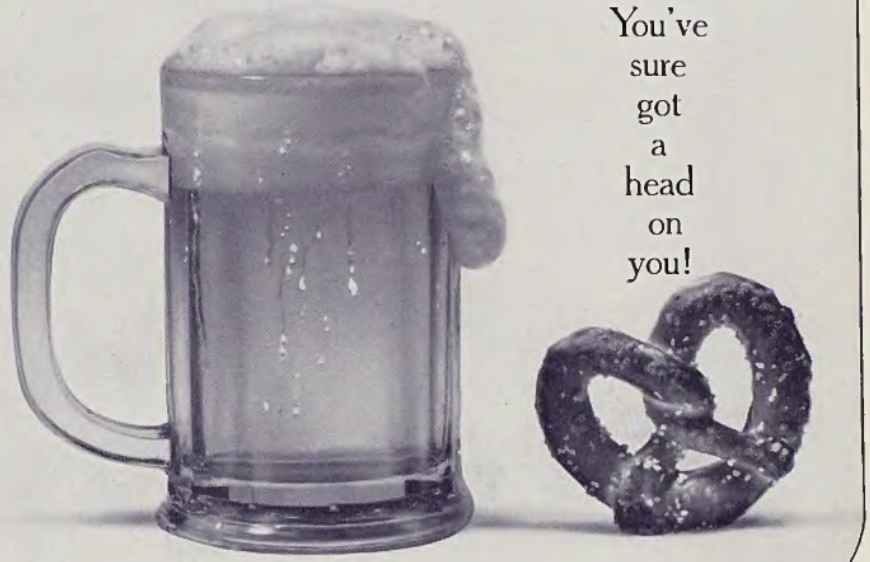
There is a poem by Mayakovsky entitled *At the Top of My Voice*; every book of Nikos Kazantzakis' seems to have been written just that way. His greatest work, *The Odyssey: a Modern Sequel*, is large and heroic enough to accommodate the shouting, but the rest of his prose, with the exception of *Zorba the Greek*, suffers from an excess of sentiment. ***The Fratricides*** (Simon & Schuster), published posthumously last year in Greece, has a modern setting; the presence of rifles, the mention of Lenin as the modern Christ, and a reference to "Uncle Truman" are among the trifling details that limit Kazantzakis' natural love of vagueness, myth and emotion untrammeled by fact. The fratricides of the title are the Greeks who are killing one another again—the red hoods in the hills against the black hoods in the villages. Only one man is with neither the blacks nor the reds—Father Yanaros, the village priest who stands among them and cries out, "Brothers, unite! Brothers, unite!" Father Yanaros is a God-intoxicated man. Not so the rest of the villagers. In his very first paragraph, Kazantzakis, describing the village of Kastélli, writes: "Mountains, houses, people—they were all granite." Granite with hate? With despair? With indifference? With none of these, if we read *The Fratricides* at all attentively, for, despite what he says, Kazantzakis' villagers are far from stone. Mothers weep and curse God when their children die of starvation; sons love their mothers, husbands their wives. In the midst of civil war the old traditions still hold, so much so that a soldier in battle can worry over his inability to provide sufficient dowry to marry off his older sisters. Only when compared with Father Yanaros are they granite. He argues with God: "I cry out, and You do not condescend to acknowledge me; but I will

Aren't you tired of twisting? Let's go see Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood in "Sex and the Single Girl"!



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cry and shout, until You hear me; that is why You gave me a mouth—not that I may eat, or speak, or kiss, but that I may cry out!" And so he does. His only significant action, however, is to turn the village over to the reds with the understanding that no one will be executed. The agreement is not honored: men are killed—among them, Father Yanaros at the order of his own son, the rebel leader. The skeleton of *The Fratricides* is of a rigorous, unadorned beauty; but the rhetoric of agony in which Kazantzakis indulges would try, one imagines, the patience of God Himself.

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Fans of Evelyn Waugh will be hard put to recognize the author of such sharply entertaining books as *The Loved One* and *Put Out More Flags* in the dry, disdain-filled pages of the first volume of his autobiography, ***A Little Learning*** (Little, Brown). Waugh begins with the flat and untempting assertion that "Only when one has lost all curiosity about the future has one reached the age to write an autobiography." To judge by this book, he might have added that the time for autobiography is also when one has lost all humor about the past. There is the sense throughout that the author feels somewhat embarrassed about penning his memoirs and so goes to great pains to look at his early years contemptuously. He finds the young Waugh on the whole a rather ordinary and unlikable chap, and converts the reader to his point of view. A few notes of fun creep in during his Oxford years, but that is short-lived; then the poor fellow falls into a fruitless period of false starts, indebtedness, and teaching at a boring boarding school in Wales. His faithful readers must hope that in the next volume he will find more to recommend himself and his experiences. One is also left at this stage of Mr. Waugh's career wondering when and under what unusual circumstances young English chaps first develop any interest, other than conversational, in the opposite sex. Terribly perplexing; terribly British.

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More books about movies are published than the general reader knows or needs to know, but there's always room for one more written specifically for him. Although Richard Schickel's ***Movies*** (Basic Books) can't be classed as a "must," it will serve as a "maybe." The main problem is the one that besets any one-volume world history of any subject—particularly a field that has been furrowed as furiously as films in the past 50 years. Still, Schickel has put together a readable, reliable report on the facts of film from Edison, Lumière and Méliès to Fellini, Kubrick and Kazan. He has also set forth numerous provocative opinions, some of which must be taken with a heavy pinch of salt. Every historian is entitled to his eccentricities, but it strains the franchise to vent statements like "Bergman has, undoubtedly, the soul of an artist, but he has chosen the wrong art." A few years ago, Arthur Knight gave us *The Liveliest Art*, a fine one-volume history of world cinema. It's stiff competition in its line, and *Movies* doesn't match it. However, Schickel has brought the subject up to date.

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"This new novel," says the blurb for ***A Kind of Anger*** (Atheneum), "is as gripping as any Eric Ambler has written." Alas, the plain fact is that Ambler has lost his grip since his reputation-making novels of the Thirties, and there are signs in this ambling book that he recognizes this fact. As in *Epitaph for a Spy* (1938), the scene is the Riviera near Nice. The narrator once again is a young man in trouble. He has the Simenonish name of Piet Maas, and the alias of Pierre Mathis. (Young Vadassy, of the earlier book, worked for the Mathis School of Languages.) Maas is a journalist, whose serious magazine has failed, who has lost his girlfriend, and who has made a suicide attempt. He is caught, as a tragic antihero should be, between two wrongs: *World Reporter*, the unscrupulous weekly for which he works, and the tough guys involved in an Iraqi-Kurdish conflict. (Some ambitious oil villains are thrown in for good measure.) What made the early Ambler so impressive was his acute political and historical sense; he wrote about the difficulties of staying alive and free in pre-War Europe. In *A Kind of Anger*, the political elements seem as thirdhand as the title. Ambler doesn't sustain the interest he awakens in Maas, in the Kurds, or even in *World Reporter*—perhaps because he is more interested in Lucia Bernardi, a rather opaquely described dish, who is chiefly interested in money. The book dwells on the tricky mechanics whereby Lucia, with the help of Maas, unloads some murdered colonel's documents in return for a small fortune. It is about nothing deeper than making a fast, glamorous, illegal buck in post-War Europe. "Here," says the blurb, "is a new and richer Ambler." Ambler was truly richer when he was newer and poorer.

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John Henry Faulk was on CBS Radio talking about the country-boy life down home in Texas when the vigilantes rode up Madison Avenue and yelled "Commie-lover." Admen, sponsors and networks ducked for cover, and John Henry's career was shot full of holes. Faulk tells the sorry story in ***Fear on Trial*** (Simon & Schuster), and tells it without self-pity. His troubles began when he and some other members of AFTRA, the TV/radio union, deposed a gaggle of union officials who had been playing ball with Aware, Inc. The prime movers of Aware were a self-appointed expert on The Red Menace, who "politically cleared" performers (for a fee) and a supermarket owner in Syracuse who put the squeeze on food companies not to sponsor the uncleared. Aware avenged itself by smearing Faulk in a circular, and CBS dropped him. Not because anyone thought Faulk was a card carrier—he had simply become "controversial." As TV producer Mark Goodson explained the sickness, "The favorite slogan along Madison Avenue is 'Why buy yourself a headache?'" Aware rode high for a while. When it black-listed Everett Sloane by mistake (it was another Sloan they were after), the actor rushed an FBI clearance to one of his tormentors. The man with the political foaming cleanser didn't think much of it. Aware, he said, had "different standards of clearance than the United States Government's agencies. We are a little more stringent." This to a man who had been mistaken for somebody else in the first place. Sometimes Aware black-listed people simply because their names had appeared in the index to a publication of the House Un-American Activities Committee. At one time or another, the blade went into Kim Hunter, Joseph Cotten, Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, Judy Holliday, Jerome Robbins, Leopold Stokowski and dozens of others. Faulk, a big earner, was soon reduced to borrowing from friends. Ed Murrow and Charles Collingwood stood by him, and so did David Susskind, Tony Randall and Garry Moore. It didn't help. He was run out of the big town and other towns. Faulk sued. Louis Nizer handled the case with his famous flair, and Roy Cohn's law firm defended the black-listers as best it could. Six years after Faulk's career had been gunned down, a jury awarded him a record $3,500,000 in damages. A higher court reduced the figure to $550,000—but it's academic; Faulk has not collected even that. In this horripilating fable of our time lies a damning indictment of men who could have rid the entertainment industry of political racketeering with a simple laugh. The name of Faulk's onetime employer leads all the rest, and even after reading *Fear on Trial*, it is difficult to believe that CBS, that powerful, prosperous maker of America's taste and opinions, could have been so gutless.

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Last Exit to Brooklyn (Grove Press) by Hubert Selby, Jr., consists of loosely connected stories about some loosely connected people in the Gowanus district: queers, latent queers, fairies (there is a difference), lush-rollers, whores. It is set at the lowest life level that Selby knows (or can imagine) and it re-creates that hell sulphurously. The sexual diction and detail are post–William Burroughs—more on the order of photography than fantasy. Some of these stories are like kicks in the stomach: powerful and painful. *Tralala*, which had police

trouble when it ran in a little magazine, is about a teenage tart with a prodigious pair who makes it briefly in the "big time" (Times Square bars, that is) and who ends up being killed in a Brooklyn gang-bang that would be right out of Dante if Dante had written about gang-bangs. *Landsend* is a tapestry of assorted sordid stories set in a new housing project, which has done nothing but sanitize the sordidness. *Strike*, the best tale in the book, although too long, is about a tough mill hand, recently married, who resents his wife's wifeliness and doesn't know why—until a strike gives him the leisure to hang around a queer bar and he finds out. The story tries, with some success, to symbolize certain aspects of sexual and social fakery. Everything in the book seems too quickly perceived, partly because the scathing prose makes its own points—apart from the story's points—so fast. That's a real risk in the microcamera technique, the close-up of the cloaca; the truth it conveys is so limited. Therefore, as the stories go on and on, the focus shifts from the wretches to the writer, and the reader begins to wonder whether Selby isn't having a turnon-by-typewriter. He has keen eye and keen ear, but his artistic cruelty, valid in itself, has a flavor of literary sadism. And that's something else again.

•

The Enzo Ferrari Story / An Autobiography (Macmillan) gives us a number of small but pertinent insights into the man who has dominated international auto racing for so many years. Ferrari has been totally dedicated to the sport and to the development of his vehicles for almost half a century. A clue to his complete absorption may be found in his capsule commentary on World War II: "There followed years of interesting experience, although sad ones, as I could have nothing to do with cars." Ferrari's overwhelming passion for success is summed up in his description of an accident that occurred during his early days as a driver: "I was in third position when I suddenly saw a car ablaze on the edge of the track. I could make out the number: It was the car that had been just in front of me. What thoughts do you think passed through my head in that instant? Well, my first thought was: One less, now I'm second; my second thought was: I wonder if he's hurt; and my third thought was: It might have been me. And I unconsciously eased the throttle a moment." Throughout his illustrious career, Ferrari has known much triumph; tragedy, too, has been his close companion, and the violent deaths of so many of his associates have made him insular—"I feel alone after a life crowded by so many events and almost guilty of having survived."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a young woman who enjoys life and is not opposed to long-term affairs, or an occasional "roll in the hay," if the man appeals to me. But I do have a question that plagues me to the point of becoming a frustrating problem: How does a woman turn down a proposition from a man and spare his manly pride? I try to explain that the feeling must be mutual, and all men I've met agree that unless the woman enjoys sex, there is no pleasure for either. But some men persist, usually ending up with the accusation: "You're afraid of sex, aren't you?" So can you tell me, how does a woman say no and still keep a friend?—Miss N. H., Berkeley, California.

If a guy can't accept your straightforward, levelheaded reason for not wanting to go to bed with him without aiming countercharges at you, then we think you'd be better off losing this kind of "friend." Most men would understand and respect your wishes—and begin plotting ways to make you exercise your womanly prerogative to change your mind.

I've been pondering the prospect of a long, cold winter and, accordingly, would like to know the secrets of mulled wine.—T. O'B., Boston, Massachusetts.

A heavy red wine (burgundy, claret or port) is usually used for mulling. The wine is heated in a pot with sugar and orange or lemon peel. The mixture should be warmed gently and briefly (to preserve its delicate taste and keep the alcohol from evaporating), and served, with a garnish of nutmeg, clove or cinnamon stick, in a pewter or earthenware mug.

Having just completed medical school, I now find that I'm becoming quite popular with women of assorted shapes and sizes. I like this trend, of course, but often I wonder if the girls like me—or my prospects. Is there some sure way to determine just why a girl digs a young doctor?—K. H., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

No, we don't think there is any sure way to determine what motivates a girl's interest in a young doctor. Even though the prospects of your future income—upwards of $20,000 per year, according to the "Medical Almanac"—might appear enticing to a young lady seeking your company, she would have to tolerate your present internship and later residency income of $125 per month (average) for anywhere from three to six years. In view of this, we think there's a good chance the girls like you for yourself. But why be concerned? Relax and enjoy it.

Can you please give me the names and addresses of some auto-racing schools? I want to become a race driver, but I haven't been able to learn where to get training.—Y. L., Reading, Pennsylvania.

The biggest, most active American racing school is Carroll Shelby's School of High Performance Driving, located at 1012 Princeton Drive in Venice, California. In addition, the Sports Car Club of America oversees at least 60 sports-car-driving schools all over the country, and you can get additional information on these from your local club. If you can conveniently get to England, it boasts at least three schools that specialize in preparing drivers for flat-out racing: Motor Racing Stables, Ltd., at Brands Hatch Circuit, Fawkham, Kent; Jim Russell Racing Driver's School, Downham Market, Norfolk; and Instructional School, Vanderbyl Motor Racing, Ltd., 160 Highlever Road, London W 10. Good luck.

A clothier here has described the term "soup and fish" as pertaining to tails or a morning coat worn with a gray vest. The colloquialism is new to me. Is this a fish story?—J. J., Cadillac, Michigan.

No. The term evolves from the 19th Century when formal clothing was usually worn for banquets consisting of soup, fish, game and other staples. Thus, when a man donned his formalwear, he wore "soup and fish."

Shortly after I began my tour of duty in West Germany, I met a lovely German girl with whom I subsequently fell in love and proposed marriage. My family is very open-minded about my marrying a foreign national, but I am encountering a great deal of resistance from my ex-fiancée back home. She has repeatedly sent letters to my intended's family enumerating the possible hazards involved in such a marriage and, although I don't particularly care for this invasion of my privacy, I have held off putting a stop to it for one very good reason. You see, my military career is just about at an end, and I have been promised a job paying $14,000 per year by my ex-fiancée's father, providing I give up my German girl and marry his daughter. It's not that I place money above romance, but $14,000 a year shouldn't be taken lightly, and I just can't seem to solve this "mating dilemma." Any suggestions?—E. W., Wiesbaden, West Germany.

First, we suggest you stop kidding yourself about being a latent romanticist. The fact that you describe this situation in such cold, cash-on-the-line terms leaves little doubt that you won't

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allow a five-figure annuity to slip through your fingers. Ordinarily we'd advise going where your heart leads—most people who place a price tag on their emotions find it more expensive in the end than they bargained for—but in your case, it's obvious that you don't consider your present fiancée a good long-term investment. You could patch things up with your ex, but we doubt that a lifetime contract based on the sort of setup you describe would bring much happiness to anyone involved. We suggest you solve your mating dilemma by breaking cleanly with both girls—and then waiting until you grow up. You're obviously not ready for marriage.

I am a woman, 36, and all my life I have preferred the company of women to men. I have never regarded this as a problem—I have led a useful and productive life, and have never done anyone any intentional harm. There is a couple in my apartment house—I'll call them the Smiths. In the last few months, I have become very friendly with Mrs. Smith, if you know what I mean. I honestly thought that Mrs. Smith was one of those who also preferred the company of women, but who, like many of us, had chosen to marry. But now it turns out that she was not—that I was her first close woman friend. And most unbelievable of all, Mrs. Smith wants to leave her husband and move in with me. This is ridiculous. I never encouraged her that much. And she has three children to care for! I don't want her to leave her husband, much less move in with me. But this is what she insists she wants to do. I'm well established in business here and I am not about to leave town. But what else is there to do?—Miss N. D., San Francisco, California.

Having unplugged this dyke, and chanced washing up a marriage, you now casually survey the prospective wreckage. Whether Mrs. Smith was experienced in we-know-what-you-mean or not, you must have been aware that a five-member family was at stake when you indulged in your first flirtation with her. The affair having gone as far as it has, you should arrange to move to another part of town at once and make a point of avoiding further contact of any sort with Mrs. Smith in the future.

Although I'm a country girl who recently emigrated to the big town, I thought I had pretty well acclimated myself to city ways—until I began dating a man who hails taxis by waving his walking stick in the air. Isn't this boorish?—Miss F. W., New York, New York.

Hardly; we think it's a fine way to get a taxi—especially in the dog-eat-dog world of Gotham cab grabbing.

Four of us (my friend and I, both single, plus a married couple) rented a car together to travel around Florida. When it came time to pay the car-rental bill, all but I said the bill should be split three ways, while I insisted the bill should be split four ways, with the husband paying his and his wife's share. Their argument for the three-way split was that the married couple should be counted as one, since she does not drive a car. My argument for the four-way split was that each of us benefited equally from the use of the car. I won the argument in the outcome, but would like to know if I was right in my reasoning.—R. G., Darien, Connecticut.

You were right, of course. There's no logic to counting individuals differently because of their marital status. Nor do we see the ability to drive being counted as a consideration, unless that was clearly established beforehand; it could be argued just as easily that those who helped drive had performed an additional service on the trip and were therefore entitled to pay less. The way to avoid this sort of disagreement is to reach an understanding on the payment of expenses prior to starting out; under the circumstances, you were justified in assuming that everyone present would be paying a full share.

Is a natural-shade camel's-hair or cashmere topcoat appropriate to wear with *any* color suit? I've noticed that such coats are particularly striking when worn with black or dark-blue suits.—B. M., Westfield, New Jersey.

A natural camel's-hair or cashmere topcoat may be worn with a suit of any color, but they look best with darker shades.

As a junior executive in a large, rather structured organization, I just found out through the office grapevine that my buddy, who holds a similar job to mine, is going to be fired within the month. I'd like to tip him off, but if I do, he's likely to make a scene with the boss and possibly give away my confidence. If I don't tell him, he may eventually find out I knew and think me a fink. What do I do?—A. J., Dallas, Texas.

We think mum's the word. Your first consideration ought to be that the grapevine might be producing sour wine. Conceivably, you could convey false scuttlebutt to your friend, who, on the basis of it, might make a fool of himself and thus get fired. If the information is indeed correct, then your telling him will not alter it.

Last year one of our foursome got married and the rest of our group gave a party for him and his bride that will never be forgotten. As a matter of fact, it was written up in *The Kansas City Star*. Unfortunately, another of our group is getting married this year and three of us are faced with outdoing or at least equaling our last fete. As matters stand now, we are transporting our 35 guests from a predetermined meeting place to the party spot (a farm) by helicopter. We have engaged two groups (a Western combo and a rolled-up-sleeves-type piano player) to provide continuous entertainment, but, since this is an outdoor party, we are stumped for a really wide-open-spaces-type menu. One of our ideas is to barbecue half a buffalo on a spit, but that seems too ordinary. We're in desperate need of a way-out idea for food, and would appreciate your help.—R. L., Kansas City, Missouri.

The only dish we could come up with that's farther out than barbecued buffalo is the following recipe (for which we're indebted to Alexandre Dumas) for sautéed kangaroo fillet. (To serve 35, multiply all quantities by 17½.)

"Take 2 fillets, trim, season, and arrange in a pot with melted butter. In another pot, prepare a broth from the bones and scraps of meat from the animal, strain, remove the fat. Pour into a pot with 4 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, add a bouquet garni, reduce to a light sauce, add 2 tablespoonfuls of currant jelly and a piece of lemon zest. Ten minutes later, add a handful of raisins soaked in warm water. Let the whole simmer about one hour. Poach the fillets, drain, set them on a platter and pour the sauce over them."

Come to my aid, Rabbit! I met a lovely girl, I loved her well, I ditched her when love palled, and now she damns me to hell. I say "It was fun while it lasted," and to this she will agree. But she claims I treated her foully, by wanting a chance to be free. She calls me a beast and I wonder if there's any reply I can make, to deny this base allegation, yet get back to being a rake.—A. M., Detroit, Michigan.

If you will drop the doggerel and resort to simple prose, we'll give you a quote from Heywood Broun we think is on the nose: "The ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts." This may comfort you, but we doubt it will do much for the girl.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MARCH IS A RELAXED and balmy month throughout the Mediterranean, where the restless sense of a new spring wafting on warm sea breezes is all-pervasive. The best way to savor it is on the water. Anything from a sumptuous yacht to a small sailing vessel can be chartered at daily rates running from $50 a day for a boat accommodating four people to $1000 a day for a 138-foot, 12-passenger motor yacht with an 8-man crew. Pick a departure point from any of the main yacht harbors in the area and plan a cruise itinerary including scenic Italian fishing villages, lovely French resorts and historically rich Greek islands.

One haven welcoming visiting yachtsmen this year—within easy reach of Nice, Marseilles, Genoa and most other French and Italian ports—is the island of Corsica, where several hotels and a resort, all in the luxury class, recently have been built. Among them are La Pietra and the Napoléon Bonaparte on the northwest coast near L'Ile-Rousse, containing the island's major casino; Rene Bianca at Propriano on the southwest coast; and Cala Rossa at Porto-Vecchio in the southeast—all featuring rooms with private terraces overlooking the sea.

The really lush place, however, lies directly across the gulf from semitropical Ajaccio (Napoleon's birthplace, on the west coast) at the foot of landscaped hills that roll back from crystal-clear water. In addition to the hotel's own superb facilities, guests have privileges at the tennis courts, beaches and marina of the neighboring resort village of Porticcio, a place of handsome villas owned by affluent Parisians.

Turkey is another area that's fast gaining jet-set recognition. The Turkish Riviera—miles of white-sand beaches backed by banana plantations and orange groves—is now served by twice-daily planes from Istanbul. But for real color, Istanbul itself is hard to beat. A series of festive repasts can be relished in this ancient city, at Abdullah, for French and Continental cuisine; Czardas, for East European specialties; Pandelli, for the best Turkish food; and Liman, for incomparable seafood. Travelers with strong constitutions may want to wash their meals down with the Turkish national drink, raki—a form of Pernod.

Belly dancing is not a home-grown specialty, but the Turks love it and import some of the best dancers from Egypt and North Africa. The Roof Restaurant of the Hilton Hotel (where you can order anything from a hamburger to a full Turkish dinner) and the nearby Kervansaray are the places to go for unforgettable demonstrations of midriff wiggling.

Although night life is not up to European standards, a good time can be had at Kordon Bleu, Sati (its slogan: "Music and mad antics, 10 P.M. to 6 A.M., 7 days a week") and Bogazici, which puts on a memorable strip show.

While in Istanbul drop in at a coffee shop, where the main stock in trade is relaxation, and try a Turkish water pipe. The waiter will fix one of these three-foot giants for you, wadding wet tobacco in the bowl, then dropping hot charcoal on top. All you do is draw the smoke through gurgling water for one of the pleasantest smokes you've ever tried.

Istanbul's most scenic attractions can be seen from the Bosporus ferries. One of them makes a run down to the Black Sea—literally zigzagging between Europe and Asia—past palaces of Byzantine court officials, in view of the fortresses of Ottoman conquerors and alongside luxurious 20th Century summer villas. The alternately mellifluous and cacophonous background sounds are highlighted by Turkish tea vendors crying their steaming-hot *"chai"* on the three-decker ship, or groups of students singing to a flute-like instrument called a zurna. The 13th stop on the run from the ferry landing near the Galata Bridge is a lucky one—at Kilyos, where resort hotels and fine restaurants specialize in lobster, shrimp and the freshest, richest caviar we've ever enjoyed for a ridiculous one dollar per heaping portion.

In France, if you're headed for Riviera relaxation by car—after a sating of snow fun at Auron, Valberg or Beuil—turn left when you reach the coast after the drive down through the wild, narrow gorges of the Maritime Alps and head for St.-Raphaël, within easy reach of all the varied entertainments of the Riviera, including, but not limited to, the social pomp of Beaulieu-sur-Mer and Èze, the brilliant night life of Nice and Cannes, the sparkle of Juan-les-Pins and St.-Tropez.

St.-Raphaël has retained a strictly native atmosphere. Although the water front was recently modernized, with the construction of a promenade like the Croisette at Cannes, there's still an old port filled with gently rocking sailboats. The Beau Rivage Hotel is completely first class, while La Voile d'Or Restaurant is the best we know along the Riviera for great Provençal cooking.

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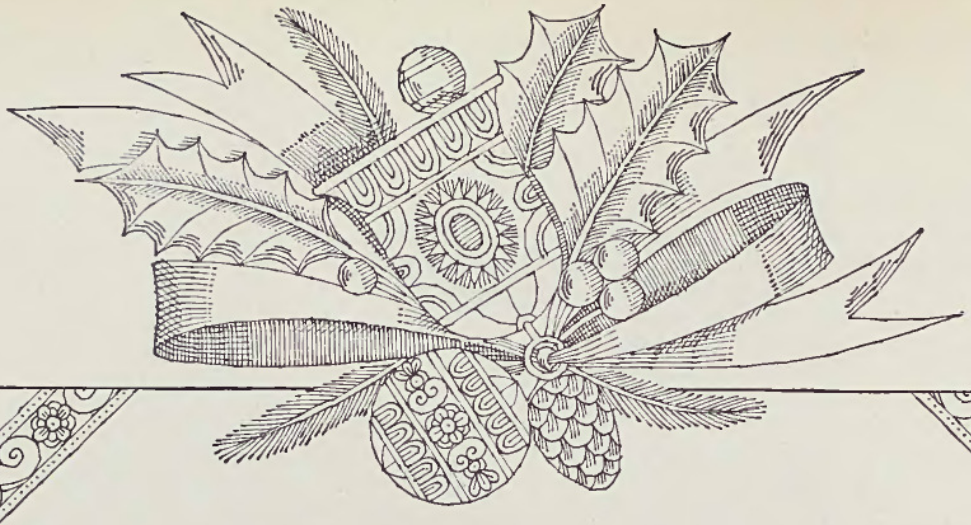

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

FANFARE FOR FORUM

I am sending this letter of appreciation to Mr. Hefner for presenting his *Playboy Philosophy* and for providing the *Forum*. This appreciation also extends to those concise, thinking individuals who have written in to the *Forum* in past issues. It gives me some assurance of the future of freedom in this country to know there are quite a few persons who are aware that censorship is not the only way to reality and truth, that hypocrisy is not a necessary *modus operandi*, and that Christianity doesn't have the patent on morality or ethics.

Many people whom I have met regard reason as a last resort when faith fails. Unfortunately, this attitude extends not only to their religious outlook, but to their opinions of government, economics and social conditions as well. I am too much of a skeptic to accept the "Don't make any decisions until someone shows us the way" attitude.

Happily, there are other skeptics who do question authority when they feel there is reason to do so. I have enjoyed reading their letters published in the *Forum*.

G. L. Prather
Riverside, California

END TO END

I cannot suppress the thought that if one tenth as many people got one tenth as excited and created one tenth the furor over local and national issues as they do over the *Philosophy* or as they did over Hefner's 1963 arrest, we would have a better world. Sex may be the one area in which everyone considers himself an expert and, if so, perhaps Henry Ford spoke prophetically when he said that "if we placed all the experts end to end they wouldn't reach a conclusion."

E. G. McCrea
Lititz, Pennsylvania

We don't know just what local and national issues you have in mind, but Hefner has discussed, in "The Playboy Philosophy," such subjects as the advantages of constitutional democracy, the rights of the individual in a free society, Puritanism and religious freedom, the separation of church and state, freedom of speech and press, censorship, and the American Sexual Revolution, to name a few; and these are precisely the issues raised by Hefner's arrest. We agree there are a great many other issues of importance that deserve to be vigorously debated—but if those mentioned above were neglected, there might be no possibility of free discussion on any subject whatever. In any event, we believe Ford was correct about all the experts laid end to end not reaching a conclusion. You'd have to place them face to face so they could communicate before you could hope for any useful results.

PLAYBOY "PARADOX" REFUTED

I have been intending to compliment you on your fine editorial series, *The Playboy Philosophy*. Mr. Seidel's *Forum* letter in your October issue has forced me to send my congratulations.

The Playboy Philosophy, interviews, and other articles are why I look forward each month to the arrival of my husband's PLAYBOY and why I let my own subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal* lapse (William Iversen, please take note). Many PLAYBOY readers aren't interested in the nudes, because those readers are women. I think PLAYBOY's advertisers know this. If we would believe the financial experts, women in this country buy more men's products for their men than men buy for themselves. When we women go Christmas shopping this year, many of us will go armed with gift suggestions found in PLAYBOY's advertisements.

Mr. Seidel, the editorial series which attracts so much interest from men and women readers alike isn't inane and ludicrous, as you suggest—it is a work of genius.

Mrs. Harry B. Carson
Idleyld Park, Oregon

As a dedicated reader and supporter of PLAYBOY, I feel it necessary to comment on the letter written by Mr. Mike Seidel which appeared in the October *Forum*.

In his letter Mr. Seidel criticizes Editor-Publisher Hefner for claiming to publish an intellectually stimulating magazine with such an obvious drawback to intellectualism as the center foldout. As evidence to prove this "disturbing paradox" of PLAYBOY, Seidel states that any man who claims he reads PLAYBOY "purely for your articles, your fashion forecasts, or your excellent selection of type faces" is a hypocrite.

This so-called paradox of PLAYBOY, if carried to its general conclusion, would mean that a magazine that points out

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FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

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the ridiculousness of puritanical ideas, and thus maintains that the human body is not shameful and is in fact quite beautiful, is intellectually stimulating; but a magazine that practices what it preaches, and publishes photographs of the human body, loses its intellectualism and becomes merely physically stimulating. In other words, it is all right to proclaim, but not to practice, your rights.

Obviously Seidel is oblivious to the "whole magazine for the whole man" concept of PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY without its girls would not be PLAYBOY, but it is also equally true that PLAYBOY without its superb interviews, articles and humor would not be PLAYBOY either.

PLAYBOY without its girls would be like marriage without sex. But buying PLAYBOY just for its girls is like getting married just for sex—a very shallow relationship, indeed.

Henry Lockard, Jr.
New Orleans, Louisiana

SEX AND RELIGION

Mr. Hefner's views on sex morality and sex laws in the U. S. as expressed in the September issue of your magazine are, as usual, very much to the point. Mr. Hefner's plea for more rational and humane sex laws in America can hardly be open to debate. He is also correct in pointing out the connection between antiquated sex laws in America (and, one may add, to a lesser extent also in Europe) and Judaeo-Christian tradition. But we can see no incompatibility—nor, do we think, does Mr. Hefner—between the basic ethics of either Judaism, the spirit of Christianity, or, for that matter, between the essential tenets of any other major religion and the claim for sexual happiness and sexual freedom.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen
Paris, France

Comment from the famous husband-wife psychoanalytic team is always especially welcome. Hefner certainly agrees with the Drs. Kronhausen that the essential ethics of our religion are not incompatible with sexual happiness and freedom; in tracing the history of anti-sexuality in Western civilization ("The Playboy Philosophy," August and September, 1963), he commented on the positive sexual morality of early Judaism and observed that the severe asceticism and sexual suppression of Christianity began, not with Christ, but with St. Paul, after which it was emphasized and re-emphasized by the men who followed, down through the long centuries.

In "The Playboy Philosophy" in this issue, Hefner exchanges views on sexual morality with a priest, a rabbi and a minister.

BIRTH CONTROL IN MASSACHUSETTS

I have enjoyed reading Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*. It shows an increasing maturity and a broadening of your magazine's outlook. I have watched PLAYBOY improve from its inception to its present state with great pleasure.

I wish to draw your attention, as I am sure a multitude of others will also, to an article in the current [October 15, 1964] issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, entitled: "Changing Attitudes Toward the Massachusetts Birth-Control Law."

J. O. Sarkin, M. D.
Glendale, California

We want to thank Dr. Sarkin and the other thoughtful readers who brought this article to our attention. It was written by Dr. Joseph L. Dorsey and offers strong argument for a change in the Massachusetts law "that makes illegal the sale, distribution or advertisement of contraceptives." What gives this article special interest is that Dr. Dorsey is a Roman Catholic.

He explains in the beginning, "This law has, perhaps, been the cause of more hard feeling between Roman Catholics and their neighbors in the Commonwealth than any single issue in the past quarter century." The doctor states a bit later, "Catholics have argued that their purpose in supporting the law is to promote the general welfare of the state in which they live. When contraceptives are widely accepted and used, when the law is largely unenforced and when the Church is looked on by outsiders more as a political power than a religious group because of its stand, it is unlikely that the ultimate welfare of society is benefited by retention of the law.

"Whatever the situation may have been in the 19th Century [when the law was originally passed by Protestants], it is clear today that there is not a consensus against contraception. Although the Catholic Church continues to sanction only the rhythm method of family regulation, most other religions have given strong approval to all forms of contraception. Today, the law is inevitably a source of intellectual disagreement and emotional friction.

"One of the stronger statements on this subject was made recently by Father John O'Brien, of Notre Dame University: 'With more than 300 denominations in our midst it is obvious that we must learn not only to live together, but also to respect scrupulously the consciences of others and work together for the common good. The consequences of such religious pluralism is that no one group may impose its distinctive creedal or moral viewpoint, through the clenched fist of legislative fiat or governmental directive, upon those of other faiths. The attempt to do so is rightly resented as intolerable arrogance; it is an utterly unwarranted infringement on the constitutional rights of others and is doomed to failure. Its only result is the generation of bad blood, bitterness, hatred and strife.'

"After talking with many well-informed priests about this law, I have failed to find one (though I am sure he exists) who favors retention of the present law. Cardinal Cushing, when asked what he would do if the referendum came up again, replied, 'In no way will I feel it my duty to oppose amendment to the law.'"

This article is a refreshing example of the enlightened thinking to be found increasingly in many areas of religious society. Hefner plans on devoting an early installment of "Philosophy" to an extended consideration of the social, moral and medical aspects of birth control.

A PAROLEE SPEAKS

I want you to know that I agree with almost everything Hefner has been saying in *The Playboy Philosophy*—at least in the last couple of installments, which is all I've read. I want to congratulate you for being gutsy enough to say it in print and thereby endanger your financial success. Being a lifelong resident of Cincinnati, I am intimately familiar with CDL, NODL, Charles H. Keating, Jr., and their crowd. I know how vicious they can be.

Regarding the Indiana sex laws: A few years ago I was convicted in Indiana (not for sex) and served nearly three years at a state penal institution there. From personal experience, and from talks with inmates who'd been imprisoned in other states, it appears that conditions are a bit worse than as described in the *Philosophy*. Except for the Federal prison system, which tends to be liberal, penal institutions outlaw *all* sexual outlets. In general, both homosexual contact and solitary masturbation are prohibited in prison. A friend of mine, occupying a single cell, was caught in the act of masturbation by the duty guard. The institution court gave him three days in The Hole (solitary). His regular cell had open iron bars, while The Hole has a steel door. He reported that in The Hole one could masturbate without interruption or fear of discovery. He also talked with the prison psychologist about this incident. The psychologist said he deplored the situation, but could do nothing. The buck was passed from the psychologist to the deputy warden, to the warden, to the state corrections department, to the legislature, and thence to the public: "Public opinion" was given as the reason for the oppressive rules regarding sex.

Of course, homosexual behavior was treated much worse, when it was discovered. In addition, "lewd and lascivious" literature was prohibited. One could subscribe to almost any magazine and be assured of its delivery to one's cell. However, when I had a friend transfer my PLAYBOY subscription to the prison, the first issue that arrived was stopped at the mail room. I was told to cancel it im-

mediately. When I protested, pointing out that since the magazine was granted mailing privileges by the U. S. Post Office it could not be considered lewd or obscene, I was told that the prison censor ruled independently of any external criteria. I asked what they objected to, and they frankly told me they would not permit photos of naked female breasts. I offered to let them remove the offending photos, so that I could read the stories and articles. My request was refused.

A few months later one of PLAYBOY's imitators changed its format to include seminude photos—a novelty for them. The magazine had been coming into the institution regularly. The censor was asleep, however, and two months' issues entered before it, too, was banned. Some time after that I found that bootlegged copies of nudist magazines were selling for two cartons of cigarettes. I tracked down the source—a guard. Guards make $65 a week in Indiana.

I talked with a prison staff member at great length about sex in prison. He was an intelligent, liberal and understanding man. (He was not the psychologist.) He agreed that current practice was ridiculous, creating a black market for nudist magazines, encouraging homosexuality, etc. Still, he defended it on the grounds of public decency.

He had no answer when I showed him a magazine article about a U. S. prison in which prisoners are permitted to have coitus with their wives on visiting day. There is only one state that permits these conjugal visits, and with all the civil rights mess and talk of how backward it is, it's quite a surprise to discover that, at least in the sexual aspect, the state with the most progressive prison system is Mississippi. The warden there reports that his prisoners are much easier to control under present circumstances than they were some years ago. He threatens that if they misbehave, they won't get any sex. They behave. (Of course, there is no provision for single prisoners, as in Mexico, where unmarried men are permitted intimacies with single female visitors. Still, the conjugal visit system in Mississippi is a hell of a step forward.)

Perhaps it's a limited subject, but I wish Hefner would print something about sex in prison. I have seen a lot of men soured and embittered by three or four years' sexual deprivation while in prison. Not a few turn to homosexuality, and because they're inept, they usually get caught at this, if not in prison, then when they get out. It is a vicious circle. Furthermore, even modern penologists are profoundly hypocritical in the matter of prison sex. A reporter quizzed a number of wardens recently on the matter of sex problems in prison. The most common reply was: "We don't talk about them."

The problems don't stop when the

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prisoner is paroled. (Damn it, you *have* to accept a parole, with all its restrictions. It's the only way you can get out in a few years. If you refuse, you may do ten or fourteen years before you get a final release.) Though I may not be a typical case, I have found that I must live within the letter of the law at all times. Any violation of any law is considered a violation of my parole. I am unmarried, hence any sex beyond nocturnal emissions or solitary masturbation is out of the question for me. Because I am an interstate parolee, I must observe both Indiana and Ohio rules. Both states forbid marriage without written permission of the parole officer, but Ohio goes further. Rule number eight says, in part: "Under no circumstances will I [the parolee] cohabit with anyone not my legal spouse." Lawyers tell me Ohio courts have held that a single act of fornication has been held to be cohabitation.

A further deterrent to normal social activity on the part of the parolee is the automobile rule. Both Ohio and Indiana forbid the holding of a driver's license and the purchasing, owning, leasing or operating of any motor vehicle (which includes a motorcycle or motorbike) unless written permission is granted by the parole officer. In almost every case, I am told, such permission is withheld for six months or a year following release from prison. I was asked by my parole officer if I was "getting around to see the girls" a few months after arriving home. I told him that without a car this was practically impossible.

The point of all this is not that prisoners are being mistreated. It is that, despite public pronouncements that our prison systems are now "rehabilitation centers" and that simple punishment is now obsolete, it is simply not so. Punishment continues, although sometimes in subtler ways than in the 1920s. When flat time was the rule, a released convict could get drunk and laid his first night out, for he had no parole time to back up. Today the parolee knows that if he shacks up he is taking his liberty in his hands. It is safer, though ultimately more difficult, to leave the girls alone. It's no fun dating when you know that even if the chick is willing, you can't take her to bed. Of course, the alternative is to risk backing up eight or ten years.

As a result, the public has been led to believe that today's prisons are "curing" convicts by "treatment" programs. They are "curing" them, all right—mellowing them in their bitterness and cynicism against society for inflicting the cruelest punishment of all: Look, but don't touch.

And, lest you think modern prisons don't retain vestiges of medieval torture chambers, let me give you the straight dope. When doing an article for the prison paper about a year ago, I was taken through a new cell house nearing completion. It was well lighted, well ventilated, spacious, modern, and the cell doors were to stay open until ten P.M. every night, allowing a great degree of socialization, unlike other cell houses. The top floor of the building, however, wasn't on my agenda. I got a buddy to take me up there. I found six brand-new dungeons. Iron rings were set in a slab of concrete, and a chain was passed through the rings to strap the convict down. There was a hole in the slab, for excrement. One end of the room had a barred door which closed off the cell proper; beyond it was a steel door with a rubber gasket around the edge, and a reinforced-glass window with a steel cover. The dungeon also contained an overhead light (shielded by reinforced glass) and an exhaust fan (leading to the roof), both externally controlled. The dungeon was soundproof, presumably so the convict's screams would not disturb the indolent guard. I wasn't shocked to discover these dungeons—I am past that point. But I would like to take a modern penologist up there and chain him down overnight.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

THE CDL AND NODL

I can't help being concerned about organizations such as the CDL and NODL, which would deny Americans one of the basic rights guaranteed by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It's another case of the self-righteous, hypocritical few attempting to govern the rights of the many, and I am heartened to see that Hefner has the guts to combat these groups.

Bruce Zatinsky, U. S. N.
U. S. S. Bon Homme Richard
San Francisco, California

MR. KEATING OF CDL

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote to Mr. Charles H. Keating, Jr., chairman of the CDL, after reading his attack on PLAYBOY in the May *National Decency Reporter*, the newsletter of the CDL. It always scares me when I encounter an individual like Mr. Keating who has supposedly received an extensive education on his way to becoming a member of the bar. I can't agree with Hefner more when he notes that one of the real dangers to the morals of this country is the attempt of such men to appoint themselves guardians of said morals. The letter:

Dear Mr. Keating:

I have been receiving the *National Decency Reporter* for some time now, and have often disagreed with what has been written therein. But the May issue contains an article with which I not only disagree violently, but which disgusts me to the point of frustration. I refer to your open letter to Mr. George T. Alig regarding your views on PLAYBOY magazine.

This article represents a prime example of the use of two of the most tried and true methods of phony propagandists: name-calling and the broad generalization. You call the magazine "dangerous" and "inherently evil," and attempt to justify these accusations by pointing out that its philosophy is one of a libertine culture espousing "gutter sex." Yet I am unable to find any statements in your article which substantiate this. Where are the quotations from the magazine; where is the list of articles and stories they have printed that shed light on the truth of this accusation? Where, Mr. Keating, are the *facts* that support your accusation?

Based on the lack of substantiation, I can't help but place your article in the same category with the 13 letters appearing in the March 1964 issue of the magazine in response to PLAYBOY's discussion of the CDL. The majority of these, I am sure you know, cried "libel, libel," yet nowhere since have I read of a libel suit being filed. I am afraid that you are going to have to do more than scream murder before I, for one, am convinced that PLAYBOY is a threat to this country and to its culture.

As a matter of fact, I am confident that if you read PLAYBOY closely and with an open mind you would find that the magazine itself contradicts your statements. Time and time again Mr. Hefner and his editorial staff have specifically stated in such articles as *The Playboy Philosophy*, in answers to letters published in *The Playboy Forum* and in replies to letters to the editor, that they do not consider women as possessing "the status of animals, whose only value lies in their physical characteristics which exist for the sole purpose of gratifying the base instincts of man . . ." (I will be happy to supply specific quotations and their sources to prove this if you wish; will you do the same for me in support of your position?)

I will admit that PLAYBOY refuses to place women on an elevated pedestal, refuses to clothe them in the pure white of innocent virginity, and is trying (successfully, I think) to point out that sex is most certainly enjoyable. However, this does not make the magazine "dangerous" or "evil," let alone obscene; it makes it intelligently discerning, an outlet for the opinions of the vast majority of the educated men

and women of this country.

One more point: As a lawyer, you should know full well that the U. S. Supreme Court has established that for a publication to be judged obscene the primary purpose of that publication, when taken as a whole, must be to incite the prurient interest, and must do so in a manner that is patently offensive. Based on this criterion, the June 1963 issue of PLAYBOY could never be declared obscene; nor, for that matter, could any of the issues it has published in its ten years of existence. You know this as well as I do.

Richard C. Miller
Cincinnati, Ohio

BIBLE-BELT CRUSADERS

A crusade for "decent literature" was begun here in Montgomery County, in the heart of the Bible Belt, about six months ago, and has been unsuccessful so far. To find out what's wrong with their campaign, the CDL is now taking a poll of contemporary community standards by means of a questionnaire. Shades of Cincinnati!

David S. Turner
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

CONFESSIONAL CENSORSHIP

Motivated perhaps by extreme conscientiousness, a Catholic friend of mine in confession recently told the priest that he had subscribed to PLAYBOY. The priest, somewhat astonished, replied that the subscription should be canceled immediately. Broad-minded and independent as well as conscientious, my friend flatly refused to obey this dictum, pointing out to the priest the value of the *Philosophy* and other articles; whereupon the priest said that the *Philosophy* is bad and the pictures obscene, and refused absolution until the subscription is canceled. There the matter stands. My friend had thought there was no Church-instigated censorship, until the words "cancel your subscription" awoke him with a shock.

Edmund C. Perry
New Bedford, Massachusetts

AN ATHEIST'S APPRAISAL

Witnessing Editor-Publisher Hefner's defense of religious freedom, and its responses in *The Playboy Forum*, I realized something is missing. Since I am an atheist, perhaps it is my place to point it out.

An atheist is one who denies the existence of a god. That is all. Atheism defines merely what a man is not, not what he *is*. It is possible for an atheist to be a moral human being who chooses to live here on earth, rather than in a mystical hereafter. Perhaps this will make it clearer to PLAYBOY readers why Hefner defends people like me.

One sees even today religious influence and theological censorship in all branches of knowledge: philosophy, morality, ethics, politics, aesthetics. Unfortunately, the Renaissance was too much an industrial revolution, too little a moral revolution. Man sheds his blood for physical freedom and then defaults on intellectual freedom. I will defend a man's right to let his church do his thinking for him. He may never use it, but his choice is still preserved for him.

Though I am not personally inclined toward crusading, I feel your efforts deserve a vote of thanks. Whether, in the evolution of man, you represent one of the first proponents of the long-awaited birth of man's mind, or simply another postponement in contemporary civilization's parallel to Roman decline, your words are needed.

William R. Birt
U. S. S. Altair
New York, New York

CHURCH CONTROL

As a high school sociology teacher, I have been very interested in your editorials, especially in the matter of censorship. At present, I am conducting, in my classes, discussions on the influence of organized religion in our society. I would like to illustrate how the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, have encouraged and promoted the idea of censorship. Since I am teaching young people who are church members, I do not want to destroy their faith in their religions, but I do want to show how certain groups have worked toward the goal of church control of our society. In my efforts, PLAYBOY will be invaluable.

Gerald Mapes
Ashtabula, Ohio

A CURE FOR SYPHILIS

In your reply to Mr. Eggerss in the June *Forum* you mention a "foolproof cure for syphilis." The treatment of syphilis has been of great historical interest, and the first chemotherapeutic agent was discovered by Paul Ehrlich. This was his "magic bullet," or Salvarsan, an arsenical. Since that time various other agents have been used in the treatment of syphilis, including bismuth and penicillin.

Penicillin, an antibiotic, has been widely used and probably gives the best results. But it is not 100-percent effective. Already there is evidence of penicillin-resistant strains of Treponema pallidum, the causative organism of syphilis. Also, not all cases of syphilis respond to penicillin therapy and many individuals who seek treatment have already passed the primary and secondary stages; thus, therapy is much less effective.

Aureomycin, chloramphenicol, erythromycin, and terramycin have also been found useful in the treatment of syphilis, but with less effectiveness than penicillin. Their use has been restricted to penicillin-resistant organisms. But if their widespread usage were necessary, it is highly probable that resistant strains would develop to them also. One need only look at recent surveys by the U. S. Public Health Service to see that the incidence of syphilis is on the increase. I feel that education concerning venereal disease, as mentioned in your reply, is a necessity in combating this problem. However, I do hope that you will retract your statement that there is a "foolproof cure for syphilis."

Philip R. Somers, Jr.
Galveston, Texas

In the June *Forum*, Hefner asserts his studied opinion that there is a "foolproof" cure for syphilis. If he knows something I don't know, I would appreciate the information, and so, for that matter, would the rest of the scientific world. A "foolproof" cure presupposes a "foolproof" test to determine if the patient has been cured. All tests for a cure are based on the presence of antibodies to the syphilis antigen: When no antibodies can be detected, the elimination of the antigen is assumed, and the patient is considered cured—which he *probably* is. Unfortunately, syphilis, like tuberculosis, is able to isolate itself from the blood stream, and thereby no longer effect an antibody response. A "foolproof" test would have to prove the biological death of every last organism—which can be done, but only by one method. This consists in reinfecting the individual and observing a primary lesion at the site of the inoculation. Since voluntary submission to reinfection is unobtainable, one would be a "fool" to assume that conventional "proof" is "foolproof."

T. Cebar, Ph.D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sorry, gentlemen, but there won't be any retractions this issue. There is no other major disease in society with a cure more certain than syphilis. The nation's most eminent authority on the subject, Dr. William J. Brown, Chief of the Venereal Disease Branch of the U. S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, writes:

"After almost 20 years of extensive clinical and investigative experience, it may be said unequivocally that penicillin is curative for syphilis provided that treatment is given before irreversible damage is done to the nervous (brain) and cardiovascular (heart) systems."

In addition, at a recent conference of the American Social Health Association in New York, Conrad Van Hyning, Ex-

(continued on page 184)

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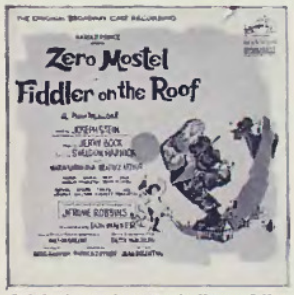

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

the twentieth part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

WE WERE ADJUSTING a clean sheet of paper in our typewriter, preparatory to starting in on this 20th installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, when one of the clippings that had been placed on our desk a few minutes earlier caught our attention. "READ PLAYBOY FOR STUDENT THINKING" was the headline on a two-column story, dated October 3, 1964, carrying the by-line of the Religious News Editor of the *Houston Chronicle*, and we read: "To parents, Sunday-school teachers, clergymen and others who want to speak the same language as college students: In the opinion of a group of clergymen who regularly discuss religious, moral, ethical and philosophical ideas with college students, *The Playboy Philosophy* is what they're all reading. . . . Publisher Hugh Hefner, in the opinion of the clergymen, had a defense of his magazine as at least part of his motivation in the rambling, rather disorganized series. . . . But Hefner, they say, reflects the 'sexual revolution' on the campus well enough for the series, which is available in a bound copy for $1, to provide thoughtful reading for older adults who wonder what's going on in the student mind . . ."

The small pile of clippings—typical of those sent to us several times a month by a clipping service to which we subscribe—contained a variety of references to PLAYBOY and The Playboy Club, including half-a-dozen newspaper stories announcing that Bunnies are no longer banned in Boston. They were, for a time, because Watch and Ward officialdom refused to approve the Bunny costume: One official even refused to "watch"; when a pretty blonde Bunny appeared before the Licensing Board a year ago, so the costume could be considered firsthand, this proper Bostonian, whose nose was apparently bluer than his blood, swiveled around 180 degrees in his chair and stared at the wall through the rest of the proceeding, then voted against us. But now Board Chairman Albert O'Neill has said A-OK and the Bunnies will be hopping in Boston in the spring.

Or, as a puckish column in *The Boston Herald* reported it: "PLAYBOY Publisher Hugh Hefner, the man who originally conceived the rakish *double-entendre* of girls dressed up as rabbits, has won his long battle in Boston for truth, justice and the American way. . . . At one [previous] point these negotiations against moral peril reached a promising level of compromise. If certain modifications could be securely stitched into the Bunny Girl decor, and if it were promised that none of the keys to The Playboy Club would be ground at Swartz' Key Shop, and if every effort would be made to get the boys on their way home before one o'clock, then perhaps the proposal might win favor.

"But it was emphasized to Mr. Hefner's agents that Boston boys had long been sheltered from the naughty ways of the world as prevail in Chicago, New York or Detroit. So the case for a Playboy establishment in Boston was alternately postponed, suspended, continued, tabled, filed and ignored.

"Now comes the great awakening. An enlightened and benevolent arbiter has decreed that it's safe to send our lads out into the world for fun and games. Hooray for Dapper O'Neill, champion of the underprivileged bachelor and the oversupervised husband!"

A column item in the *Boston Traveler* of the same day put it more succinctly: "Looks like Dame Boston is finally catching up with the rest of the world—a Playboy Club, at long last. Congratulations, m'lady . . ."

PLAYBOY'S RELIGIOUS PRESS

But, more to the point of this editorial, among those clippings on our desk were four others with a religious orientation—a second short newspaper story and three complete magazine articles—on the *Philosophy* and the American Sexual Revolution: The news story was from a Canadian college paper, *The Varsity*, of Toronto, Ontario, dated October 16, 1964, which read, "'*The Playboy Philosophy* has helped free us from the hatpin brigade,' a campus religious leader said Thursday. George Hopton, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, praised PLAYBOY magazine for 'playing a significant part in the antiprudery revolution in our age,' at a lunchtime open meeting. However, 'It fails to solve the problem of being a man. For the insecure young man with time and money on his hands, PLAYBOY provides a guidebook with an authoritative tone beside which Papal encyclicals appear indecisive.'

"The problem is that the magazine preaches a 'recreational sexuality' which leaves the playboy uncommitted to his temporary partner. He felt that, for a mature person, sex involves life commitment to the partner. 'PLAYBOY's philosophy becomes less relevant as sexual maturity is reached.'

"Mr. Hopton's audience comprised about twice as many women as men. He told them, 'My Christian faith allows me the freedom to be different from the playboy.' He felt that students must resist the attitude which results from a 'deep-set fear of sex, reducing its passion and power to a packaged deal.'"

From the October issue of *Redbook*, there was a feature-length article, "The New Protestant Debate over Sex," by Harvey Cox, teacher of theology and culture at Andover Newton Theological School, which included the intriguing observation, "St. Paul really appreciated sex more than PLAYBOY magazine does." (Most contemporary theologians agree that Paul introduced the first significant note of antisexuality into the Christian religion.) This piece proved to be a reprint from *Christianity and Crisis*—"A Christian Journal of Opinion," which had previously published a more extensive Cox tour of Playboyland tersely, if not too grammatically, titled, "Playboy's Doctrine of Male," which described our publication as "one of the most spectacular successes in the entire history of American journalism," but stamped us "dictatorial taste-makers" and "basically antisexual."

And yet, Cox also reflects the influence of the new enlightenment that is permeating current theological thinking, when he says in this more recent article on Protestant morality: "We must avoid giving a simple yes or no to the question of premarital chastity"—a statement that would certainly have been considered sinful coming from a prom-

inent member of the clergy only a generation ago.

From the October *Catholic World*, there was an article entitled, with admirable directness, "The Playboy Philosophy," by J. Claude Evans, which even included a reproduction of the familiar Rabbit emblem, stamped on the opening page in bold relief. This piece concluded with this paragraph: "PLAYBOY is a dream world of adolescent, male fantasy —aided and abetted by females whose immature egos are nurtured by the role of Playbunnies. To attempt to live by this philosophy is to miss the deep world of meaning, and purpose, and love and fulfillment to which the biblical faith is pointing."

And in the October issue of the Evangelical magazine *Eternity*, we found not one, but three separate articles, presented with the challenging cover proclamation: "ETERNITY ANSWERS PLAYBOY." Our restless Rabbit—no stay-at-home he —put in a couple of unofficial appearances by way of illustration here, too. And in a general introduction to their PLAYBOY symposium, an anonymous *Eternity* editor reported the following rather remarkable bit of family drama:

" 'This is what we believe today,' a young university student unashamedly told his Christian mother. 'Read it and see.' He handed her a copy of PLAYBOY magazine's philosophy of sex.

"Few people over 30 realize how completely the PLAYBOY philosophy of sex has captivated the American college and university students. Though PLAYBOY did not originate this philosophy, this magazine has become the symbol of 'respectable' sex."

Actually, more people over 30 know about PLAYBOY's "philosophy of sex" than *Eternity*'s editor assumes, for almost half of our readers are above that age. Characterizing the magazine as "the symbol of 'respectable' sex" may seem more complimentary than critical, but what the editor had in mind, apparently, was the notion that PLAYBOY was making the *wrong sort of sex* "respectable." And, quite frankly, we will serve as a symbol for *that* with considerable satisfaction and pride. For if we are able to bring some small measure of additional respectability to a subject so long hidden in the shadows of guilt, shame and irrational disrespect, then we will have more than justified the considerable time and effort that we are giving to *The Playboy Philosophy*.

From here to *Eternity* proved to be a shorter distance than we had expected after reading the rest of the rather far-out introduction, for the three articles themselves turned out to be much closer to home. Each writer in the theological trio (one was listed as a "Christian sociologist," but his conclusions were more religious than sociological) approached PLAYBOY from a slightly different perspective, found a certain number of points in *Philosophy* with which he agreed or disagreed, and reached conclusions based upon his own interpretation of Christian existence.

In some future installment of *Philosophy*, we intend reprinting extensive excerpts from, and discussing in detail, the most interesting, significant and provocative commentary elicited by these editorials. But for now we'll quote only a few lines of opening observation from what we found to be the most intriguing of the *Eternity* articles—"Who Is Man and What Is Love?" by Darrell L. Guder, graduate of Fuller Theological Seminary, currently engaged in postgraduate theological study at the University of Hamburg, Germany—wherein the author comments upon what he considers to be the uniquely American nature of the magazine:

"If PLAYBOY is the 'Bible' of its 'select audience of young, literate, urban men,' if its criteria in fashions, dwellings, clothing, women, literature and culture in general are sacrosanct dicta among sophisticated young American males, then it is playing a curiously American role in a uniquely American way—a role corresponding to the function of *McCall's* and American housewifery, *Sunset* and 'the Western way of life,' and *Reader's Digest* and bland literary culture. Just as northern European taste is not arbitrated by glossy illustrated journals, so do northern Europeans fail to get excited about the kind of cultural campaign [offered] by a magazine like PLAYBOY.

"Other factors mark PLAYBOY as hyper-American: its amazing degree of materialism (the emphasis upon possessions, fashion, outward signs of success); its credo of happiness, 'the lighter side of life,' 'the zest for living'—all characteristics only possible in satiated and leisure-rich America, and beyond that, its preoccupation with sex, its crusading (and greatly justified) polemic against censorship, its strong drive for self-justification, and the list could go on. These characteristics endear energetic Americans to the rest of the world, but they also make us a puzzling folk."

What *we* find puzzling, in this otherwise perceptive statement, is the writer's curious view of northern Europeans and their association with the PLAYBOY mystique. As the beneficiaries of an expanding economy and a prosperity similar to our own, an increasing number of contemporary Europeans have become interested in those aspects of affluence and the good life to which the majority of Americans are accustomed; and this increasing interest has also expanded the popularity and influence of the various communicators and arbiters of taste in such matters. It should not be surprising to find, therefore, that contrary to this statement by Hamburg graduate student Guder, PLAYBOY is the most widely read quality-priced American magazine on the Continent; and in England, too, for that matter—where PLAYBOY currently outsells most of the more moderately priced prestige British publications.

The popularity of PLAYBOY overseas has produced a host of foreign imitators similar to those found in the U.S. (the most recent additions: *Lui* in France; *Penthouse* and *King* in England), and we have actually received more extensive and favorable coverage from the European press (including major magazine features in *Town* and *Queen* in England; *Paris Match* and *Le Hérisson* in France; *ER*, *Quick* and *Kristall* in Germany) than from comparable publications here in America, whose view of Playboy—Magazine, *Philosophy*, Club and Bunny—appears a trifle influenced by puritanism and competitive sour grapes prompted by our unprecedented success.

It is true, as this *Eternity* writer suggests, that certain aspects of PLAYBOY are uniquely American. But its sophisticated attitude toward sex and emphasis upon leisure living have been pointed out as examples of a European influence not commonly found in U.S. magazines. Unhampered by the built-in prior disapproval of the puritanism that still plagues so much of Anglo-American society, PLAYBOY and *The Playboy Philosophy* enjoy a greater prestige in upper educational and economic levels on the Continent than they do here at home. Ironically, the greatest foreign interest (the most press coverage, at any rate) exists in the same northern European nation in which theological grad student Darrell Guder wrote his article for *Eternity*. For a more accurate expression of the European view of PLAYBOY, we direct our readers' attention to the letter from journalist Charles M. G. Van den Eynde, of Belgium, published in the December *Playboy Forum*.

But accurate or not, critical or complimentary, these clippings are an indication of the increasing interest and response being elicited by *The Playboy Philosophy* throughout our religious community. And what we consider most important is the extent to which our editorials have become a catalyst for a new discussion and examination of American social and sexual mores.

Such discussion between the secular and religious segments of society is essential, before there can be any hope of establishing a more reasoned and reason-

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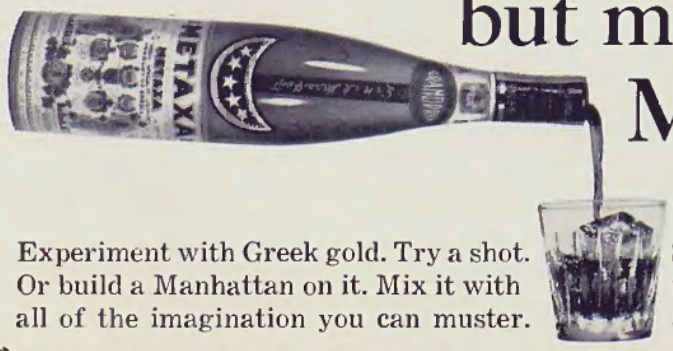

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able morality for the future. And where once the clerical position was an inflexible doctrine of puritanism and antisexuality, now there are signs of a significant interchange of ideas and a reevaluation of both behavior and the religious dogma related to it, influenced by newly acquired theological, philosophical, medical, psychological and sociological insights.

A RELIGIOUS ROUND TABLE

In one such exchange of religious and secular points of view, we were recently privileged to participate in a series of round-table discussions presented by the Public Affairs Department of radio station WINS, the New York affiliate of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Archdiocese of New York, the American Jewish Committee and the Protestant Council of the City of New York. The program is *Trialogue*, a weekly Sunday-evening series, in which a priest, a rabbi and a minister talk about subjects of interest and significance to society; we appeared as the guest panelist on four separate, hour-long discussions devoted to the subjects "The American Sexual Revolution" and "*The Playboy Philosophy*."

Because of the religious implications in so much of what we have been writing in *Philosophy*, we believe our readers will be interested in the various viewpoints expressed in this unique face-to-face exchange. So much so, in fact, that—beginning with the previous (December) issue—we are devoting separate installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* to edited transcripts of each of the four *Trialogue* hours. These will include questions and answers, discussion and debate on topics previously considered in this editorial series, as well as some that are planned for future installments. The initial response to these programs prompted station WINS to rebroadcast the entire four hours this fall. We think PLAYBOY readers will have similarly strong reactions and we welcome your letters of opinion, on any subject covered herein, for possible publication in *The Playboy Forum*.

Our fellow panelists were Father Norman J. O'Connor, Roman Catholic priest, nationally known for his interest in jazz music and musicians, for many years the chaplain to Boston University, currently Director of Radio and TV Communications and Films for the Paulist Fathers in New York City; Reverend Richard E. Gary, Episcopal minister, graduate of Yale Divinity School, since 1956 the minister to St. Mary's Church in Manhattanville, highly regarded for his social work as a member of the Department of Christian Social Relations of the Episcopal Diocese of New York; Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, widely published and influential Jewish leader, with a master's degree in Hebrew Literature from the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, onetime graduate student in English Literature at Johns Hopkins University and the New School for Social Research, formerly Executive Director of the Synagogue Council of America, currently Director of The American Jewish Committee's Interreligious Affairs Department; and Murray Burnett, moderator of these round-table discussions, and our host.

ROUND-TABLE REPRISE

In the previous installment of *Philosophy*, in our December issue, the panel opened with a general exchange of views on the American Sexual Revolution; Reverend Gary wondered whether the new freedom in sexual relations might not be related to our more affluent society—"new acquisitions, new luxuries, new leisure time"; we thought that it was and suggested that all, in turn, were closely associated with man's quest for personal identity in an increasingly complex and impersonal civilization.

Father O'Connor asked about PLAYBOY's part in this and we pointed out that the magazine's editorial emphasis on greater sexual freedom and the pleasures of affluence and leisure living serve as a motivation to man in the very areas that must assume new importance in the future, as primary sources of self-realization and identification, to replace the diminishing role of man's vocation; otherwise, we said, our automation of society would make automatons of the people.

Rabbi Tanenbaum took the conversation into The Playboy Club and an exchange of views on the Club's concept followed, including an analysis of the Bunny as a sexual image and the implications in our look-but-don't-touch rules. Did this actually make The Playboy Club antisexual? Not at all, we insisted, "It is simply a policy that separates business from pleasure." The notion that there is something antisexual in not being able to manhandle or successfully proposition the Bunnies is "predicated on the false assumption that any source of sexual stimulation should also offer sexual gratification," we said. "On that premise, Flo Ziegfeld—whose extravagant Broadway productions in the Twenties were famous for their beautiful, nearly nude showgirls—was remiss in not making his lovely ladies available with the orange drinks during intermission."

The question of antisexuality prompted Father O'Connor to ask us about "depersonalized sex." After emphasizing the extent to which we are concerned with the "depersonalizing influence of our entire society," and noting that "considerable editorial attention is given to the problem of establishing individual identity," in the pages of the magazine, we expressed our feelings about personal *vs.* impersonal sex: "I certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex, because it includes the greatest emotional rewards; but I can see no logical justification for opposing the latter, unless it is irresponsible, exploitive, coercive, or in some way hurts one of the individuals involved."

Father O'Connor wondered whether The Playboy Club didn't really represent a manipulation or exploitation of sex. Rabbi Tanenbaum, who had visited the New York Playboy Club one evening at our invitation, didn't think so; he was impressed with the caliber of the clientele and the over-all operation; but he was vaguely troubled, too. "For us," he said, "I think the significant fact is its great success; and the fact that, as I saw, very substantial men in the community, businessmen, corporation executives, come to this place regularly to have their meals, and derive, apparently, something out of this experience. It means that something is happening to the sexual mores of America which we are not really coming to grips with in a significant way."

Reverend Gary's reaction included no similar reservation. "I also was your guest, with my wife, one night at the New York Playboy Club," he said. "And I must say my interpretation of this experience differs somewhat from yours, Marc, in that I viewed it as a kind of—as Mr. Hefner characterized his magazine at one point—as a service and entertainment package. For me this was, you know, a different kind of evening."

Addressing us now, he continued, "And I have a feeling—I don't know if it's true—but I have a feeling that you're, well, not exactly making fun of sex, but you're taking it fairly casually. There is an entertainment aspect to this which I'm reluctant to probe too deeply. Partly because The Playboy Club is a raving success—and success has always threatened me a little—but more than that, I have the feeling that there is a certain tongue-in-cheek character to all of this . . ."

"There is meant to be," we said.

"And to a certain extent, this is true of the magazine as well," Reverend Gary added, "although you do get your hooks in there occasionally."

What disturbed Rabbi Tanenbaum was the sexiness of the Bunnies—this reaction, he said, must be partially "a reflection of the puritanism of my view as an American." And he observed, "I felt something unreal and fantasylike about this encounter."

Murray Burnett expressed surprise at this emphasis the rabbi seemed to be placing upon sex, where The Playboy Club and its Bunnies were concerned, because he had never found this emphasis on sex on his infrequent visits there. Which prompted us to observe that the variety of these reactions was quite typical, and demonstrated the degree of subjectivity involved in individual views of The Playboy Club; most people project a preconceived image of the Club into everything they actually find there, and this prior impression is reflected both while they are in the Club and in thinking about it afterward. This is true of both the positive and negative reactions, we said: it is the greatest single reason for The Playboy Clubs' phenomenal success—outweighing anything we can ever hope to deliver in the way of entertainment as such on the premises; and it is also apparent in almost all of the criticism aimed at the Club—with the critic objecting, not to shortcomings in the operation itself, but to aspects of the image that he projects onto Playboy and to which he subsequently takes exception.

"This is very true," said the rabbi. "This may be entirely subjective."

And this led to a further consideration of the image of PLAYBOY and of the personal image that readers and members seem to find in the magazine and the Club.

"You know," the rabbi said, "it is quite possible to see in this a response to the role of woman in our religious tradition, especially as it has evolved here in the United States. A great deal has been written, by Philip Wylie and others, about what has been called Momism. It has been suggested, with considerable evidence to substantiate it, that America has become a matriarchy . . . that women dominate American society . . ."

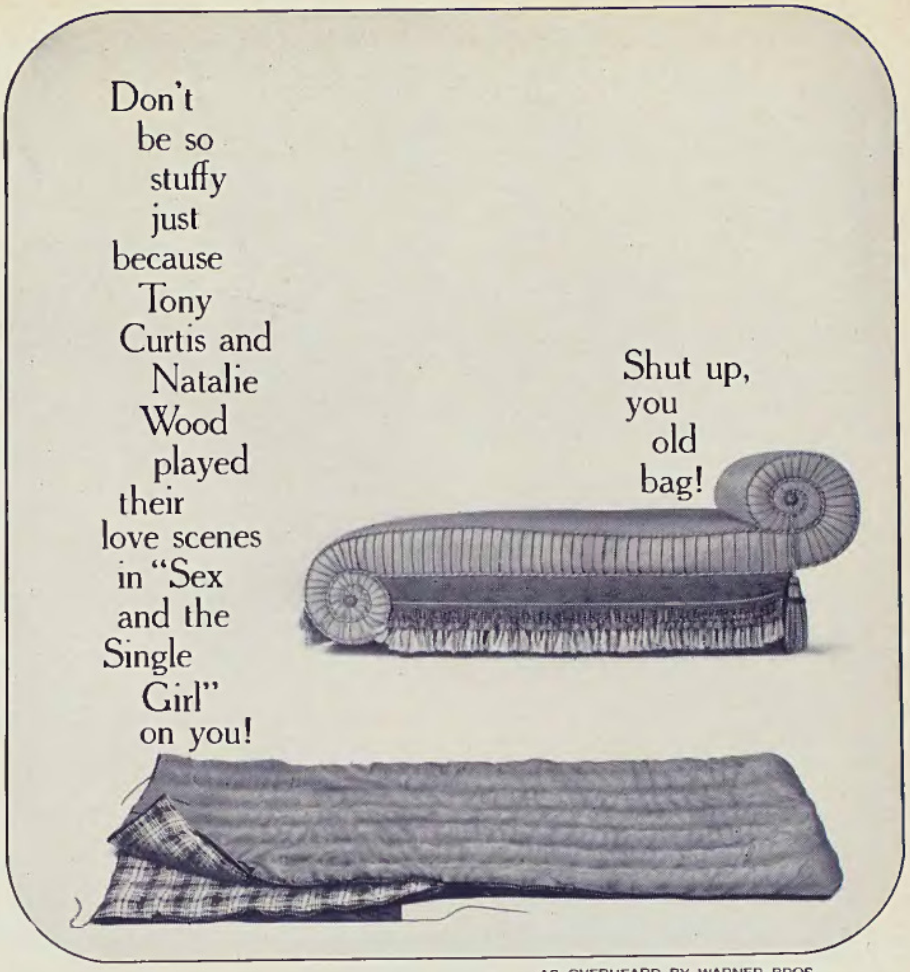
"They do economically," Father O'Connor agreed.

"Then what PLAYBOY is trying to do, perhaps," observed the rabbi, "is restore the balance. That is, in the PLAYBOY context, man begins to reassert his masculinity. Even if it has to be contrived out of Chicago by Hugh Hefner, it needs help from someplace."

We felt that Rabbi Tanenbaum had just put his finger on the underlying source of the tremendous success of PLAYBOY in contemporary society, and we said so.

Murray Burnett then led the conversation into a consideration of the idea of sex as sin. We expressed our critical view of the Judaeo-Christian religious tradition that has, for centuries, tended to emphasize sex in this negative light.

"I think, perhaps, that it has been



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true," Rabbi Tanenbaum said, "that we've seen sex in a context of the opposition of vice and virtue. And in the greater part of our traditions . . . there is this enormous preoccupation with sex as vice. . . . May I ask, what do you see as the implications in this?"

"The major implication from a religious point of view, it seems to me, is the need for the clergy of all faiths to take an altogether new and considered look at this question," we said, "because it is very, very obvious that the traditional Judaeo-Christian teaching on sex is not being accepted—is being openly flouted by an otherwise, by and large, religious community . . ."

Father O'Connor took exception to our statement, because he did not consider the statistics on such behavior—referring specifically to the research of Dr. Kinsey and his associates of Indiana University—reliable.

"If we refuse to accept the scientific evidence now available regarding sexual behavior," we said, "and are unwilling to concede that a sexual revolution really does exist, then we are only unnecessarily delaying coming to grips with the problem, it seems to me, by presumably wishing it weren't there."

"Are you indicting religion, then," Father O'Connor asked, "not just for the current sexual situation, but because it's not coming to terms with modern life? Is this what you're saying?"

"No, I'm *not* indicting it," we insisted, "because I feel there is more progress being shown within many areas of organized religion today, with a forthright and favorable consideration being given to the very questions we are talking about here, than ever before in history.

"I'm quite optimistic, incidentally, not only about the eventual outcome of the sexual revolution, as far as secular society is concerned, but also about the part that organized religion can play in the establishment of a new, more rational morality for society.

"Now, I'm not suggesting that simply because there is a disparity between code and conduct, it is necessarily the code that is at fault. I think both the beliefs and the behavior deserve a dispassionate reappraisal. It ought to be kept in mind, however, that the sexual taboos in our religious tradition were conceived many centuries ago, long before the understanding and insights regarding the psychosexual nature of man were supplied by psychiatry and socioanthropological studies.

"Most of organized religion had no difficulty in adjusting its doctrine to the discoveries of Darwin; it seems reasonable to hope that the same progressive attitude may now be displayed toward the discoveries of Freud and Kinsey."

LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE

O'CONNOR: Hugh, in the considerable exploration you've given to the social and sexual difficulties of our time in your *Philosophy*, you seem quite liberal, while economically, you have some ideas that I would call, well, a little old-fashioned—and that, I would say, a fellow by the name of Bill Buckley probably could better write.

HEFNER: I think this seeming inconsistency is a reflection of the confusion in our society's views on these subjects, rather than in mine.

Underlying all of my other beliefs is an emphasis on the rights of the individual. And it is a symptom *of* the semantic schizophrenia from which our civilization unfortunately suffers—and it really *is* unfortunate, because imprecise language leads to imprecise thought—that when this emphasis is applied to sexual morality, it is called *liberal*; but when it is applied to economic theory, it is considered *conservative*.

Actually, of course, neither word has very much meaning by itself; the significance of each is dependent upon the social and economic circumstances of the civilization to which it is applied. A liberal position implies flexibility and a willingness to change; a conservative one indicates a preference for the pre-established, for the *status quo*. But to make these more than abstract considerations, it is necessary to include the social or economic situation that now exists as the *status quo*—to which the policy of change, or opposition to change, pertains. The nature of the society in which these terms are employed is so all-important to their meaning that what is clearly a liberal view in one time and place can correctly be considered conservative in another.

In our own society, these labels are obviously rather arbitrarily assigned. And our references to a political *right* and *left* are even more misleading. They create the inaccurate impression that these are opposite extremes, with American democracy somewhere in the middle. Actually, what we call "the right" and "the left" are not politically dissimilar—they are two related forms of totalitarianism, in which the state, society or class is established as more important than the individual. The opposite of either of these extremes in government is not the other like extreme—it is a free democracy, like our own, in which the individual citizens are considered more important than society or the state.

Moving from this abstract analysis of antic semantics to my personal beliefs: Politically, I'm an independent—I vote for the man rather than the party; both parties have policies that I like and dislike.

If the popular labels were more accurately applied, I imagine I would be considered a liberal in my economic views, as well as my social and sexual ones, inasmuch as the definitions of the word in *Webster's* include references to "freedom," "unrestricted," "open-minded" and "befitting the man of free birth." I find myself at serious odds with the staunchest of the so-called "conservatives," because I believe in a free, competitive society, but I don't think it will remain free or competitive very long—in a complex economy such as ours—without some controls; complete laissez-faire capitalism wouldn't give us free enterprise any more than anarchy would give us political freedom.

Aside from his economic theories, the extreme "conservative"—and a real misnomer, that—too often advocates a personal hodgepodge of totalitarian dogma, or favors a form of social and political "freedom" that doesn't encompass everyone; as far as I'm concerned, that isn't true freedom at all.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

HEFNER: *The Playboy Philosophy* is predicated on my belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That's my most basic premise—the starting point from which everything else in which I believe evolves. When I use the word "free," I'm not referring to a society completely devoid of restrictions, of course, but one in which controls are established to serve rather than suppress the common citizen; a society that is unfettered, just, rational and humane, in which the individual and his interests are paramount.

I believe that each individual should have the right to explore his own individuality and that society should assist him in this—to discover himself, as well as the world around him—to take pride in himself and in the individuality that sets him apart from the rest of mankind, as fully as he takes pride in the kinship that links him to every other person on earth—past, present and future.

I believe that man is a rational being, and though his heredity and environment play a major role in establishing the pattern of his existence, he possesses the ability to reason and the capacity of choice not granted to the lower animals, whose responses are instinctually predetermined. Using, or refusing to use, his reason is one of the choices open to man and I favor a society in which the emphasis is placed upon rational thought—a society that recognizes man's responsibility and accountability for his actions, but with justice always tempered with wisdom and mercy.

I believe in a moral and law-abiding society, but one in which morality and

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law are based upon logic and knowledge rather than superstition or dogma.

I consider freedom every man's birthright and his most cherished possession. And this emphasis on the importance of the individual is absolutely fundamental to our own country's concept of democracy. It is, in fact, more of an American innovation than most people realize—though it obviously grew out of, and has its roots in, previous political philosophies—and I find the assertion that all men are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness quite overwhelming in its power and profundity.

A free society is actually superior to any other on not only a philosophical basis, but a practical one as well. For while a totalitarian or regimented society is limited in its progress by the prejudices and predilections of its ruler, or ruling clique, or class, a democratic or open society benefits from the free interchange of an endless variety of divergent ideas and innovations.

The most important principle of American democracy isn't majority rule, but the protection our Constitution guarantees to every minority, person and point of view. Great or small, popular or unpopular—they're all entitled to equal protection under U.S. law. And the smallest minority is, of course, the individual himself; it is to him that our concept of democracy is really dedicated.

All of the opinions I have expressed in these two discussions—on social and sexual freedom, on economic and educational opportunity, and my opposition to censorship of any kind—derive from this same over-all emphasis on the importance of the individual. And never before has there been so much need for this emphasis. Civilization is moving through a period of increasing depersonalization, mechanization, complexity and conformity, in which independence, individuality and identity are in serious jeopardy.

In the years immediately ahead, I think this question of individuality will become our society's greatest concern. Just as in the 1930s, the major social concern was the plight of the working class—and in the 1960s, the paramount problem is the Negroes' struggle for civil rights—I think the area that will warrant the maximum consideration in the immediate future is this matter of personal identity: with a re-evaluation and re-emphasis of the importance of the individual; with society stressing the right of each of us to be different from one another, and fully recognizing the fact that this is, indeed, the very essence of what it means to be human.

TANENBAUM: I find this a very moving statement of your point of view, which I think that certainly, in its generality, I would support.

PREOCCUPATION WITH PLEASURE

TANENBAUM: But it's quite possible that one could evolve, from what you have said, a philosophy not unlike the erotic practice in France called *intermisement*. That is, people sought to achieve their identities through a kind of absolute sexual fulfillment, which led to a complete aversion to marriage, family and all the conventional moralities, which were rejected as being restraining and confining. They thought that man, being the measure of mankind, had solely himself to serve. And, I think, this may be the root of part of the reaction to the point of view that seems to be expressed in PLAYBOY: a preoccupation with sex, as a kind of end in itself, for the purpose of self-realization. Is this an unfair statement?

HEFNER: I think it's unfair, but understandable.

TANENBAUM: It's one of the possible consequences one could draw from your premises.

HEFNER: The trouble comes, I think, from judging the magazine out of context—from failing to consider it as only one part of our total society, and not recognizing the extent to which much of the rest of society still projects the puritanism of the past.

PLAYBOY isn't a voice in a vacuum: we're speaking into a very strong antisexual wind. And I think a case can be made for my conviction that, under the circumstances, there is good reason to frequently emphasize and dramatize, overstate, burlesque and spoof, because we are expressing ourself in a culture that has been so guilt-ridden and suppressed in these areas, that only such an aggressive approach stands a chance of counteracting the prevalent puritan set.

I also suspect that it is a measure of our own puritan upbringing—as individual members of this antisexual society—that PLAYBOY appears to be overemphasizing, or preoccupied with, the subject at all. For I wonder whether, in truth, we give sex any more attention in our pages than it receives in the secret psyches of the young men for whom the magazine is edited.

RESPONSIBILITY AND ACCOUNTABILITY

HEFNER: But let me also give you a direct answer to the comparison you made between *The Playboy Philosophy* and your example of Gallic hedonism, Rabbi. I *do* believe that sex can sometimes, quite properly, be an end in itself. And if sex can serve as a means of self-realization, this is purpose enough and justification enough for its existence. But I do *not* believe that sex, or any of man's behavior, can be separated from

its consequences. As I've already stated, it is my feeling that man is a rational being and, as such, is responsible for his acts and should be held accountable for them.

TANENBAUM: That's a very non-Freudian statement.

HEFNER: Yes—although my own academic background is primarily in psychology and I've certainly been influenced by Freud's writing.

But it is one of the curious paradoxes of contemporary civilization, it seems to me, that—while organized religion has traditionally emphasized mysticism and faith in the unknowable, and secular science is presumably predicated on rationalism, objectivity, logic and the power of reason—it is our religion that implies the existence of free will, in the idea of individual responsibility, with man held accountable in an afterlife, whereas our science stresses man's inability to act in a rational manner, viewing him as the victim of subconscious fears and desires that he frequently cannot recognize or control, with his behavior so predetermined by the interplay of heredity and environment that he seems little more than a puppet on a string.

However, after duly considering the significance of id, ego and superego and contemplating all the conflict and confusion hidden away in the typical subconscious mind, I still think man is a remarkably rational creature. Rational enough, for example, to have discovered that there is such a thing as the subconscious, and to have devised ways of chasing its spooks and hobgoblins out of those secret recesses of the innermost mind, into daylight where they perish; rational enough, in other words, to have found the means of making himself still more rational—even on levels below the threshold of conscious thought.

That man is a product of his heredity and environment can hardly be denied; but he is a good deal more than a marionette on the stage of life. For he has learned, through the exercise of reason, to control and alter both of them—and he is the only living creature on this earth who has.

My belief in man's responsibility is really less a psychological concept than a social one; and the idea of accountability is entirely related to the establishment of social order, of course.

Freud said the conviction that there is a free will exists, but this is not incompatible with the belief in determinism. In establishing an organized society, the opposite applies. In other words, even if determinism were a reality—if every act of man were predetermined through causal connection, over which he had absolutely no control—it would still be necessary to plan society as though man possessed free will, holding him respon-

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sible and accountable for his actions. If you didn't, you'd have lawlessness, anarchy and chaos.

Fortunately, determinism isn't a reality; but then, of course, neither is free will. Psychologically, we are both puppet and puppetmaster at the same time: product of our genes and environments, yet still able to affect them both, because God gave us reason to triumph over instinct and choice to triumph over conditioning.

And though psychological responsibility is relative, social responsibility—for the normal, adult members of society—cannot be. For in order to enjoy the full benefits of a free society, the citizen must be willing to *accept* the responsibility for his actions and be held accountable for them.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INSTITUTION

GARY: I would like to go back a couple of steps, Hugh. In your reference to independence and individuality, I think you raised a fundamental problem which the three of us have, to varying degrees, in this discussion with you—which is that we are all concerned, principally at least, with institutional responsibilities. And as representatives of Protestantism, Roman Catholicism and Judaism, we are obliged to offer generalized religious opinions on the subject at hand, but here in America, that's rather difficult to do.

In other words, it's one thing for the Church of Sweden to take a position on sexual morality, because it is in a country in which it is the predominant, and almost only church; and it would be similarly true in Spain for the Roman Catholic Church; and for Judaism, it would be true in Israel.

But in this country, with so many different religious affiliations, it is a very different matter. To whom does the particular ethical approach which I take apply? Episcopalians? I can make certain statements which I think can be generalized upon, but how far? We operate from a necessarily vague institutional point of view on this. We are interested in sex and have been concerned with it, from the standpoint of how do you domesticate it—how do you control this center of life, this greatest mystery of living? But in any open discussion of the subject, such as the one we are having here, we're at something of a disadvantage, I think.

When we talk with you, Hugh, you can take—and you *do* take—a very freewheeling, critical and highly independent point of view. And we, necessarily, must take a somewhat institutional one. We may, on occasion, dissociate ourselves from our institutional framework, but we have honestly to come back at some point and say, my church feels this way or that. And I felt we perhaps needed to clarify this, considering the way it affects our conversation with one another.

HEFNER: I appreciate the double difficulty involved in speaking for an institution and, here in America, for a religious orthodoxy so diverse that it may be difficult to find any one opinion—on our particular subject, at least—that represents the whole of it. I think it is a special problem for you, Reverend Gary, because you represent the Protestant position in this discussion, and U. S. Protestantism does cover the water front.

The unique nature of U. S. religion—in which every religious denomination is a minority—requires a special approach on these questions of morality, too, I think. It is necessary to have, not one, but two wholly separate positions on the subject.

The first is our own particular moral attitude, whether it is an institutionalized religious doctrine, or the personal moral code of an individual. And then, secondly, because this is a free society in which many different social and moral persuasions coexist, we must have an attitude of tolerance and understanding toward the moral ideas and personal behavior to which we do not happen to subscribe.

This second moral view, that of sexual tolerance, is frequently missing—in both individuals and institutions—but recognizing, as we do, the link between religion and sexual morality, this should be considered little different from other forms of religious intolerance.

Our organized religions should be free to attempt to persuade those individuals of differing moral beliefs of the rightness of their own particular religious views; but—and I'm referring here to private behavior, between consenting adults—it should never become a matter of social or religious coercion, or of government intervention, as it may be in other countries in which church and state are one.

O'CONNOR: Dick, would you ask your question over again? I'm not sure I know what you said. Hugh answered whatever it was, but I'm not sure I understand what you were talking about.

GARY: Well, I was simply trying to say that our approach on sexual ethics is, almost without exception, an institutional one. That is, we are necessarily concerned about this from the standpoint of a generalized principle.

O'CONNOR: But you're personally involved in this discussion. Aren't you expressing what you really think, regardless of the fact that you wear a little white rag around your neck and are Episcopalian?

GARY: Will you state that again? (*Laughter*)

O'CONNOR: It's the same with the rabbi or myself. What do you think you are? Are you an institution or are you a human being who happens to be a clerical person?

GARY: What I'm saying is that the role of the church in society is to formulate generalized principles upon which we can act—to establish standards, to promulgate certain values, and to act as a cohesive force in society. Now, in a discussion such as this, an individual can talk about it from his own personal point of view, but when you are trying to generalize on the subject, from the point of view of the church, then you've got to reach out farther and it involves, in a sense, a different approach.

O'CONNOR: What's different? Do you mean the approach to the social standards, or what?

BURNETT: I think Reverend Gary is talking about a more responsible approach, is that correct?

HEFNER: I'd like to think that an individual is just as responsible as an institution.

BURNETT: You might like to think that, Hugh, but it's not necessarily true.

HEFNER: It would depend on the individual, I would think.

TANENBAUM: There is a difference between a corporate ethic and an individual ethic, but I believe it could work in either direction.

O'CONNOR: That's right.

TANENBAUM: That is, it is conceivable that an individual ethic could be, in many ways, more responsible, more disciplined than a corporate ethic.

HEFNER: I think that's correct. And is, in fact, more apt to be true than the other way around. That's one of the reasons that a free economy is more productive than a controlled one—the individual is more disciplined, more responsible and more responsive to change than is the impersonal institution—which, in this instance, would be the government.

But this is almost the opposite of what has been suggested here.

TANENBAUM: But the opposite is also possible. I read that as implicit in what Dr. Gary is saying to us—namely, that a corporate ethic seeks to conserve certain traditions and to generalize them, so that they represent a norm for a multiplicity of people; whereas an individual's position would reflect one's own individual needs, predilections, conditionings, orientations, which are much more freewheeling and don't have to serve the needs of other people.

GARY: Mr. Hefner speaks out of a Protestant background, doesn't he? And the very essence of the Protestant experience is the individual. Actually, the most

(continued on page 186)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARTIN LUTHER KING

a candid conversation with the nobel prize–winning leader of the civil rights movement

On December 5, 1955, to the amused annoyance of the white citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, an obscure young Baptist minister named Martin Luther King, Jr., called a city-wide Negro boycott of its segregated bus system. To their consternation, however, it was almost 100 percent successful; it lasted for 381 days and nearly bankrupted the bus line. When King's home was bombed during the siege, thousands of enraged Negroes were ready to riot, but the soft-spoken clergyman prevailed on them to channel their anger into nonviolent protest—and became world-renowned as a champion of Gandhi's philosophy of passive resistance. Within a year the Supreme Court had ruled Jim Crow seating unlawful on Montgomery's buses, and King found himself, at 27, on the front lines of a nonviolent Negro revolution against racial injustice.

Moving to Atlanta, he formed the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an alliance of church-affiliated civil rights organizations which joined such activist groups as CORE and SNCC in a widening campaign of sit-in demonstrations and freedom rides throughout the South. Dissatisfied with the slow pace of the protest movement, King decided to create a crisis in 1963 that would "dramatize the Negro plight and galvanize the national conscience." He was abundantly successful, for his mass nonviolent demonstration in arch-segregationist Birmingham resulted in the arrest of more than 3300 Negroes, including King himself; and millions were outraged by front-page pictures of Negro demonstrators being brutalized by the billy sticks, police dogs and fire hoses of police chief Bull Connor.

In the months that followed, mass sit-ins and demonstrations erupted in 800 Southern cities; President Kennedy proposed a Civil Rights Bill aimed at the enforcement of voting rights, equal employment opportunities, and the desegregation of public facilities; and the now-famous march on Washington, 200,000 strong, was eloquently addressed by King on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. By the end of that "long hot summer," America's Negroes had won more tangible gains than in any year since 1865—and Martin Luther King had become their acknowledged leader and most respected spokesman.

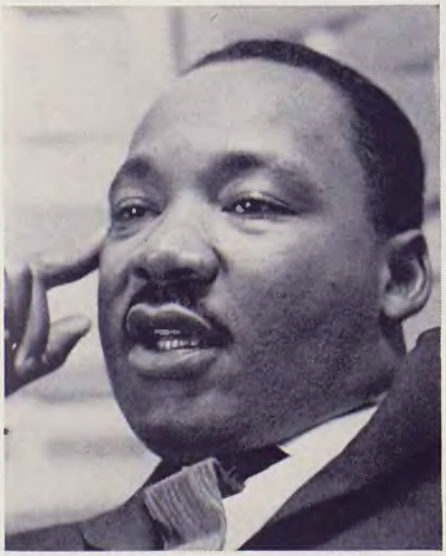
He earned it the hard way: In the course of his civil rights work he has been jailed 14 times and stabbed once in the chest; his home has been bombed three times; and his daily mail brings a steady flow of death threats and obscenities. Undeterred, he works 20 hours a day, travels 325,000 miles and makes 450 speeches a year throughout the country on behalf of the Negro cause. Inundated by calls, callers and correspondence at his S. C. L. C. office in Atlanta, he also finds time somehow to preach, visit the sick and help the poor among his congregation at the city's Ebenezer Baptist Church, of which he and his father are the pastors.

So heavy, in fact, were his commitments when we called him last summer for an interview, that two months elapsed before he was able to accept our request for an appointment. We kept it—only to spend a week in Atlanta waiting vainly for him to find a moment for more than an apology and a hurried handshake. A bit less pressed when we returned for a second visit, King was finally able to sandwich in a series of hour and half-hour conversations with us among the other demands of a grueling week. The resultant interview is the longest he has ever granted to any publication.

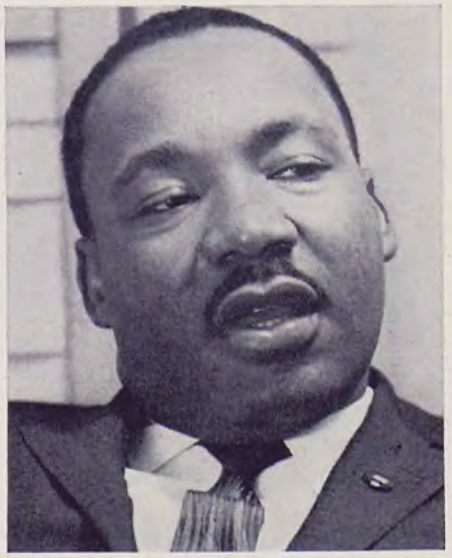
Though he spoke with heartfelt and often eloquent sincerity, his tone was one of businesslike detachment. And his mood, except for one or two flickering smiles of irony, was gravely serious—never more so than the moment, during a rare evening with his family on our first night in town, when his four children chided him affectionately for "not being home enough." After dinner, we began the interview on this personal note.

PLAYBOY: Dr. King, are your children old enough to be aware of the issues at stake in the civil rights movement, and of your role in it?

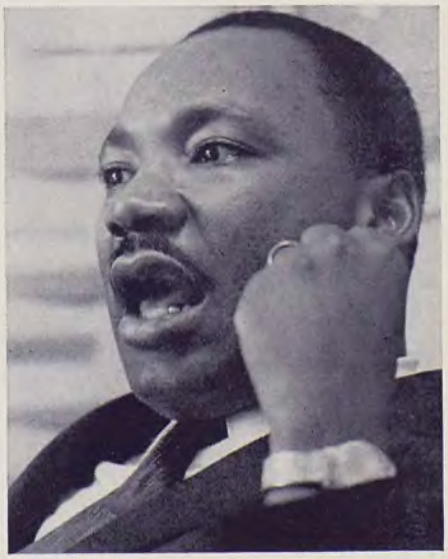
KING: Yes, they are—especially my oldest child, Yolanda. Two years ago, I remember, I returned home after serving one of my terms in the Albany, Georgia, jail, and she asked me, "Daddy, why do



"Measures must be taken at the Federal level to curb the reign of terror in the South. It's getting so anybody can kill a Negro and get away with it, as long as they go through the motions of a trial."



"I'm getting sick and tired of people saying that this movement has been infiltrated by Communists. There are as many Communists in this freedom movement as there are Eskimos in Florida."



"The Nobel award recognizes the amazing discipline of the Negro. Though we have had riots, the bloodshed we would have known without the discipline of nonviolence would have been frightening."

you have to go to jail so much?" I told her that I was involved in a struggle to make conditions better for the colored people, and thus for *all* people. I explained that because things are as they are, someone has to take a stand, that it is necessary for someone to go to jail, because many Southern officials seek to maintain the barriers that have historically been erected to exclude the colored people. I tried to make her understand that someone had to do this to make the world better—for *all* children. She was only six at that time, but she was already aware of segregation because of an experience that we had had.

PLAYBOY: Would you mind telling us about it?

KING: Not at all. The family often used to ride with me to the Atlanta airport, and on our way, we always passed Funtown, a sort of miniature Disneyland with mechanical rides and that sort of thing. Yolanda would inevitably say, "I want to go to Funtown," and I would always evade a direct reply. I really didn't know how to explain to her why she couldn't go. Then one day at home, she ran downstairs exclaiming that a TV commercial was urging people to come to Funtown. Then my wife and I had to sit down with her between us and try to explain it. I have won some applause as a speaker, but my tongue twisted and my speech stammered seeking to explain to my six-year-old daughter why the public invitation on television didn't include her, and others like her. One of the most painful experiences I have ever faced was to see her tears when I told her that Funtown was *closed* to colored children, for I realized that at that moment the first dark cloud of inferiority had floated into her little mental sky, that at that moment her personality had begun to warp with that first unconscious bitterness toward white people. It was the first time that prejudice based upon skin color had been explained to her. But it was of paramount importance to me that she not grow up bitter. So I told her that although many white people were against her going to Funtown, there were many others who *did* want colored children to go. It helped somewhat. Pleasantly, word came to me later that Funtown had quietly desegregated, so I took Yolanda. A number of white persons there asked, "Aren't you Dr. King, and isn't this your daughter?" I said we were, and she heard them say how glad they were to see us there.

PLAYBOY: As one who grew up in the economically comfortable, socially insulated environment of a middle-income home in Atlanta, can you recall when it was that you yourself first became painfully and personally aware of racial prejudice?

KING: Very clearly. When I was 14, I had traveled from Atlanta to Dublin, Georgia, with a dear teacher of mine, Mrs. Bradley; she's dead now. I had participated there in an oratorical contest sponsored by the Negro Elks. It turned out to be a memorable day, for I had succeeded in winning the contest. My subject, I recall, ironically enough, was "The Negro and the Constitution." Anyway, that night, Mrs. Bradley and I were on a bus returning to Atlanta, and at a small town along the way, some white passengers boarded the bus, and the white driver ordered us to get up and give the whites our seats. We didn't move quickly enough to suit him, so he began cursing us, calling us "black sons of bitches." I intended to stay right in that seat, but Mrs. Bradley finally urged me up, saying we had to obey the law. And so we stood up in the aisle for the 90 miles to Atlanta. That night will never leave my memory. It was the angriest I have ever been in my life.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it another such incident on a bus, years later, that thrust you into your present role as a civil rights leader?

KING: Yes, it was—in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955. E. D. Nixon, a Pullman porter long identified with the NAACP, telephoned me late one night to tell me that Mrs. Rosa Parks had been arrested around seven-thirty that evening when a bus driver demanded that she give up her seat, and she refused—because her feet hurt. Nixon had already bonded Mrs. Parks out of prison. He said, "It's time this stops; we ought to boycott the buses." I agreed and said, "Now." The next night we called a meeting of Negro community leaders to discuss it, and on Saturday and Sunday we appealed to the Negro community, with leaflets and from the pulpits, to boycott the buses on Monday. We had in mind a one-day boycott, and we were banking on 60-percent success. But the boycott saw instantaneous 99-percent success. We were so pleasantly surprised and impressed that we continued, and for the next 381 days the boycott of Montgomery's buses by Negroes was 99 9/10 successful.

PLAYBOY: Were you sure you'd win?

KING: There was one dark moment when we doubted it. We had been struggling to make the boycott a success when the city of Montgomery successfully obtained an injunction from the court to stop our car pool. I didn't know what to say to our people. They had backed us up, and we had let them down. It was a desolate moment. I saw, all of us saw, that the court was leaning against us. I remember telling a group of those working closest with me to spread in the Negro community the message, "We must have the faith that things will work out somehow, that God will make a way for us when there seems no way." It was about noontime, I remember, when Rex Thomas of the Associated Press rushed over to where I was sitting and told me of the news flash that the U. S. Supreme Court had declared that bus segregation in Montgomery was unconstitutional. It had literally been the darkest hour before the dawn.

PLAYBOY: You and your followers were criticized, after your arrest for participating in the boycott, for accepting bail and leaving jail. Do you feel, in retrospect, that you did the right thing?

KING: No; I think it was a mistake, a tactical error for me to have left jail, by accepting bail, after being indicted along with 125 others, mainly drivers of our car pool, under an old law of doubtful constitutionality, an "antiboycott" ordinance. I should have stayed in prison. It would have nationally dramatized and deepened our movement even earlier, and it would have more quickly aroused and keened America's conscience.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've been guilty of any comparable errors in judgment since then?

KING: Yes, I do—in Albany, Georgia, in 1962. If I had that to do again, I would guide that community's Negro leadership differently than I did. The mistake I made there was to protest against segregation generally rather than against a single and distinct facet of it. Our protest was so vague that we got nothing, and the people were left very depressed and in despair. It would have been much better to have concentrated upon integrating the buses or the lunch counters. One victory of this kind would have been symbolic, would have galvanized support and boosted morale. But I don't mean that our work in Albany ended in failure. The Negro people there straightened up their bent backs; you can't ride a man's back unless it's bent. Also, thousands of Negroes registered to vote who never had voted before, and because of the expanded Negro vote in the next election for governor of Georgia—which pitted a moderate candidate against a rabid segregationist—Georgia elected its first governor who had pledged to respect and enforce the law impartially. And what we learned from our mistakes in Albany helped our later campaigns in other cities to be more effective. We have never since scattered our efforts in a general attack on segregation, but have focused upon specific, symbolic objectives.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any other mistakes you've made in leading the movement?

KING: Well, the most pervasive mistake I have made was in believing that because our cause was just, we could be sure that the white ministers of the South, once their Christian consciences were challenged, would rise to our aid. I felt that white ministers would take our cause to the white power structures. I ended up, of course, chastened and disillusioned. As our movement unfolded, and direct appeals were made to white

ministers, most folded their hands—and some even took stands *against* us.

PLAYBOY: Their stated reason for refusing to help was that it was not the proper role of the church to "intervene in secular affairs." Do you disagree with this view?

KING: Most emphatically. The essence of the Epistles of Paul is that Christians should *rejoice* at being deemed worthy to suffer for what they believe. The projection of a social gospel, in my opinion, is the true witness of a Christian life. This is the meaning of the true *ekklēsia*—the inner, spiritual church. The church once changed society. It was then a thermostat of society. But today I feel that too much of the church is merely a thermometer, which measures rather than molds popular opinion.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking of the church in general—or the white church in particular?

KING: The white church, I'm sorry to say. Its leadership has greatly disappointed me. Let me hasten to say there are some outstanding exceptions. As one whose Christian roots go back through three generations of ministers—my father, grandfather and great-grandfather—I will remain true to the church as long as I live. But the laxity of the white church collectively has caused me to weep tears of love. There cannot be deep disappointment without deep love. Time and again in my travels, as I have seen the outward beauty of white churches, I have had to ask myself, "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God? Is their God the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and is their Savior the Savior who hung on the cross at Golgotha? Where were their voices when a black race took upon itself the cross of protest against man's injustice to man? Where were their voices when defiance and hatred were called for by white men who sat in these very churches?"

As the Negro struggles against grave injustice, most white churchmen offer pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. As you say, they claim that the gospel of Christ should have no concern with social issues. Yet white churchgoers, who insist that they are Christians, practice segregation as rigidly in the house of God as they do in moviehouses. Too much of the white church is timid and ineffectual, and some of it is shrill in its defense of bigotry and prejudice. In most communities, the spirit of *status quo* is endorsed by the churches.

My personal disillusionment with the church began when I was thrust into the leadership of the bus protest in Montgomery. I was confident that the white ministers, priests and rabbis of the South would prove strong allies in our just cause. But some became open adversaries, some cautiously shrank from the issue, and others hid behind silence. My optimism about help from the white church was shattered; and on too many occasions since, my hopes for the white church have been dashed. There are many signs that the judgment of God is upon the church as never before. Unless the early sacrificial spirit is recaptured, I am very much afraid that today's Christian church will lose its authenticity, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and we will see the Christian church dismissed as a social club with no meaning or effectiveness for our time, as a form without substance, as salt without savor. The real tragedy, though, is not Martin Luther King's disillusionment with the church—for I am sustained by its spiritual blessings as a minister of the gospel with a lifelong commitment; the tragedy is that in my travels, I meet young people of all races whose disenchantment with the church has soured into outright disgust.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the Negro church has come any closer to "the projection of a social gospel" in its commitment to the cause?

KING: I must say that when my Southern Christian Leadership Conference began its work in Birmingham, we encountered numerous Negro church reactions that had to be overcome. Negro ministers were among other Negro leaders who felt they were being pulled into something that they had not helped to organize. This is almost always a problem. Negro community unity was the first requisite if our goals were to be realized. I talked with many groups, including one group of 200 ministers, my theme to them being that a minister cannot preach the glories of heaven while ignoring social conditions in his own community that cause men an earthly hell. I stressed that the Negro minister had particular freedom and independence to provide strong, firm leadership, and I asked how the Negro would ever gain freedom without his minister's guidance, support and inspiration. These ministers finally decided to entrust our movement with their support, and as a result, the role of the Negro church today, by and large, is a glorious example in the history of Christendom. For never in Christian history, within a Christian country, have Christian churches been on the receiving end of such naked brutality and violence as we are witnessing here in America today. Not since the days of the Christians in the catacombs has God's house, as a symbol, weathered such attack as the Negro churches.

I shall never forget the grief and bitterness I felt on that terrible September morning when a bomb blew out the lives of those four little, innocent girls sitting in their Sunday-school class in the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham. I think of how a woman cried out, crunching through broken glass, "My God, we're not even safe in church!" I think of how that explosion blew the face of Jesus Christ from a stained-glass window. It was symbolic of how sin and evil had blotted out the life of Christ. I can remember thinking that if men were this bestial, was it all worth it? Was there any hope? Was there any way out?

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel this way?

KING: No, time has healed the wounds—and buoyed me with the inspiration of another moment which I shall never forget: when I saw with my own eyes over 3000 young Negro boys and girls, totally unarmed, leave Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church to march to a prayer meeting—ready to pit nothing but the power of their bodies and souls against Bull Connor's police dogs, clubs and fire hoses. When they refused Connor's bellowed order to turn back, he whirled and shouted to his men to turn on the hoses. It was one of the most fantastic events of the Birmingham story that these Negroes, many of them on their knees, stared, unafraid and unmoving, at Connor's men with the hose nozzles in their hands. Then, slowly the Negroes stood up and advanced, and Connor's men fell back as though hypnotized, as the Negroes marched on past to hold their prayer meeting. I saw there, I felt there, for the first time, the pride and the *power* of nonviolence.

Another time I will never forget was one Saturday night, late, when my brother telephoned me in Atlanta from Birmingham—that city which some call "Bombingham"—which I had just left. He told me that a bomb had wrecked his home, and that another bomb, positioned to exert its maximum force upon the motel room in which I had been staying, had injured several people. My brother described the terror in the streets as Negroes, furious at the bombings, fought whites. Then, behind his voice, I heard a rising chorus of beautiful singing: "We shall overcome." Tears came into my eyes that at such a tragic moment, my race still could sing its hope and faith.

PLAYBOY: *We Shall Overcome* has become the unofficial song and slogan of the civil rights movement. Do you consider such inspirational anthems important to morale?

KING: In a sense, songs are the *soul* of a movement. Consider, in World War Two, *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, and in World War One, *Over There* and *Tipperary*, and during the Civil War, *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *John Brown's Body*. A Negro song anthology would include sorrow songs, shouts for joy, battle hymns, anthems. Since slavery, the Negro has sung throughout his struggle in America. *Steal Away* and *Go Down, Moses* were the songs of faith and inspiration which were sung on the plantations. For the same reasons the slaves sang, Negroes today sing freedom songs,

for we, too, are in bondage. We sing out our determination that "We shall overcome, black and white together, we shall overcome someday." I should also mention a song parody that I enjoyed very much which the Negroes sang during our campaign in Albany, Georgia. It goes: "I'm comin', I'm comin'/ And my head *ain't* bendin' low/I'm walkin' tall, I'm talkin' strong/I'm America's *New* Black Joe."

PLAYBOY: Your detractors in the Negro community often refer to you snidely as "De Lawd" and "Booker T. King." What's your reaction to this sort of Uncle Tom label?

KING: I hear some of those names, but my reaction to them is never emotional. I don't think you can be in public life without being called bad names. As Lincoln said, "If I answered all criticism, I'd have time for nothing else." But with regard to both of the names you mentioned, I've always tried to be what I call militantly nonviolent. I don't believe that anyone could seriously accuse me of not being totally committed to the breakdown of segregation.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "militantly nonviolent"?

KING: I mean to say that a strong man must be militant as well as moderate. He must be a realist as well as an idealist. If I am to merit the trust invested in me by some of my race, I must be both of these things. This is why nonviolence is a powerful as well as a *just* weapon. If you confront a man who has long been cruelly misusing you, and say, "Punish me, if you will; I do not deserve it, but I will accept it, so that the world will know I am right and you are wrong," then you wield a powerful and a just weapon. This man, your oppressor, is automatically morally defeated, and if he has any conscience, he is ashamed. Wherever this weapon is used in a manner that stirs a community's, or a nation's, anguished conscience, then the pressure of public opinion becomes an ally in your just cause.

Another of the major strengths of the nonviolent weapon is its strange power to transform and transmute the individuals who subordinate themselves to its disciplines, investing them with a cause that is larger than themselves. They become, for the first time, *somebody*, and they have, for the first time, the courage to be free. When the Negro finds the courage to be free, he faces dogs and guns and clubs and fire hoses totally unafraid, and the white men with those dogs, guns, clubs and fire hoses see that the Negro they have traditionally called "boy" has become a man.

We should not forget that, although nonviolent direct action did not originate in America, it found a natural home where it has been a revered tradition to rebel against injustice. This great weapon, which we first tried out in Montgomery during the bus boycott, has been further developed throughout the South over the past decade, until by today it has become instrumental in the greatest mass-action crusade for freedom that has occurred in America since the Revolutionary War. The effectiveness of this weapon's ability to dramatize, in the world's eyes, an oppressed peoples' struggle for justice is evident in the fact that of 1963's top ten news stories after the assassination of President Kennedy and the events immediately connected with it, nine stories dealt with one aspect or another of the Negro struggle.

PLAYBOY: Several of those stories dealt with your own nonviolent campaigns against segregation in various Southern cities, where you and your followers have been branded "rabble-rousers" and "outside agitators." Do you feel you've earned these labels?

KING: Wherever the early Christians appeared, spreading Christ's doctrine of love, the resident power structure accused them of being "disturbers of the peace" and "outside agitators." But the small Christian band continued to teach and exemplify love, convinced that they were "a colony of heaven" on this earth who were missioned to obey not man but God. If those of us who employ nonviolent direct action today are dismissed by our white brothers as "rabble-rousers" and "outside agitators," if they refuse to support our nonviolent efforts and goals, we can be assured that the summer of 1965 will be no less long and hot than the summer of 1964.

Our white brothers must be made to understand that nonviolence is a weapon fabricated of love. It is a sword that heals. Our nonviolent direct-action program has as its objective not the creation of tensions, but the *surfacing* of tensions already present. We set out to precipitate a crisis situation that must open the door to negotiation. I am not afraid of the words "crisis" and "tension." I deeply oppose violence, but constructive crisis and tension are necessary for growth. Innate in all life, and all growth, is tension. Only in death is there an absence of tension. To cure injustices, you must expose them before the light of human conscience and the bar of public opinion, regardless of whatever tensions that exposure generates. Injustices to the Negro must be brought out into the open where they cannot be evaded.

PLAYBOY: Is this the sole aim of your Southern Christian Leadership Conference?

KING: We have five aims: first, to stimulate nonviolent, direct, mass action to expose and remove the barriers of segregation and discrimination; second, to disseminate the creative philosophy and techniques of nonviolence through local and area workshops; third, to secure the right and unhampered use of the ballot for every citizen; fourth, to achieve full citizenship rights, and the total integration of the Negro into American life; and fifth, to reduce the cultural lag through our citizenship training program.

PLAYBOY: How does S. C. L. C. select the cities where nonviolent campaigns and demonstrations are to be staged?

KING: The operational area of S. C. L. C. is the entire South, where we have affiliated organizations in some 85 cities. Our major campaigns have been conducted only in cities where a request for our help comes from one of these affiliate organizations, and only when we feel that intolerable conditions in that community might be ameliorated with our help. I will give you an example. In Birmingham, one of our affiliate organizations is the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, which was organized by the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, a most energetic and indomitable man. It was he who set out to end Birmingham's racism, challenging the terrorist reign of Bull Connor. S. C. L. C. watched admiringly as the small Shuttlesworth-led organization fought in the Birmingham courts and with boycotts. Shuttlesworth was jailed several times, his home and church were bombed, and still he did not back down. His defiance of Birmingham's racism inspired and encouraged Negroes throughout the South. Then, at a May 1962 board meeting of the S. C. L. C. in Chattanooga, the first discussions began that later led to our joining Shuttlesworth's organization in a massive direct-action campaign to attack Birmingham's segregation.

PLAYBOY: One of the highlights of that campaign was your celebrated "Letter from a Birmingham Jail"—written during one of your jail terms for civil disobedience—an eloquent reply to eight Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen who had criticized your activities in Birmingham. Do you feel that subsequent events have justified the sentiments expressed in your letter?

KING: I would say yes. Two or three important and constructive things have happened which can be at least partially attributed to that letter. By now, nearly a million copies of the letter have been widely circulated in churches of most of the major denominations. It helped to focus greater international attention upon what was happening in Birmingham. And I am sure that without Birmingham, the march on Washington wouldn't have been called—which in my mind was one of the most creative steps the Negro struggle has taken. The march on Washington spurred and galvanized the consciences of millions. It gave the American Negro a new national and international stature. The press of the world recorded the story as nearly a quarter of a million Americans, white and black, assembled in grandeur as a testimonial to the Negro's determination

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It was also the image of Birmingham which, to a great extent, helped to bring the Civil Rights Bill into being in 1963. Previously, President Kennedy had decided not to propose it that year, feeling that it would so arouse the South that it would meet a bottleneck. But Birmingham, and subsequent developments, caused him to reorder his legislative priorities.

One of these decisive developments was our last major campaign before the enactment of the Civil Rights Act—in St. Augustine, Florida. We received a plea for help from Dr. Robert Hayling, the leader of the St. Augustine movement. St. Augustine, America's oldest city, and one of the most segregated cities in America, was a stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society. Such things had happened as Klansmen abducting four Negroes and beating them unconscious with clubs, brass knuckles, ax handles and pistol butts. Dr. Hayling's home had been shot up with buckshot, three Negro homes had been bombed and several Negro night clubs shotgunned. A Negro's car had been destroyed by fire because his child was one of the six Negro children permitted to attend white schools. And the homes of two of the Negro children in the white schools had been burned down. Many Negroes had been fired from jobs that some had worked on for 28 years because they were somehow connected with the demonstrations. Police had beaten and arrested Negroes for picketing, marching and singing freedom songs. Many Negroes had served up to 90 days in jail for demonstrating against segregation, and four teenagers had spent six months in jail for picketing. Then, on February seventh of last year, Dr. Hayling's home was shotgunned a second time, with his pregnant wife and two children barely escaping death; the family dog was killed while standing behind the living-room door. So S.C.L.C. decided to join in last year's celebration of St. Augustine's gala 400th birthday as America's oldest city—by converting it into a nonviolent battleground. This is just what we did.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true, Dr. King, that during this and other "nonviolent" demonstrations, violence has occurred—sometimes resulting in hundreds of casualties on both sides?

KING: Yes, in part that is true. But what is always overlooked is how few people, in ratio to the numbers involved, have been casualties. An army on maneuvers, against no enemy, suffers casualties, even fatalities. A minimum of whites have been casualties in demonstrations solely because our teaching of nonviolence disciplines our followers not to fight even if attacked. A minimum of Negroes are casualties for two reasons: Their white oppressors know that the world watches their actions, and for the first time they are being faced by Negroes who display no fear.

PLAYBOY: It was shortly after your St. Augustine campaign last summer, as you mentioned, that the Civil Rights Bill was passed—outlawing many of the injustices against which you had been demonstrating. Throughout the South, predictably, it was promptly anathematized as unconstitutional and excessive in its concessions to Negro demands. How do you feel about it?

KING: I don't feel that the Civil Rights Act has gone far *enough* in some of its coverage. In the first place, it needs a stronger voting section. You will never have a true democracy until you can eliminate *all* restrictions. We need to do away with restrictive literacy tests. I've seen too much of native intelligence to accept the validity of these tests as a criterion for voting qualifications. Our nation needs a universal method of voter registration—one man, one vote, literally. Second, there is a pressing, urgent need to give the attorney general the right to initiate Federal suits in any area of civil rights denial. Third, we need a strong and strongly enforced fair-housing section such as many states already have. President Kennedy initiated the present housing law, but it is not broad enough. Fourth, we need an extension of FEPC to grapple more effectively with the problems of poverty. Not only are millions of Negroes caught in the clutches of poverty, but millions of poor whites as well. And fifth, conclusive and effective measures must be taken immediately at the Federal level to curb the worsening reign of terror in the South—which is aided and abetted, as everyone knows, by state and local law-enforcement agencies. It's getting so that anybody can kill a Negro and get away with it in the South, as long as they go through the motions of a jury trial. There is very little chance of conviction from lily-white Southern jurors. It must be fixed so that in the case of interracial murder, the Federal Government can prosecute.

PLAYBOY: Your dissatisfaction with the Civil Rights Act reflects that of most other Negro spokesmen. According to recent polls, however, many whites resent this attitude, calling the Negro "ungrateful" and "unrealistic" to press his demands for more.

KING: This is a litany to those of us in this field. "What more will the Negro want?" "What will it take to make these demonstrations end?" Well, I would like to reply with another rhetorical question: Why do white people seem to find it so difficult to understand that the Negro is sick and tired of having reluctantly parceled out to him those rights and privileges which all others receive upon birth or entry in America? I never cease to wonder at the amazing presumption of much of white society, assuming that they have the right to bargain with the Negro for his freedom. This continued arrogant ladling out of pieces of the rights of citizenship has begun to generate a *fury* in the Negro. Even so, he is not pressing for revenge, or for conquest, or to gain spoils, or to enslave, or even to marry the sisters of those who have injured him. What the Negro wants—and will not stop until he gets—is absolute and unqualified freedom and equality here in this land of his birth, and not in Africa or in some imaginary state. The Negro no longer will be tolerant of anything less than his due right and heritage. He is pursuing only that which he knows is honorably his. He knows that he is right.

But every Negro leader since the turn of the century has been saying this in one form or another. It is because we have been so long and so conscientiously ignored by the dominant white society that the situation has now reached such crisis proportions. Few white people, even today, will face the clear fact that the very future and destiny of this country are tied up in what answer will be given to the Negro. And that answer must be given soon.

PLAYBOY: Relatively few dispute the justness of the struggle to eradicate racial injustice, but many whites feel that the Negro should be more patient, that only the passage of time—perhaps generations—will bring about the sweeping changes he demands in traditional attitudes and customs. Do you think this is true?

KING: No, I do not. I feel that the time is always right to do what is right. Where progress for the Negro in America is concerned, there is a tragic misconception of time among whites. They seem to cherish a strange, irrational notion that something in the very flow of time will cure all ills. In truth, time itself is only neutral. Increasingly, I feel that time has been used destructively by people of ill will much more than it has been used *con*structively by those of *good* will.

If I were to select a timetable for the equalization of human rights, it would be the *intent* of the "all deliberate speed" specified in the historic 1954 Supreme Court decision. But what has happened? A Supreme Court decision was met, and balked, with utter defiance. Ten years later, in most areas of the South, less than one percent of the Negro children have been integrated in schools, and in some of the deepest South, not even one tenth of one percent. Approximately 25 percent of employable Negro youth, for another example, are presently unemployed. Though many would prefer not to, we must face the fact that progress for the Negro—to which white "moderates" like to point in justifying gradualism—has been relatively insignificant, particularly

in terms of the Negro masses. What little progress has been made—and that includes the Civil Rights Act—has applied primarily to the middle-class Negro. Among the masses, especially in the Northern ghettos, the situation remains about the same, and for some it is worse.

PLAYBOY: It would seem that much could be done at the local, state and Federal levels to remedy these inequities. In your own contact with them, have you found Government officials—in the North, if not in the South—to be generally sympathetic, understanding, and receptive to appeals for reform?

KING: On the contrary, I have been dismayed at the degree to which abysmal ignorance seems to prevail among many state, city and even Federal officials on the whole question of racial justice and injustice. Particularly, I have found that these men seriously—and dangerously—underestimate the explosive mood of the Negro and the gravity of the crisis. Even among those whom I would consider to be both sympathetic and sincerely intellectually committed, there is a lamentable lack of understanding. But this white failure to comprehend the depth and dimension of the Negro problem is far from being peculiar to Government officials. Apart from bigots and backlashers, it seems to be a malady even among those whites who like to regard themselves as "enlightened." I would especially refer to those who counsel, "Wait!" and to those who say that they sympathize with our goals but cannot condone our methods of direct-action pursuit of those goals. I wonder at men who dare to feel that they have some paternalistic right to set the timetable for another man's liberation. Over the past several years, I must say, I have been gravely disappointed with such white "moderates." I am often inclined to think that they are more of a stumbling block to the Negro's progress than the White Citizen's Counciler or the Ku Klux Klanner.

PLAYBOY: Haven't both of these segregationist societies been implicated in connection with plots against your life?

KING: It's difficult to trace the authorship of these death threats. I seldom go through a day without one. Some are telephoned anonymously to my office; others are sent—unsigned, of course—through the mails. Drew Pearson wrote not long ago about one group of unknown affiliation that was committed to assassinate not only me but also Chief Justice Warren and President Johnson. And not long ago, when I was about to visit in Mississippi, I received some very urgent calls from Negro leaders in Mobile, who had been told by a very reliable source that a sort of guerrilla group led by a retired major in the area of Lucyville, Mississippi, was plotting to take my life during the visit. I was strongly urged to cancel the trip, but when I thought about it, I decided that I had no alternative but to go on into Mississippi.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: Because I have a job to do. If I were constantly worried about death, I couldn't function. After a while, if your life is more or less constantly in peril, you come to a point where you accept the possibility philosophically. I must face the fact, as all others in positions of leadership must do, that America today is an extremely sick nation, and that something could well happen to me at any time. I feel, though, that my cause is so right, so moral, that if I should lose my life, in some way it would aid the cause.

PLAYBOY: That statement exemplifies the total dedication to the civil rights movement for which you are so widely admired—but also denounced as an "extremist" by such segregationist spokesmen as Alabama's Governor Wallace. Do you accept this identification?

KING: It disturbed me when I first heard it. But when I began to consider the true meaning of the word, I decided that perhaps I would *like* to think of myself as an extremist—in the light of the spirit which made Jesus an extremist for love. If it sounds as though I am comparing myself to the Savior, let me remind you that all who honor themselves with the claim of being "Christians" *should* compare themselves to Jesus. Thus I consider myself an extremist for that brotherhood of man which Paul so nobly expressed: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Love is the only force on earth that can be dispensed or received in an extreme manner, without any qualifications, without any harm to the giver or to the receiver.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps. But the kind of extremism for which you've been criticized has to do not with love, but with your advocacy of willful disobedience of what you consider to be "unjust laws." Do you feel you have the right to pass judgment on and defy the law—nonviolently or otherwise?

KING: Yes—morally, if not legally. For there are two kinds of laws: man's and God's. A man-made code that squares with the moral law, or the law of God, is a just law. But a man-made code that is inharmonious with the moral law is an unjust law. And an unjust law, as St. Augustine said, is no law at all. Thus a law that is unjust is morally null and void, and must be defied until it is legally null and void as well. Let us not forget, in the memories of 6,000,000 who died, that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal," and that everything the Freedom Fighters in Hungary did was "illegal." In spite of that, I am sure that I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers if I had lived in Germany during Hitler's reign, as some Christian priests and ministers did do, often at the cost of their lives. And if I lived now in a Communist country where principles dear to the Christian's faith are suppressed, I know that I would openly advocate defiance of that country's anti-religious laws—again, just as some Christian priests and ministers are doing today behind the Iron Curtain. Right here in America today there are white ministers, priests and rabbis who have shed blood in the support of our struggle against a web of human injustice, much of which is supported by immoral man-made laws.

PLAYBOY: Segregation laws?

KING: Specifically, court injunctions. Though the rights of the First Amendment guarantee that any citizen or group of citizens may engage in peaceable assembly, the South has seized upon the device of invoking injunctions to block our direct-action civil rights demonstrations. When you get set to stage a nonviolent demonstration, the city simply secures an injunction to cease and desist. Southern courts are well known for "sitting on" this type of case; conceivably a two- or three-year delay could be incurred. At first we found this to be a highly effective subterfuge against us. We first experienced it in Montgomery when, during the bus boycott, our car pool was outlawed by an injunction. An injunction also destroyed the protest movement in Talladega, Alabama. Another injunction outlawed the oldest civil rights organization, the NAACP, from the whole state of Alabama. Still another injunction thwarted our organization's efforts in Albany, Georgia. Then in Birmingham, we felt that we had to take a stand and disobey a court injunction against demonstrations, knowing the consequences and being prepared to meet them—or the unjust law would break our movement.

We did not take this step hastily or rashly. We gave the matter intense thought and prayer before deciding that the right thing was being done. And when we made our decision, I announced our plan to the press, making it clear that we were not anarchists advocating lawlessness, but that in good conscience we could not comply with a misuse of the judicial process in order to perpetuate injustice and segregation. When our plan was made known, it bewildered and immobilized our segregationist opponents. We felt that our decision had been morally as well as tactically right—in keeping with God's law as well as with the spirit of our nonviolent direct-action program.

PLAYBOY: If it's morally right for supporters of civil rights to violate segregation laws which they consider unjust, why is it wrong for segregationists to resist the enforcement of integration laws which *they* consider unjust?

KING: Because segregation, as even the segregationists know in their hearts, is

morally wrong and sinful. If it weren't, the white South would not be haunted as it is by a deep sense of guilt for what it has done to the Negro—guilt for patronizing him, degrading him, brutalizing him, depersonalizing him, thingifying him; guilt for lying to itself. This is the source of the schizophrenia that the South will suffer until it goes through its crisis of conscience.

PLAYBOY: Is this crisis imminent?

KING: It may not come next week or next year, but it is certainly more imminent in the South than in the North. If the South is honest with itself, it may well outdistance the North in the improvement of race relations.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: Well, the Northern white, having had little actual contact with the Negro, is devoted to an abstract principle of cordial interracial relations. The North has long considered, in a theoretical way, that it supported brotherhood and the equality of man, but the truth is that deep prejudices and discriminations exist in hidden and subtle and covert disguises. The South's prejudice and discrimination, on the other hand, has been applied against the Negro in obvious, open, overt and glaring forms—which make the problem easier to get at. The Southern white man has the advantage of far more actual contact with Negroes than the Northerner. A major problem is that this contact has been paternalistic and poisoned by the myth of racial superiority.

PLAYBOY: Many Southern whites, supported by the "research" of several Southern anthropologists, vow that white racial superiority—and Negro inferiority—are a biological fact.

KING: You may remember that during the rise of Nazi Germany, a rash of books by respected German scientists appeared, supporting the master-race theory. This utterly ignorant fallacy has been so thoroughly refuted by the social scientists, as well as by medical science, that any individual who goes on believing it is standing in an absolutely misguided and diminishing circle. The American Anthropological Association has unanimously adopted a resolution repudiating statements that Negroes are biologically, in innate mental ability or in any other way inferior to whites. The collective weight and authority of world scientists are embodied in a Unesco report on races which flatly refutes the theory of innate superiority among *any* ethnic group. And as far as Negro "blood" is concerned, medical science finds the same four blood types in all race groups.

When the Southern white finally accepts this simple fact—as he eventually must—beautiful results will follow, for we will have come a long way toward transforming his master-servant perspective into a person-to-person perspective. The Southern white man, discovering the "nonmyth" Negro, exhibits all the passion of the new convert, seeing the black man as a man among men for the first time. The South, if it is to survive economically, must make dramatic changes, and these must include the Negro. People of good will in the South, who are the vast majority, have the challenge to be open and honest, and to turn a deaf ear to the shrill cries of the irresponsible few on the lunatic fringe. I think and pray they will.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you include among "the irresponsible few"?

KING: I include those who preach racism and commit violence; and those who, in various cities where we have sought to peacefully demonstrate, have sought to goad *Negroes* into violence as an excuse for violent mass reprisal. In Birmingham, for example, on the day it was flashed about the world that a "peace pact" had been signed between the moderate whites and the Negroes, Birmingham's segregationist forces reacted with fury, swearing vengeance against the white businessmen who had "betrayed" them by negotiating with Negroes. On Saturday night, just outside of Birmingham, a Ku Klux Klan meeting was held, and that same night, as I mentioned earlier, a bomb ripped the home of my brother, the Reverend A. D. King, and another bomb was planted where it would have killed or seriously wounded anyone in the motel room which I had been occupying. Both bombings had been timed just as Birmingham's bars closed on Saturday midnight, as the streets filled with thousands of Negroes who were not trained in nonviolence, and who had been drinking. Just as whoever planted the bombs had *wanted* to happen, fighting began, policemen were stoned by Negroes, cars were overturned and fires started.

PLAYBOY: Were none of your S. C. L. C. workers involved?

KING: If they had been, there would have been no riot, for we believe that only just means may be used in seeking a just end. We believe that lasting gains can be made—and they *have* been made—only by practicing what we preach: a policy of nonviolent, peaceful protest. The riots, North and South, have involved mobs—not the disciplined, nonviolent, direct-action demonstrators with whom I identify. We do not condone lawlessness, looting and violence committed by the racist or the reckless of *any* color.

I must say, however, that riots such as have occurred do achieve at least one partially positive effect: They dramatically focus national attention upon the Negro's discontent. Unfortunately, they also give the white majority an excuse, a provocation, to look away from the cause of the riots—the poverty and the deprivation and the degradation of the Negro, especially in the slums and ghettos where the riots occur—and to talk instead of looting, and of the breakdown of law and order. It is never circulated that some of the looters have been white people, similarly motivated by their own poverty. In one riot in a Northern city, aside from the Negroes and Puerto Ricans who were arrested, there were also 158 white people—including mothers stealing food, children's shoes and other necessity items. The poor, white and black, were rebelling together against the establishment.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you mean by "the establishment"?

KING: I mean the white leadership—which I hold as responsible as anyone for the riots, for not removing the conditions that cause them. The deep frustration, the seething desperation of the Negro today is a product of slum housing, chronic poverty, woefully inadequate education and substandard schools. The Negro is trapped in a long and desolate corridor with no exit sign, caught in a vicious socioeconomic vise. And he is ostracized as is no other minority group in America by the evil of oppressive and constricting prejudice based solely upon his color. A righteous man has no alternative but to resist such an evil system. If he does not have the courage to resist nonviolently, then he runs the risk of a violent emotional explosion. As much as I deplore violence, there is one evil that is *worse* than violence, and that's cowardice. It is still my basic article of faith that social justice can be achieved and democracy advanced only to the degree that there is firm adherence to *nonviolent* action and resistance in the pursuit of social justice. But America will be faced with the ever-present threat of violence, rioting and senseless crime as long as Negroes by the hundreds of thousands are packed into malodorous, rat-plagued ghettos; as long as Negroes remain smothered by poverty in the midst of an affluent society; as long as Negroes are made to feel like exiles in their own land; as long as Negroes continue to be dehumanized; as long as Negroes see their freedom endlessly delayed and diminished by the head winds of tokenism and small handouts from the white power structure. No nation can suffer any greater tragedy than to cause millions of its citizens to feel that they have no stake in their own society.

Understand that I am trying only to explain the *reasons* for violence and the threat of violence. Let me say again that by no means and under no circumstance do I condone outbreaks of looting and lawlessness. I feel that every responsible Negro leader must point out, with all possible vigor, that anyone who perpetrates and participates in a riot is immoral as well as impractical—that the use of immoral means will not achieve the moral end of racial justice.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you consider the most responsible Negro leaders?

KING: Well, I would say that Roy Wilkins of the NAACP has proved time and again to be a very articulate spokesman for the rights of Negroes. He is a most able administrator and a dedicated organization man with personal resources that have helped the whole struggle. Another outstanding man is Whitney Young Jr. of the National Urban League, an extremely able social scientist. He has developed a meaningful balance between militancy and moderation. James Farmer of CORE is another courageous, dedicated and thoughtful civil rights spokesman. I have always been impressed by how he maintains a freshness in his awareness of the meaning of the whole quest for freedom. And John Lewis of SNCC symbolizes the kind of strong militancy, courage and creativity that our youth have brought to the civil rights struggle. But I feel that the greatest leader of these times that the Negro has produced is A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, whose total integrity, depth of dedication and caliber of statesmanship set an example for us all.

PLAYBOY: Many whites feel that last summer's riots occurred because leadership is no longer being offered by the men you named.

KING: The riots we have had are *minute* compared to what would have happened *without* their effective and restraining leadership. I am convinced that unless the nonviolent philosophy had emerged and taken hold among Negroes, North and South, by today the streets of dozens of American communities would have flowed with blood. Hundreds of cities might now be mourning countless dead, of both races, were it not for the nonviolent influence which has given political surgeons the time and opportunity to boldly and safely excise some aspects of the peril of violence that faced this nation in the summers of 1963 and 1964. The whole world has seen what happened in communities such as Harlem, Brooklyn, Rochester, Philadelphia, Newark, St. Petersburg and Birmingham, where this emergency operation was either botched or not performed at all.

PLAYBOY: Still, doesn't the very fact that riots have occurred tend to indicate that many Negroes are no longer heeding the counsels of nonviolence?

KING: Not the majority, by any means. But it *is* true that some Negroes subscribe to a deep feeling that the tactic of nonviolence is not producing enough concrete victories. We have seen, in our experience, that nonviolence thrives best in a climate of justice. Violence grows to the degree that injustice prevails; the more injustice in a given community, the more violence, or potential violence, smolders in that community. I can give you a clear example. If you will notice, there have been fewer riots in the South. The reason for this is that the Negro in the South can see some visible, concrete victories in civil rights. Last year, the police would have been called if he sat down at a community lunch counter. This year, if he chooses to sit at that counter, he is served. More riots have occurred in the North because the fellow in Harlem, to name one Northern ghetto, can't see any victories. He remains throttled, as he has always been, by vague, intangible economic and social deprivations. Until the concerned power structures begin to grapple creatively with these fundamental inequities, it will be difficult for violence to be eliminated. The longer our people see no progress, or halting progress, the easier it will be for them to yield to the counsels of hatred and demagoguery.

PLAYBOY: The literature of the John Birch Society, accusing you of just such counsels, has branded you "a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

KING: As you know, they have sought to link many people with communism, including the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a former President of the United States. So I'm in good company, at least. The Birchers thrive on sneer and smear, on the dissemination of half-truths and outright lies. It would be comfortable to dismiss them as the lunatic fringe—which, by and large, they are; but some priests and ministers have also shown themselves to be among them. They are a very dangerous group—and they could become even more dangerous if the public doesn't reject the un-American travesty of patriotism that they espouse.

PLAYBOY: Was there any basis in fact for the rumors, still circulating in some quarters, that last summer's riots were fomented and stage-directed by Communist agitators?

KING: I'm getting sick and tired of people saying that this movement has been infiltrated by Communists. There are as many Communists in this freedom movement as there are Eskimos in Florida. The FBI provided the best answer to this absurd rumor in its report to the President after a special investigation which he had requested. It stated that the riots were not caused or directed by any such groups, although they did try to capitalize upon and prolong the riots. All Negro leaders, including myself, were most happy with the publication of these findings, for the public whisperings had troubled us. We knew that it could prove vitally harmful to the Negro struggle if the riots had been catalyzed or manipulated by the Communists or some other extremist group. It would have sown the seed of doubt in the public's mind that the Negro revolution is a genuine revolution, born from the same womb that produces all massive social upheavals—the womb of intolerable conditions and unendurable situations.

PLAYBOY: Is it destined to be a violent revolution?

KING: God willing, no. But white Americans must be made to understand the basic motives underlying Negro demonstrations. Many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations are boiling inside the Negro, and he must release them. It is not a threat but a fact of history that if an oppressed people's pent-up emotions are not nonviolently released, they will be violently released. So let the Negro march. Let him make pilgrimages to city hall. Let him go on freedom rides. And above all, make an effort to understand why he must do this. For if his frustration and despair are allowed to continue piling up, millions of Negroes will seek solace and security in black-nationalist ideologies. And this, inevitably, would lead to a frightening racial nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Among whites, the best-known and most feared of these militantly racist Negro sects is the Black Muslims. What is your estimation of its power and influence among the Negro masses?

KING: Except in a few metropolitan ghettos, my experience has been that few Negroes have any interest at all in this organization, much less give any allegiance to its pessimistic doctrines. The Black Muslims are a quasi-religious, sociopolitical movement that has appealed to some Negroes who formerly were Christians. For the first time, the Negro was presented with a choice of a religion other than Christianity. What this appeal actually represented was an indictment of Christian failures to live up to Christianity's precepts; for there is nothing in Christianity, nor in the Bible, that justifies racial segregation. But when the Negroes' genuine fighting spirit rose during 1963, the appeal of the Muslims began to diminish.

PLAYBOY: One of the basic precepts of black nationalism has been the attempt to engender a sense of communion between the American Negro and his African "brother," a sense of identity between the emergence of black Africa and the Negro's struggle for freedom in America. Do you feel that this is a constructive effort?

KING: Yes, I do, in many ways. There is a distinct, significant and inevitable correlation. The Negro across America, looking at his television set, sees black statesmen voting in the United Nations on vital world issues, knowing that in many of America's cities, he himself is not yet permitted to place his ballot. The Negro hears of black kings and potentates ruling in palaces, while he remains ghettoized in urban slums. It is only natural that Negroes would react to this extreme irony. Consciously or unconsciously, the American Negro has been caught up by the black *Zeitgeist*. He feels a deepening sense of iden-

tification with his black African brothers, and with his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean. With them he is moving with a sense of increasing urgency toward the promised land of racial justice.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the African nations, in turn, should involve themselves more actively in American Negro affairs?

KING: I do indeed. The world is now so small in terms of geographic proximity and mutual problems that no nation should stand idly by and watch another's plight. I think that in every possible instance Africans should use the influence of their governments to make it clear that the struggle of their brothers in the U.S. is part of a world-wide struggle. In short, injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere, for we are tied together in a garment of mutuality. What happens in Johannesburg affects Birmingham, however indirectly. We are descendants of the Africans. Our heritage is Africa. We should never seek to break the ties, nor should the Africans.

PLAYBOY: One of the most articulate champions of black Afro-American brotherhood has been Malcolm X, the former Black Muslim leader who recently renounced his racist past and converted to orthodox Mohammedanism. What is your opinion of him and his career?

KING: I met Malcolm X once in Washington, but circumstances didn't enable me to talk with him for more than a minute. He is very articulate, as you say, but I totally disagree with many of his political and philosophical views—at least insofar as I understand where he now stands. I don't want to seem to sound self-righteous, or absolutist, or that I think I have the only truth, the only way. Maybe he *does* have some of the answer. I don't know how he feels now, but I know that I have often wished that he would talk less of violence, because violence is not going to solve our problem. And in his litany of articulating the despair of the Negro without offering any positive, creative alternative, I feel that Malcolm has done himself and our people a great disservice. Fiery, demagogic oratory in the black ghettos, urging Negroes to arm themselves and prepare to engage in violence, as he has done, can reap nothing but grief.

PLAYBOY: For them or for whites?

KING: For everyone, but mostly for them. Even the extremist leaders who preach revolution are invariably unwilling to lead what they know would certainly end in bloody, chaotic and total defeat; for in the event of a violent revolution, we would be sorely outnumbered. And when it was all over, the Negro would face the same unchanged conditions, the same squalor and deprivation—the only difference being that his bitterness would be even more intense, his disenchantment even more abject. Thus, in purely practical as well as moral terms, the American Negro has no rational alternative to nonviolence.

PLAYBOY: You categorically reject violence as a tactical technique for social change. Can it not be argued, however, that violence, historically, has effected massive and sometimes constructive social change in some countries?

KING: I'd be the first to say that some historical victories have been won by violence; the U.S. Revolution is certainly one of the foremost. But the Negro revolution is seeking integration, not independence. Those fighting for independence have the purpose to *drive out* the oppressors. But here in America, we've got to live together. We've got to find a way to reconcile ourselves to living in community, one group with the other. The struggle of the Negro in America, to be successful, must be waged with resolute efforts, but efforts that are kept strictly within the framework of our democratic society. This means reaching, educating and moving large enough groups of people of both races to stir the conscience of the nation.

PLAYBOY: How do you propose to go about it?

KING: Before we can make any progress, we must avoid retrogression—by doing everything in our power to avert further racial violence. To this end, there are three immediate steps that I would recommend. Firstly, it is mandatory that people of good will across America, particularly those who are in positions to wield influence and power, conduct honest, soul-searching analyses and evaluations of the environmental causes that spawn riots. All major industrial and ghetto areas should establish serious biracial discussions of community problems, and of ways to begin solving them. Instead of ambulance service, municipal leaders need to provide preventive medicine. Secondly, these communities should make serious efforts to provide work and training for unemployed youth, through job-and-training programs such as the HARYOU-ACT program in New York City. Thirdly, all cities concerned should make first-priority efforts to provide immediate quality education for Negro youth—instead of conducting studies for the next five years. Young boys and girls now in the ghettos must be enabled to feel that they count, that somebody cares about them; they must be able to feel *hope*. And on a longer-range basis, the physical ghetto itself must be eliminated, because these are the environmental conditions that germinate riots. It is both socially and morally suicidal to continue a pattern of deploring effects while failing to come to grips with the *causes*. Ultimately, law and order will be maintained only when justice and dignity are accorded impartially to all.

PLAYBOY: Along with the other civil rights leaders, you have often proposed a massive program of economic aid, financed by the Federal Government, to improve the lot of the nation's 20,000,000 Negroes. Just one of the projects you've mentioned, however—the HARYOU-ACT program to provide jobs for Negro youths—is expected to cost $141,000,000 over the next ten years, and that includes only Harlem. A nationwide program such as you propose would undoubtedly run into the billions.

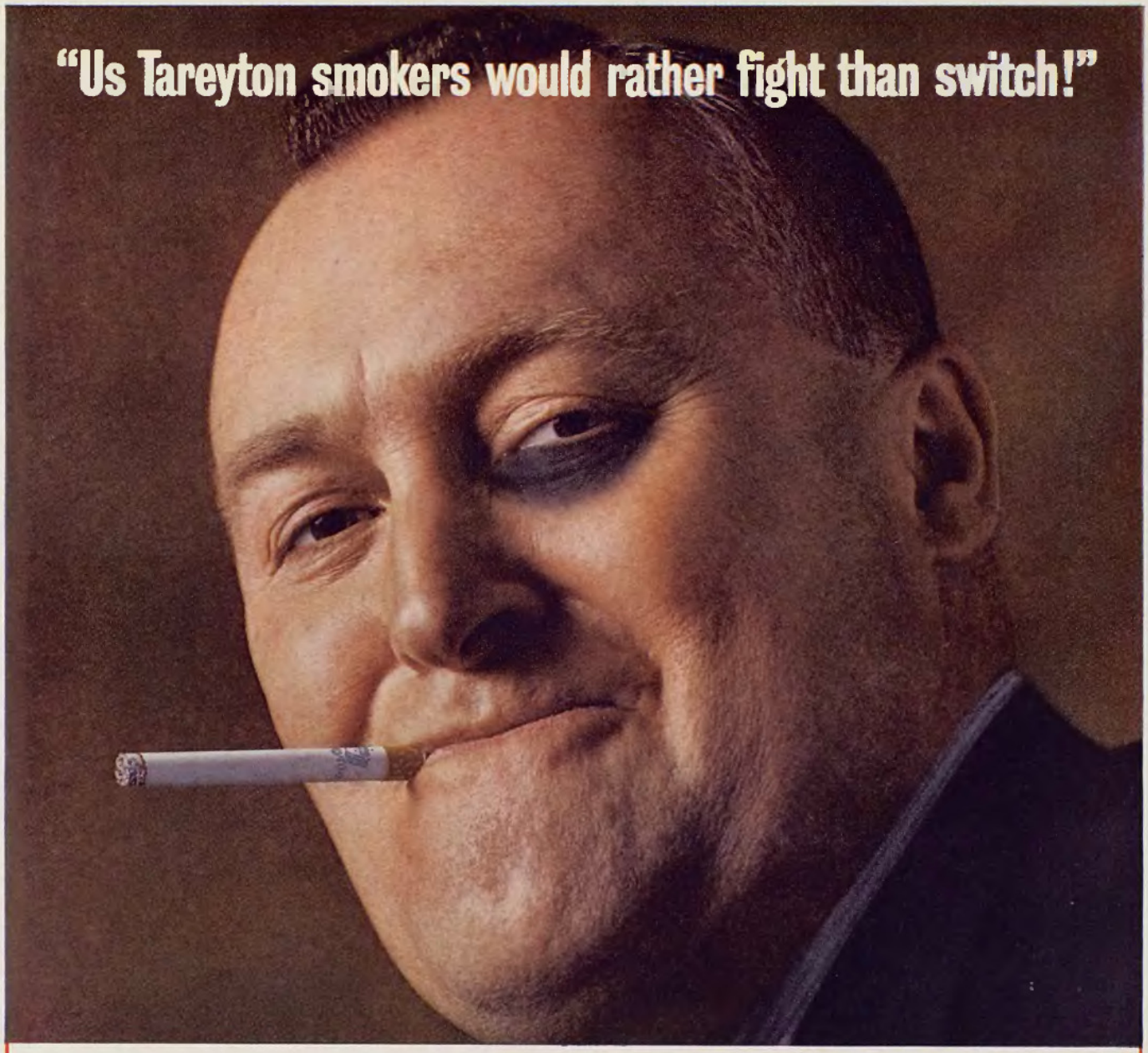
KING: About 50 billion, actually—which is less than one year of our present defense spending. It is my belief that with the expenditure of this amount, over a ten-year period, a genuine and dramatic transformation could be achieved in the conditions of Negro life in America. I am positive, moreover, that the money spent would be more than amply justified by the benefits that would accrue to the nation through a spectacular decline in school dropouts, family breakups, crime rates, illegitimacy, swollen relief rolls, rioting and other social evils.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's realistic to hope that the Government would consider an appropriation of such magnitude other than for national defense?

KING: I certainly do. This country has the resources to solve *any* problem once that problem is accepted as national policy. An example is aid to Appalachia, which has been made a policy of the Federal Government's much-touted war on poverty; one billion was proposed for its relief—without making the slightest dent in the defense budget. Another example is the fact that after World War Two, during the years when it became policy to build and maintain the largest military machine the world has ever known, America also took upon itself, through the Marshall Plan and other measures, the financial relief and rehabilitation of millions of European people. If America can afford to underwrite its allies and ex-enemies, it can certainly afford—and has a much greater obligation, as I see it—to do at least as well by its own no-less-needy countrymen.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it's fair to request a multibillion-dollar program of preferential treatment for the Negro, or for any other minority group?

KING: I do indeed. Can any fair-minded citizen deny that the Negro has been deprived? Few people reflect that for two centuries the Negro was enslaved, and robbed of *any* wages—potential accrued wealth which would have been the legacy of his descendants. *All* of America's wealth today could not adequately compensate its Negroes for his centuries of exploitation and humiliation. It is an economic fact that a program such as I propose would certainly cost far less than any computation of two centuries of unpaid wages plus accumulated inter-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est. In any case, I do not intend that this program of economic aid should apply only to the Negro; it should benefit the disadvantaged of *all* races.

Within common law, we have ample precedents for special compensatory programs, which are regarded as settlements. American Indians are still being paid for land in a settlement manner. Is not two centuries of labor, which helped to build this country, as real a commodity? Many other easily applicable precedents are readily at hand: our child labor laws, social security, unemployment compensation, man-power retraining programs. And you will remember that America adopted a policy of special treatment for her millions of veterans after the War—a program which cost far more than a policy of preferential treatment to rehabilitate the traditionally disadvantaged Negro would cost today.

The closest analogy is the GI Bill of Rights. Negro rehabilitation in America would require approximately the same breadth of program—which would not place an undue burden on our economy. Just as was the case with the returning soldier, such a bill for the disadvantaged and impoverished could enable them to buy homes without cash, at lower and easier repayment terms. They could negotiate loans from banks to launch businesses. They could receive, as did ex-GIs, special points to place them ahead in competition for civil service jobs. Under certain circumstances of physical disability, medical care and long-term financial grants could be made available. And together with these rights, a favorable social climate could be created to encourage the preferential *employment* of the disadvantaged, as was the case for so many years with veterans. During those years, it might be noted, there was no appreciable resentment of the preferential treatment being given to the special group. America was only compensating her veterans for their time lost from school or from business.

PLAYBOY: If a nationwide program of preferential employment for Negroes were to be adopted, how would you propose to assuage the resentment of whites who already feel that their jobs are being jeopardized by the influx of Negroes resulting from desegregation?

KING: We must develop a Federal program of public works, retraining and jobs for all—so that none, white or black, will have cause to feel threatened. At the present time, thousands of jobs a week are disappearing in the wake of automation and other production efficiency techniques. Black and white, we will *all* be harmed unless something grand and imaginative is done. The unemployed, poverty-stricken white man must be made to realize that he is in the very same boat with the Negro. Together, they could exert massive pressure on the Government to get jobs for all. Together, they could form a grand alliance. Together, they could merge all people for the good of all.

PLAYBOY: If Negroes are also granted preferential treatment in housing, as you propose, how would you allay the alarm with which many white homeowners, fearing property devaluation, greet the arrival of Negroes in hitherto all-white neighborhoods?

KING: We must expunge from our society the myths and half-truths that engender such groundless fears as these. In the first place, there is no truth to the myth that Negroes depreciate property. The fact is that most Negroes are kept out of residential neighborhoods so long that when one of us is finally sold a home, it's *already* depreciated. In the second place, we must dispel the negative and harmful atmosphere that has been created by avaricious and unprincipled realtors who engage in "blockbusting." If we had in America really serious efforts to break down discrimination in housing, and at the same time a concerted program of Government aid to improve housing for Negroes, I think that many white people would be surprised at how many Negroes would choose to live among themselves, exactly as Poles and Jews and other ethnic groups do.

PLAYBOY: The B'nai B'rith, a prominent social-action organization which undertakes on behalf of the Jewish people many of the activities that you ask the Government to perform for Negroes, is generously financed by Jewish charities and private donations. All of the Negro civil rights groups, on the other hand—including your own—are perennially in financial straits and must rely heavily on white philanthropy in order to remain solvent. Why do they receive so little support from Negroes?

KING: We have to face and live with the fact that the Negro has not developed a sense of stewardship. Slavery was so divisive and brutal, so molded to break up unity, that we never developed a sense of oneness, as in Judaism. Starting with the individual family unit, the Jewish people are closely knit into what is, in effect, one big family. But with the Negro, slavery separated families from families, and the pattern of disunity that we see among Negroes today derives directly from this cruel fact of history. It is also a cruel fact that the Negro, generally speaking, has not developed a responsible sense of financial values. The best economists say that your automobile shouldn't cost more than half of your annual income, but we see many Negroes earning $7000 a year paying $5000 for a car. The home, it is said, should not cost more than twice the annual income, but we see many Negroes earning, say, $8000 a year living in a $30,000 home. Negroes, who amount to about 11 percent of the American population, are reported to consume over 40 percent of the Scotch whisky imported into the U. S., and to spend over $72,000,000 a year in jewelry stores. So when we come asking for civil rights donations, or help for the United Negro College Fund, most Negroes are trying to make ends meet.

PLAYBOY: The widespread looting that took place during last summer's riots would seem to prove your point. Do you agree with those who feel that this looting—much of which was directed against Jewish-owned stores—was anti-Semitic in motivation?

KING: No, I do not believe that the riots could in any way be considered expressions of anti-Semitism. It's true, as I was particularly pained to learn, that a large percentage of the looted stores were owned by our Jewish friends, but I do not feel that anti-Semitism was involved. A high percentage of the merchants serving most Negro communities simply happen to be Jewish. How could there be anti-Semitism among Negroes when our Jewish friends have demonstrated their commitment to the principle of tolerance and brotherhood not only in the form of sizable contributions, but in many other tangible ways, and often at great personal sacrifice? Can we ever express our appreciation to the rabbis who chose to give moral witness with us in St. Augustine during our recent protest against segregation in that unhappy city? Need I remind anyone of the awful beating suffered by Rabbi Arthur Lelyveld of Cleveland when he joined the civil rights workers there in Hattiesburg, Mississippi? And who can ever forget the sacrifice of two Jewish lives, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner, in the swamps of Mississippi? It would be impossible to record the contribution that the Jewish people have made toward the Negro's struggle for freedom—it has been so great.

PLAYBOY: In conspicuous contrast, according to a recent poll conducted by *Ebony*, only one Negro in ten has ever participated physically in any form of social protest. Why?

KING: It is not always sheer numbers that are the measure of public support. As I see it, every Negro who does participate represents the sympathy and the moral backing of thousands of others. Let us never forget how one photograph, of those Birmingham policemen with their knees on that Negro woman on the ground, touched something emotionally deep in most Negroes in America, no matter who they were. In city after city, where S. C. L. C. has helped to achieve sweeping social changes, it has been not only because of the quality of its members' dedication and discipline, but because of the moral support of many Negroes who never took an active part. It's significant, I think, that during each of our city struggles, the usual aver-

age of crimes committed by Negroes has dropped to almost nothing.

But it is true, undeniably, that there are many Negroes who will *never* fight for freedom—yet who will be eager enough to accept it when it comes. And there are millions of Negroes who have never known anything but oppression, who are so devoid of pride and self-respect that they have resigned themselves to segregation. Other Negroes, comfortable and complacent, consider that they are *above* the struggle of the masses. And still others seek personal profit from segregation.

PLAYBOY: Many Southern whites have accused *you* of being among those who exploit the race problem for private gain. You are widely believed throughout the South, in fact, to have amassed a vast personal fortune in the course of your civil rights activities.

KING: *Me* wealthy? This is so utterly fallacious and erroneous that I often wonder where it got started. For the sixth straight year since I have been S. C. L. C.'s president, I have rejected our board's insistent recommendation that I accept some salary beyond the one dollar a year which I receive, which entitles me to participate in our employees' group insurance plan. I have rejected also our board's offer of financial gifts as a measure and expression of appreciation. My only salary is from my church, $4000 a year, plus $2000 more a year for what is known as "pastoral care." To earn a grand total of about $10,000 a year, I keep about $4000 to $5000 a year for myself from the honorariums that I receive from various speaking engagements. About 90 percent of my speaking is for S. C. L. C., and it brings into our treasury something around $200,000 a year. Additionally, I get a fairly sizable but fluctuating income in the form of royalties from my writings. But all of this, too, I give to my church, or to my alma mater, Morehouse College, here in Atlanta.

I believe as sincerely as I believe anything that the struggle for freedom in which S. C. L. C. is engaged is not one that should reward any participant with individual wealth and gain. I think I'd rise up in my grave if I died leaving two or three hundred thousand dollars. But people just don't seem to believe that this is the way I feel about it. If I have any weaknesses, they are not in the area of coveting wealth. My wife knows this well; in fact, she feels that I overdo it. But the Internal Revenue people, they stay on me; they feel sure that one day they are going to find a fortune stashed in a mattress. To give you some idea of my reputed affluence, just last week I came in from a trip and learned that a television program had announced I was going to purchase an expensive home in an all-white neighborhood here in Atlanta. It was news to me!

PLAYBOY: Your schedule of speaking engagements and civil rights commitments throughout the country is a punishing one—often 20 hours a day, seven days a week, according to reports. How much time do you get to spend at home?

KING: Very little, indeed. I've averaged not more than two days a week at home here in Atlanta over the past year—or since Birmingham, actually. I'm away two and three weeks at a time, mostly working in communities across the South. Wherever I am, I try to be in a pulpit as many Sundays as possible. But every day when I'm at home, I break from the office for dinner and try to spend a few hours with the children before I return to the office for some night work. And on Tuesdays when I'm not out of town, I don't go to the office. I keep this for my quiet day of reading and silence and meditation, and an entire evening with Mrs. King and the children.

PLAYBOY: If you could have a week's uninterrupted rest with no commitments whatever, how would you spend it?

KING: It's difficult to imagine such a thing, but if I had the luxury of an entire week, I would spend it meditating and reading, refreshing myself spiritually and intellectually. I have a deep nostalgia for the periods in the past that I was able to devote in this manner. Amidst the struggle, amidst the frustrations, amidst the endless work, I often reflect that I am forever *giving*—never pausing to take in. I feel urgently the need for even an hour of time to get away, to withdraw, to refuel. I need more time to think through what is being done, to take time out from the mechanics of the movement, to reflect on the *meaning* of the movement.

PLAYBOY: If you were marooned on the proverbial desert island, and could have with you only one book—apart from the Bible—what would it be?

KING: That's tough. Let me think about it—one book, not the Bible. Well, I think I would have to pick Plato's *Republic*. I feel that it brings together more of the insights of history than any other book. There is not a creative idea extant that is not discussed, in some way, in this work. Whatever realm of theology or philosophy is one's interest—and I am deeply interested in both—somewhere along the way, in this book, you will find the matter explored.

PLAYBOY: If you could send someone—anyone—to that desert island in your stead, who would it be?

KING: That's another tough one. Let me see, I guess I wouldn't mind seeing Mr. Goldwater dispatched to a desert island. I hope they'd *feed* him and everything, of course. I *am* nonviolent, you know. Politically, though, he's already on a desert island, so it may be unnecessary to send him there.

PLAYBOY: We take it you weren't overly distressed by his defeat in the Presidential race.

KING: Until that defeat, Goldwater was the most dangerous man in America. He talked soft and nice, but he gave aid and comfort to the most vicious racists and the most extreme rightists in America. He gave respectability to views totally alien to the democratic process. Had he won, he would have led us down a fantastic path that would have totally destroyed America as we know it.

PLAYBOY: Until his withdrawal from the race following Goldwater's nomination, Alabama's Governor Wallace was another candidate for the Presidency. What's your opinion of *his* qualifications for that office?

KING: Governor Wallace is a demagog with a capital D. He symbolizes in this country many of the evils that were alive in Hitler's Germany. He is a merchant of racism, peddling hate under the guise of States' rights. He wants to turn back the clock, for his own personal aggrandizement, and he will do literally *anything* to accomplish this. He represents the misuse, the corruption, the destruction of leadership. I am not sure that he believes all the poison that he preaches, but he is artful enough to convince others that he does. Instead of guiding people to new peaks of reasonableness, he intensifies misunderstanding, deepens suspicion and prejudice. He is perhaps the most dangerous racist in America today.

PLAYBOY: One of the most controversial issues of the past year, apart from civil rights, was the question of school prayer, which has been ruled unlawful by the Supreme Court. Governor Wallace, among others, has denounced the decision. How do you feel about it?

KING: I endorse it. I think it was correct. Contrary to what many have said, it sought to outlaw neither prayer nor belief in God. In a pluralistic society such as ours, who is to determine what prayer shall be spoken, and by whom? Legally, constitutionally or otherwise, the state certainly has no such right. I am strongly opposed to the efforts that have been made to nullify the decision. They have been motivated, I think, by little more than the wish to embarrass the Supreme Court. When I saw Brother Wallace going up to Washington to testify against the decision at the Congressional hearings, it only strengthened my conviction that the decision was right.

PLAYBOY: Governor Wallace has intimated that President Johnson, in championing the cause of civil rights only since he became Vice-President, may be guilty of "insincerity."

KING: How President Johnson may or may not have felt about or voted on civil rights during his years in Congress is less relevant, at this point, than what he has said and done about it during his tenure as President of the United States. In my opinion, he has done a good job

up to now. He is an extremely keen political man, and he has demonstrated his wisdom and his commitment in forthrightly coming to grips with the problem. He does not tire of reminding the nation of the moral issues involved. My impression is that he will remain a strong President for civil rights.

PLAYBOY: Late in 1963, you wrote, "As I look toward 1964, one fact is unmistakably clear: The thrust of the Negro toward full emancipation will *increase* rather than decrease." As last summer's riots testified, these words were unhappily prophetic. Do you foresee more violence in the year ahead?

KING: To the degree that the Negro is not thwarted in his thrust forward, I believe that one can predict *less* violence. I am not saying that there will be no demonstrations. There assuredly will, for the Negro in America has not made one civil rights gain without tense legal and extralegal pressure. If the Constitution were today applied equally and impartially to all of America's citizens, in every section of the country, in every court and code of law, there would be no need for any group of citizens to seek extralegal redress.

Our task has been a difficult one, and will continue to be, for privileged groups, historically, have not volunteered to give up their privileges. As Reinhold Niebuhr has written, individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily abandon their unjust posture, but groups tend to be more immoral, and more intransigent, than individuals. Our nonviolent direct-action program, therefore—which has proved its strength and effectiveness in more than a thousand American cities where some baptism of fire has taken place—will continue to dramatize and demonstrate against local injustices to the Negro until the last of those who impose those injustices are forced to negotiate; until, finally, the Negro wins the protections of the Constitution that have been denied to him; until society, at long last, is stricken gloriously and incurably color-blind.

PLAYBOY: In well-earned recognition of your dedication to and leadership of the struggle to achieve these goals, you became, in October of last year, the youngest man ever to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. What was your reaction to the news?

KING: It made me feel very humble indeed. But I would like to think that the award is not a personal tribute, but a tribute to the entire freedom movement, and to the gallant people of both races who surround me in the drive for civil rights which will make the American dream a reality. I think that this internationally known award will call even more attention to our struggle, gain even greater sympathy and understanding for our cause, from people all over the world. I like to think that the award recognizes symbolically the gallantry, the courage and the amazing discipline of the Negro in America, for these things are to his eternal credit. Though we have had riots, the bloodshed that we would have known without the discipline of nonviolence would have been truly frightening. I know that many whites feel the civil rights movement is getting out of hand; this may reassure them. It may let them see that basically this is a disciplined struggle, let them appreciate the *meaning* of our struggle, let them see that a great struggle for human freedom can occur within the framework of a democratic society.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that this goal will be achieved within your lifetime?

KING: I confess that I do not believe this day is around the corner. The concept of supremacy is so imbedded in the white society that it will take many years for color to cease to be a judgmental factor. But it is certainly my hope and dream. Indeed, it is the keystone of my faith in the future that we will someday achieve a thoroughly integrated society. I believe that before the turn of the century, if trends continue to move and develop as presently, we will have moved a long, long way toward such a society.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to dedicate the rest of your life, then, to the Negro cause?

KING: If need be, yes. But I dream of the day when the demands presently cast upon me will be greatly diminished. I would say that in the next five years, though, I can't hope for much letup—either in the South or in the North. After that time, it is my hope that things will taper off a bit.

PLAYBOY: If they do, what are your plans?

KING: Well, at one time I dreamed of pastoring for a few years, and then of going to a university to teach theology. But I gave that up when I became deeply involved in the civil rights struggle. Perhaps, in five years or so, if the demands on me have lightened, I will have the chance to make that dream come true.

PLAYBOY: In the meanwhile, you are now the universally acknowledged leader of the American civil rights movement, and chief spokesman for the nation's 20,000,000 Negroes. Are there ever moments when you feel awed by this burden of responsibility, or inadequate to its demands?

KING: One cannot be in my position, looked to by some for guidance, without being constantly reminded of the awesomeness of its responsibility. I live with one deep concern: Am I making the right decisions? Sometimes I am uncertain, and I must look to God for guidance. There was one morning I recall, when I was in the Birmingham jail, in solitary, with not even my lawyers permitted to visit, and I was in a nightmare of despair. The very future of our movement hung in the balance, depending upon capricious turns of events over which I could have no control there, incommunicado, in an utterly dark dungeon. This was about ten days after our Birmingham demonstrations began. Over 400 of our followers had gone to jail; some had been bailed out, but we had used up all of our money for bail, and about 300 remained in jail, and I felt personally responsible. It was then that President Kennedy telephoned my wife, Coretta. After that, my jail conditions were relaxed, and the following Sunday afternoon—it was Easter Sunday—two S.C.L.C. attorneys were permitted to visit me. The next day, word came to me from New York that Harry Belafonte had raised $50,000 that was available immediately for bail bonds, and if more was needed, he would raise that. I cannot express what I felt, but I knew at that moment that God's presence had never left me, that He had been with me there in solitary.

I subject myself to self-purification and to endless self-analysis; I question and soul-search constantly into myself to be as certain as I can that I am fulfilling the true meaning of my work, that I am maintaining my sense of purpose, that I am holding fast to my ideals, that I am guiding my people in the right direction. But whatever my doubts, however heavy the burden, I feel that I must accept the task of helping to make this nation and this world a better place to live in—for *all* men, black and white alike.

I never will forget a moment in Birmingham when a white policeman accosted a little Negro girl, seven or eight years old, who was walking in a demonstration with her mother. "What do you want?" the policeman asked her gruffly, and the little girl looked him straight in the eye and answered, "Fee-dom." She couldn't even pronounce it, but she knew. It was beautiful! Many times when I have been in sorely trying situations, the memory of that little one has come into my mind, and has buoyed me.

Similarly, not long ago, I toured in eight communities of the state of Mississippi. And I have carried with me ever since a visual image of the penniless and the unlettered, and of the expressions on their faces—of deep and courageous determination to cast off the imprint of the past and become free people. I welcome the opportunity to be a part of this great drama, for it is a drama that will determine America's destiny. If the problem is not solved, America will be on the road to its self-destruction. But if it *is* solved, America will just as surely be on the high road to the fulfillment of the founding fathers' dream, when they wrote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ."

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Part I *fiction* By
VLADIMIR NABOKOV

THE

I MET THAT WOMAN, that Matilda, during my first autumn of *émigré* existence in Berlin, in the early twenties of two spans of time, this century and my foul life. Someone had just found me a house tutor's job in a Russian family that had not yet had time to grow poor, and still subsisted on the phantasmata of its old St. Petersburg habits. I had had no previous experience in bringing up children—had not the least idea how to comport myself and what to talk about with them. There were two of them, both boys. In their presence I felt a humiliating constraint.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

EYE

what a mighty thing is human thought
that it can hurtle on beyond death

They kept count of my smokes, and this bland curiosity made me hold my cigarette at an odd, awkward angle, as if I were smoking for the first time; I kept spilling ashes in my lap, and then their clear gaze would pass attentively from my hand to the pale-gray pollen gradually rubbed into the wool.

Matilda, a friend of their parents, often visited them and stayed on for dinner. One night, as she was leaving, and there was a noisy downpour, they lent her an umbrella, and she said:

"How nice, thank you very much, the young man will see me home and bring it back." From that time on walking her home was one of my duties. I suppose she rather appealed to me, this plump, uninhibited, cow-eyed lady with her large mouth, which would gather into a crimson pucker, a would-be rosebud, when she looked in her pocket mirror to powder her face. She had slender ankles and a graceful gait, which made up for many things. She exuded a generous warmth; as soon as she appeared, I would have the feeling that the heat in the room had been turned up, and when, after disposing of this large live furnace by seeing her home, I would be walking back alone amid the liquid sounds and quicksilver gloss of the pitiless night, I would feel cold, cold to the point of nausea.

Later her husband arrived from Paris and would come to dinner with her; he was a husband like any other, and I did not pay much attention to him, except to notice the habit he had before speaking of clearing his throat into his fist with a rapid rumble; and the heavy bright-knobbed black cane with which he would tap on the floor while Matilda transformed the parting with her hostess into a buoyant soliloquy. After a month her husband left, and, the very first night I was seeing her home, Matilda invited me to come up to take a book she had been persuading me to read for a long time, something in French called *Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe*. It was raining as usual, and there were tremulous halos around the street lamps; my right hand was immersed in the hot fur of her moleskin coat; with my left I held an open umbrella, drummed upon by the night. This umbrella—later, in Matilda's apartment—lay expanded near a steam radiator, and kept dripping, dripping, shedding a tear every half-minute, and so managed to run up a large puddle. As for the book, I forgot to take it.

Matilda was not my first mistress. Before her, I was loved by a seamstress in St. Petersburg. She too was plump, and she too kept advising me to read a certain novelette (*Murochka, the Story of a Woman's Life*). Both of these ample ladies would emit, during the sexual storm, a shrill, astonished, infantile peep, and sometimes it seemed to me that it had been a waste of effort, everything I had gone through when escaping from Bolshevist Russia, by crossing, frightened to death, the Finnish border (even if it was by express train and with a prosaic permit), only to pass from one embrace to another almost identical one. Furthermore, Matilda soon began to bore me. She had one constant and, to me, depressing subject of conversation—her husband. This man, she would say, was a noble brute. He would kill her on the spot if he found out. He worshiped her and was savagely jealous. Once in Constantinople he had grabbed an enterprising Frenchman and slapped him several times against the floor, like a rag. He was so passionate, it frightened you. But he was beautiful in his cruelty. I would try to change the subject, but this was Matilda's hobbyhorse, which she straddled with her strong fat thighs. The image she created of her husband was hard to reconcile with the appearance of the man I had hardly noticed; at the same time I found it highly unpleasant to conjecture that perhaps it was not her fantasy at all, and at that moment a jealous fiend in Paris, sensing his predicament, was acting the banal role assigned to him by his wife: gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes, and breathing heavily through the nose.

Often, as I trudged home, my cigarette case empty, my face burning in the auroral breeze as if I had just removed theatrical make-up, every step sending a throb of pain echoing through my head, I would inspect my puny little bliss from this side and that, and marvel, and pity myself, and feel despondent and afraid. The summit of lovemaking was for me but a bleak knoll with a relentless view. After all, in order to live happily, a man must know now and then a few moments of perfect blankness. Yet I was always exposed, always wide-eyed; even in sleep I did not cease to watch over myself, understanding nothing of my existence, growing crazy at the thought of not being able to stop being aware of myself, and envying all those simple people—clerks, revolutionaries, shopkeepers—who, with confidence and concentration, go about their little jobs. I had no shell of that kind; and on those terrible, pastel-blue mornings, as my heels tapped across the wilderness of the city, I would imagine somebody who goes mad because he begins to perceive clearly the motion of the terrestrial sphere: there he is, staggering, trying to keep his balance, clutching at the furniture; or else settling down in a window seat with an excited grin, like that of the stranger on a train who turns to you with the words: "Really burning up the track, isn't she!" But soon, all the swaying and rocking would make him sick; he would start sucking on a lemon or an ice cube, and lie down flat on the floor, but all in vain. The motion cannot be stopped, the driver is blind, the brakes are nowhere to be found—and his heart would burst when the speed became intolerable.

And how lonely I was! Matilda, who would inquire coyly if I wrote poetry; Matilda, who on the stairs or at the door would artfully incite me to kiss her, only for the opportunity to give a sham shiver and passionately whisper, "You insane boy . . ."; Matilda, of course, did not count. And whom else did I know in Berlin? The secretary of an organization for the assistance of *émigrés*; the family that employed me as tutor; Mr. Weinstock, the owner of a Russian bookshop; the little old German lady from whom I had formerly rented a room—a meager list. Thus, my whole defenseless being invited calamity. One evening the invitation was accepted.

It was around six. The air indoors was growing heavy with the fall of dusk, and I was barely able to make out the lines of the humorous Chekhov story that I was reading in a stumbling voice to my charges; but I did not dare turn on the lights: those boys had a strange, unchildlike bent for thriftiness, a certain odious housekeeping instinct; they knew the exact prices of sausage, butter, electricity, various makes of cars. As I read aloud *The Double-Bass Romance*, trying vainly to entertain them, and feeling ashamed for myself and for the poor author, I knew they realized my struggle with the blurring dusk and were coolly waiting to see if I would last until the first light came on in the house across the street to set the example. I made it, and light was my reward.

I was just preparing to put greater animation in my voice (at the approach of the most hilarious passage in the story) when suddenly the telephone rang in the hall. We were alone in the flat, and the boys immediately jumped up and raced each other toward the jangling. I remained with the open book in my lap, smiling tenderly at the interrupted line. The call, it turned out, was for me. I sat down in a crackling wicker armchair and put the receiver to my ear. My pupils stood by, one on my right, the other on my left, imperturbably watching me.

"I'm on my way over," said a male voice. "You will be home, I trust?"

"Your trust shall not be betrayed," I answered cheerfully. "But who are you?"

"You don't recognize me? So much the better—it'll be a surprise," said the voice.

"But I'd like to know who is speaking," I insisted, laughing. (Afterward it was only with horror and shame that I could recall the arch playfulness of my tone.)

"In due time," said the voice tersely.

Here I really started to frolic. "But why? Why?" I asked. "What an amusing way to . . ." I realized that I was talking to a vacuum, shrugged, and hung up.

We returned to the parlor. I said, "Now then, where were we?" and, having found the place, resumed reading.

Nevertheless, I felt an odd restlessness. As I read aloud mechanically, I kept wondering who this guest might be. A new arrival from Russia? I vaguely went through the faces and voices I knew—alas, they were not many—and I stopped for some reason at a student named Ushakov. The memory of my single university year in Russia, and of my loneliness there, hoarded this Ushakov like a

(continued overleaf)

"Will this be your first trip to Bali, Miss Jackson?"

treasure. When, during a conversation, I would assume a knowing, faintly dreamy expression at the mention of the festive song "*Gaudeamus igitur*" and reckless student days, it meant I was thinking of Ushakov, even though, God knows, I had had only a couple of chats with him (about political or other trifles, I forget what). It was hardly likely, though, that he would be so mysterious over the telephone. I lost myself in conjecture, imagining now a Communist agent, now an eccentric millionaire in need of a secretary.

The doorbell. Again the boys dashed headlong into the hall. I put down my book and strolled after them. With great gusto and dexterity they drew the little steel bolt, fiddled with some additional gadget, and the door opened.

A strange recollection . . . Even now, now that many things have changed, my heart sinks when I summon up that strange recollection, like a dangerous criminal from his cell. It was then that a whole wall of my life crumbled, quite noiselessly, as on the silent screen. I understood that something catastrophic was about to happen, but there was undoubtedly a smile on my face, and, if I am not mistaken, an ingratiating one; and my hand, reaching out, doomed to meet a void, and anticipating that void, nevertheless sought to complete the gesture (associated in my mind with the ring of the phrase "elementary courtesy").

"Down with that hand," were the guest's first words, as he looked at my proffered palm—which was already sinking into an abyss.

No wonder I had not recognized his voice a moment ago. What had come out over the telephone as a certain strained quality distorting a familiar timbre was, in effect, a quite exceptional rage, a thick sound that never until then had I heard in any human voice. That scene remains in my memory like a *tableau vivant*: the brightly lit hall; I, not knowing what to do with my rejected hand; a boy on the right and a boy on the left, both looking not at the visitor but at me; and the visitor himself, in an olive raincoat with fashionable shoulder loops, his face pale as if paralyzed by a photographer's flash—with protruding eyes, dilated nostrils, and a lip replete with venom under the black equilateral triangle of his trimmed mustache. Then began a barely perceptible movement: his lips smacked as they came unstuck, and the thick black cane in his hand twitched slightly; I could no longer take my eyes off that cane.

"What is it?" I asked. "What's the matter? There must be a misunderstanding . . . Surely, a misunderstanding . . ." At this point I found a humiliating, impossible place for my still unaccommodated, still yearning hand: in a vague attempt to retain my dignity, I let my hand rest on the shoulder of one of my pupils; the boy glanced at it askance.

"Look, my good fellow," blurted the visitor, "move away just a bit. I shan't harm them, you don't have to protect them. What I need is some room, because I'm about to beat the dust out of you."

"This is not your house," I said. "You have no right to make a row. I don't understand what you want of me . . ."

He hit me. He caught me a loud, hot crack right on the shoulder, and I lurched to one side from the force of the blow, causing the wicker chair to scuttle out of my way like a live thing. He bared his teeth and got ready to hit me again. The blow landed on my raised arm. Here I retreated and dodged into the parlor. He came after me. Another curious detail: I was shouting at the top of my voice, addressing him by name and patronymic, loudly asking him what I had done to him. When he caught up with me again, I tried to protect myself with a cushion I had grabbed on the run, but he knocked it out of my hand. "This is a disgrace," I shouted. "I'm unarmed. I've been slandered. You'll pay for this . . ." I took refuge behind a table, and as before, everything froze for a moment into a tableau. There he was, teeth bared, cane upraised, and, behind him, on either side of the door, stood the boys: perhaps my memory is stylized at this point, but, so help me, I really believe that one was leaning with folded arms against the wall, while the other sat on the arm of a chair, both imperturbably watching the punishment being administered to me. Presently everything was in motion again, and all four of us passed into the next room; the level of his attack lowered viciously, my hands formed an abject fig leaf, and then, with a horrible blinding blow, he whacked me across the face. How curious that I personally could never bring myself to hit anyone, no matter how badly he might have offended me, and now, under his heavy cane, not only was I unable to strike back (not being versed in the manly arts), but even in those moments of pain and humiliation could not imagine myself raising a hand against my fellow man, especially if that fellow man were angry and strong; nor did I try to escape to my room, where, in a drawer, lay a revolver—acquired, alas, only to frighten off ghosts.

The contemplative immobility of my two pupils, the different poses in which they froze like frescoes at the end of this room or that, the obliging way they turned on the lights the moment I backed into the dark dining room—all this must be a perceptional illusion—disjointed impressions to which I have imparted significance and permanence, and, for that matter, just as arbitrary as the raised knee of a politician stopped by the camera not in the act of dancing a jig but merely in that of crossing a puddle.

In reality, it seems, they were not present throughout my execution; at a certain moment, fearing for their parents' furniture, they dutifully started to phone the police (an attempt that the man cut short by a thunderous roar), but I do not know where to place this moment—at the beginning, or at that apotheosis of suffering and horror when at last I fell limply to the floor, exposing my rounded back to his blows, and kept repeating hoarsely, "Enough, enough, I have a weak heart . . . Enough, I have a weak . . ." My heart, let me remark parenthetically, has always functioned quite well.

A minute later, it was all over. He lit a cigarette, panting loudly and rattling the matchbox; he hung around for a while, appraising matters, and then, saying something about a "little lesson," adjusted his hat and hurried out. I immediately got up from the floor and headed for my room. The boys ran after me. One of them tried to scramble through the door. I hurled him away with a blow of the elbow, and I know it hurt. I locked the door, rinsed my face, nearly crying out from the caustic contact of water, then pulled my suitcase from under the bed and began packing. It was hard—my back ached and my left hand did not work properly.

When I went out into the hall with my coat on, carrying the heavy suitcase, the boys reappeared. I did not even glance at them. As I descended the stairs, I felt them watching me from above, straining over the banisters. A little way down I met their music teacher; Tuesday happened to be her day. She was a meek Russian girl with glasses and bandy legs. I did not greet her but, turning away my swollen face and spurred on by the deathly silence of her surprise, rushed out into the street.

Before committing suicide I wanted to write a few traditional letters and, for five minutes at least, to sit in safety. Therefore I hailed a taxi and went to my former address. Luckily my familiar room was vacant, and the little old landlady started making the bed right away—a wasted effort. I waited impatiently for her to leave, but she fussed on for a long time, filling the pitcher, filling the decanter, drawing the blind, jerking at a stuck cord or something as she looked up, with open black mouth. At last, after emitting a farewell mew, she left. .

A wretched, shivering, vulgar little man in a bowler hat stood in the center of the room, for some reason rubbing his hands. That is the glimpse I caught of myself in the mirror. Then I quickly opened the suitcase and took out writing paper and envelopes, found a miserable pencil stub in my pocket, and sat down

(continued on page 92)

renaissance man peter ustinov pictures what the world would have been like had seraglios always been the scene

WHEN PETER USTINOV told us that he would be playing King Fawz, ruler of the mythical, oil-rich desert land of Fawzia, in his latest 20th Century-Fox film, *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, we asked to hear more about it. The good king, Peter explained, true to his counterparts and prototypes, boasts an infinite number of piasters, and a similar supply of wives lovingly living together in that apotheosis of togetherness—the harem. This led us to ponder the fact that, though the harem has long been one of the happier aspects of Arabian life, it has unfortunately been frowned upon by most other cultures. What, we wondered, would history have been like if the seraglio had displaced monogamy as the connubial keystone of civilization? We then asked Peter to lend his talents to an exclusive pictorial depicting a hypothetical chronicle of harems; he readily agreed, and pitched into our parody with the same enthusiasm he devotes to making the ludicrously lecherous potentate in *John Goldfarb* a characterization of delightfully larger-than-life proportions.

A Hypothetical History of Harems

A Cro-Magnon man who was an ace of clubs might conceivably have accumulated a caveful of bare-skinned cuties, thereby coming up with the first harem. As Peter demonstrates, he may have looked a bit peaked, what with the strenuous stickwork that would have been required to build up a sizable seraglio-on-the-rocks. Our primitive pasha would have accrued his crew by following one of the world's premier dicta—or, as it was called, a stone axiom—to wit: "Grunt softly and carry a big stick."

When Dante Alighieri went straight to hell, things might not have been half bad if he had been able to surround himself with a bevy of its most tempting distaff denizens. After all, what better place to find prime candidates for a harem than where angels fear to tread? Devil-may-care Ustinov demonstrates how Dante's inferno might have been made far from infernal; a hell-raising seraglio would have permitted him to make hades while the sun didn't shine. And, as we all know—some like it hot.

Britain's bulbous, bibulous monarch, Henry VIII, took his food in wholesale quantities and his wives one at a time. And therein lay the source of his troubles. Had he cut down the caloric intake while making the welkin ring in Windsor with a number of merry wives, he might have avoided the gout and domestic unpleasantries. But then, Henry might never have been able to go the no-cal route. Peter plays a piggish Henry with bigger eyes for a roast porker than the other succulent dishes.

With such dolorous chaps as Legs Diamond, Greasy Thumb Guzik and Lucky Luciano for fellow entrepreneurs, a gangster in the Twenties was hard put to avoid going out of business—permanently. It would have been more astute for a mobster of Scarface Ustinov's ilk, shown in a boozeness suit, to organize a gang of shady ladies. His harem might have included gun molls (.44-.22-.38), speak-easy dancers, and even a pre-Lolita apprentice mobstress. The name of his mob? The Touchables

The original beatnik—that peculiar post-World War II phenomenon whose cool world encompassed dank coffeehouses, scruffy beards and a dilettante dabbling in avant-garde art, Zen, "meaningful" folk music and meaningless poetry—might have found a better source of inspiration in his pursuit of the Muses if he had central-heated his cold-water loft with a beatchick harem. Then, if a square society rebuffed him, he'd have had a padful of swingingly hip, swinging-hipped kitties to come home to.

Current mores and cost-of-living indices being what they are, the oil-rich sheik is among the few who are fiscally ready, philosophically willing and legally able to maintain a harem in the style to which we would all like to become accustomed. It can have its drawbacks, however. Here, Ali Ben Ustinov, his natural resources depleted by too many Arabian nights with a surfeit of houris, concentrates on the unveiled charms of a PLAYBOY *gatefold girl and dreams about a visit to the United States—solo.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

THE EYE *(continued from page 84)*

at the table. It turned out, however, that I had no one to write to. I knew few people and loved no one. So the idea of the letters was discarded, and the rest was discarded too; I had vaguely imagined that I must tidy up things, put on clean linen, and leave all my money—20 marks—in an envelope with a note saying who should receive it. I became aware now that I had decided all this not today but long ago, at various times, when I used to imagine lightheartedly how people went about shooting themselves. Thus a confirmed city dweller who receives an unexpected invitation from a country friend begins by acquiring a flask and a sturdy pair of boots, not because they might actually be needed, but unconsciously, as a consequence of certain former, untested thoughts about the countryside with its long walks through the woods and mountains. But when he arrives, there are no woods and no mountains, nothing but flat farmland, and no one wants to stride along the highway in the heat. I saw now, as one sees a real turnip field instead of the picture-postcard glens and glades, how conventional were my former ideas on presuicidal occupations; a man who has decided upon self-destruction is far removed from mundane affairs, and to sit down and write his will would be, at that moment, an act just as absurd as winding up one's watch, since, together with the man, the whole world is destroyed; the last letter is instantly reduced to dust and, with it, all the postmen; and like smoke, vanishes the estate bequeathed to a nonexistent progeny.

A thing I had long suspected—the world's absurdity—became obvious to me. I suddenly felt unbelievably free, and the freedom itself was an indication of that absurdity. I took the 20-mark note and tore it up into little pieces. I removed my wrist watch, dashed it to the floor, and kept dashing it until it stopped. It occurred to me that, if I wished, I could, at that moment, run out into the street and, with vulgar expletives of lust, embrace any woman I chose; or shoot the first person I met, or smash a store window . . . That was about all I could think of: the imagination of lawlessness has a limited range.

Cautiously, clumsily, I loaded the revolver, then turned off the light. The thought of death, which had once so frightened me, was now an intimate and simple affair. I was afraid, terribly afraid of the monstrous pain the bullet might cause me; but to be afraid of the black velvety sleep, of the even darkness, so much more acceptable and comprehensible than life's motley insomnia? Nonsense—how could one be afraid of *that*? Standing in the middle of the dark room, I unbuttoned my shirt, leaned forward from the hips, felt for and located my heart between the ribs. It was throbbing like a small animal you want to carry to a safe place, a fledgling or field mouse to which you cannot explain that there is nothing to fear, that, on the contrary, you are acting for its own good. But it was so much alive, my heart; I found it somehow repugnant to press the barrel tight against the thin skin under which a portable world was resiliently pulsating, and therefore I drew away my awkwardly bent arm a little, so that the steel would not touch my naked chest. Then I braced myself and fired. There was a strong jolt, and a delightful vibrating sound rang out behind me, that vibration I shall never forget. It was immediately replaced by the warble of water, a throaty gushing noise. I inhaled, and choked on liquidity; everything within me and around me was aflow and astir. I found myself kneeling on the floor; I put out my hand to steady myself but it sank into the floor as into bottomless water.

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Some time later, if one can speak here of time at all, it became clear that after death human thought lives on by momentum. I was tightly swaddled in something—was it a shroud? was it simply taut darkness? I remembered everything—my name, life on earth—with perfect clarity, and found wonderful comfort in the thought that now there was nothing to worry about. With mischievous and carefree logic I progressed from the incomprehensible sensation of tight bandages to the idea of a hospital, and, at once obedient to my will, a spectral hospital ward materialized around me, and I had neighbors, mummies like me, three on either side. What a mighty thing was human thought, that it could hurtle on beyond death! Heaven knows how much longer it would pulsate and create images after my defunct brain had long ceased to be of any use. The familiar crater of a hollow tooth was still with me, and, paradoxically, this afforded some comic relief. I was a bit curious as to how they had buried me, whether there had been a Requiem Mass, and who had come to the funeral.

How persistently, though, and how thoroughly—as if it had been missing its former activity—my thought went about contriving the semblance of a hospital, and the semblance of white-clad human forms moving among the beds, from one of which issued the semblance of human moans. I good-naturedly yielded to these illusions, exciting them, goading them on, until I had managed to create a complete, natural picture, the simple case of a light wound caused by an inaccurate bullet passing clean through the *serratus*; here a doctor (whom I had created) appeared, and hastened to confirm my carefree conjecture. Then, as I was laughingly swearing that I had been clumsily unloading the revolver, my little old lady also appeared, wearing a black straw hat trimmed with cherries. She sat down by my bed, asked how I felt, and, slyly shaking her finger at me, mentioned a pitcher that had been smashed by the bullet . . . oh, how cunningly, in what simple, everyday terms my thought explained the ringing and the gurgling that had accompanied me into nonexistence!

I assumed that the posthumous momentum of my thought would soon play itself out, but apparently, while I was still alive, my imagination had been so fertile that enough of it remained to last for a long time. It went on developing the theme of recovery, and pretty soon had me discharged from the hospital. The restoration of a Berlin street looked a great success—and as I glided off along the sidewalk, delicately trying out my still weak, practically disembodied feet, I thought about everyday matters: that I had to have my watch repaired, and get some cigarettes; and that I had no money. Catching myself with these thoughts—not very alarming ones, for that matter—I vividly evoked the 20-mark note, flesh-colored with an auburn shading, that I had torn up prior to my suicide, and my sensation of freedom and impunity at that moment. Now, however, my action acquired a certain vindictive significance, and I was glad that I had limited myself to a melancholy caprice and had not gone to frolic in the street. For I knew now that after death human thought, liberated from the body, keeps on moving in a sphere where everything is interconnected as before, and has a relative degree of sense, and that a sinner's torment in the afterworld consists precisely in that his tenacious mind cannot find peace until it manages to unravel the complex consequences of his reckless terrestrial actions.

I walked along remembered streets; everything greatly resembled reality, and yet there was nothing to prove that I was not dead and that Passauer Strasse was not a postexistent chimera. I saw myself from the outside, treading water as it were, and was both touched and frightened like an inexperienced ghost watching the existence of a person whose inner lining, inner night, mouth, and taste-in-the-mouth, he knew as well as that person's shape.

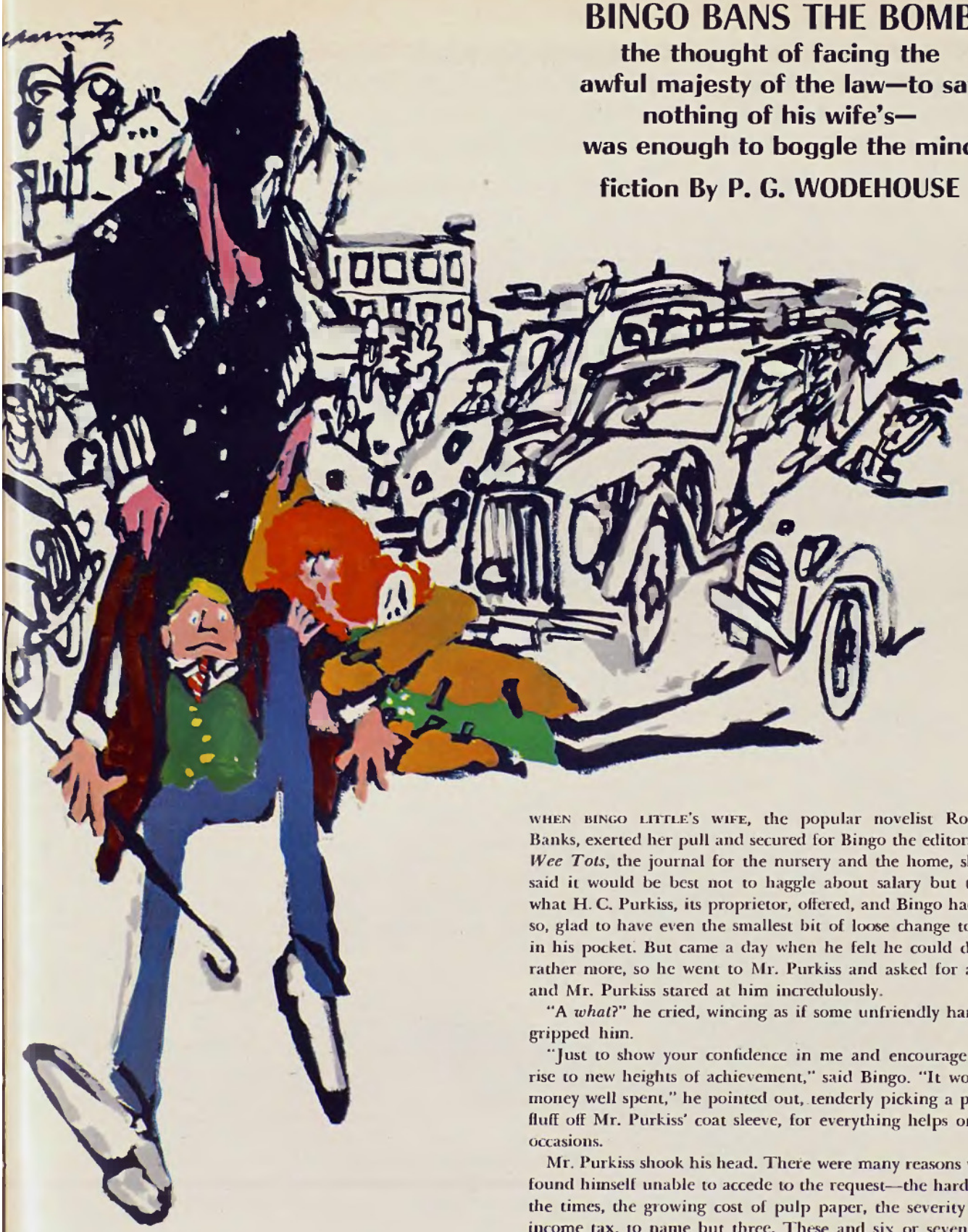
My floating mechanical motion brought me to Weinstock's shop. Russian books, instantly printed to humor me, promptly appeared in the window. For a fraction of a second some of the titles still seemed hazy; I focused on them and the haze cleared. The bookshop was empty when I came in, and a cast-iron stove burned in a corner with the dull

(continued on page 218)

BINGO BANS THE BOMB

the thought of facing the awful majesty of the law—to say nothing of his wife's—was enough to boggle the mind

fiction By P. G. WODEHOUSE



WHEN BINGO LITTLE'S WIFE, the popular novelist Rosie M. Banks, exerted her pull and secured for Bingo the editorship of *Wee Tots*, the journal for the nursery and the home, she had said it would be best not to haggle about salary but to take what H. C. Purkiss, its proprietor, offered, and Bingo had done so, glad to have even the smallest bit of loose change to rattle in his pocket. But came a day when he felt he could do with rather more, so he went to Mr. Purkiss and asked for a raise, and Mr. Purkiss stared at him incredulously.

"A *what*?" he cried, wincing as if some unfriendly hand had gripped him.

"Just to show your confidence in me and encourage me to rise to new heights of achievement," said Bingo. "It would be money well spent," he pointed out, tenderly picking a piece of fluff off Mr. Purkiss' coat sleeve, for everything helps on these occasions.

Mr. Purkiss shook his head. There were many reasons why he found himself unable to accede to the request—the hardness of the times, the growing cost of pulp paper, the severity of the income tax, to name but three. These and six or seven others he placed before his right-hand man, and an hour or so later, his daily task completed, the right-hand man went on his way, feeling like a left-hand man.

The June evening was one of those fine evenings that come to London perhaps twice in the course of an English summer, but its beauty struck no answering chord in Bingo's soul. The sun was smiling, but he could not raise so much as a simper. The skies were blue, but he was *(continued on page 206)*

"I see you're having a hard time falling asleep, too, Miss Collins . . . !"

article **By TERRY SOUTHERN**

SEEING IS BELIEVING

the co-author of "candy" and "strangelove" argues that a new generation of adventurous film makers is picking up the standard of controversy dropped by traditional novelists

IF YOU SHOULD EVER stop to think about the number of stories or books you pick up and then just lay down, almost in the same sentence as it were—compared specifically with the number of movies you walk out of during the first five minutes—then you may find yourself locked into an unsentimental comparison of the two as Boss Medium, creativewise. Such comparison is not a comfortable undertaking—due to the tremendous amount of prestige-leverage the written word has going in. Who, after all, would be so crassly unconventional as to compare Antonioni with Proust, Fellini with Shakespeare—or even Richardson with Fielding? The approach to understanding, then, is obviously along lines other than simple hero worship; and the most reassuring, I would suggest, is the purely rational or, for want of a better descriptive, that which is known. What we are dealing with in this area (of art and communication) are the *empathic sensory perceptions*, and what is known about them, while limited, is quite exact. The primary experience is one which involves all the sensory perceptions, and is for that reason unique. Consider the phenomenon of a person who is crossing the street and is hit by a car. There is but one primary experience, and that is of the person who is actually hit. All other experiences of the same instant in time and space are removed—and in the degree to which they are removed, so is the involvement of the experiencers, their awareness, their perception of the experience itself. If the most "engaging" thing is to be hit by the car oneself, the next is to witness it—to see and hear the impact of metal against flesh, the sounds of pain. Seeing, as they say, is believing. And the involvement is nearly unbearable—compared, that is, with reading about it. If it is to be argued that the accomplished writer has means of conjuring up the right images, even those which outdo reality, consider how much more can be "suggested" through the magic of the camera. Given two creators of equal talent, the difference would be like that of two competing chefs—one using flour and water, the other using sirloin and a dozen spices; it's no trick knowing in front who will come off Top Griddle.

According to the conventional aesthetic scheme, a novel was to be more highly regarded than a play, and a play, in turn, more highly regarded than a film. The ultimate effect of television, however, has rattled this hierarchy so severely that theater, for example, no longer exists as a cultural force of any real strength. As a serious art form it survives solely in extremely curtailed off-Broadway circumstances, and there most often through an eccentric playgoers' mystique—or, at its best, as a substitute medium for the tiny body of work ("happenings," etc.) which still legitimately resists cinematic treatment.

It is not simply the *existence* of television that is responsible for the shake-up, but the fact that about seven or eight years ago the major studios—in order to show a better balance sheet for that particular year—began to unload their back catalogs of feature films onto the television networks. In terms of economic buoyancy, this had effects comparable to those achieved by cutting the cables on an elevator; the already declining movie attendance took an alarming nose dive: Within two years it was down to less than 50 percent of the pre-TV figure. Persons concerned began to notice that the only theaters now making it were the ones showing films that were categorically different from those running on TV—"cheap foreign films." The major studios, however, were reluctant to undertake development of a product whose values were almost perfectly antithetical to those their own work had always asserted. And so, while they feebly pondered on how to create a category of film that was different yet still lousy, independent production was born—and with it came the last twist of the knife for the bloated mogul. New blood and new power were at once in ascendance; the commercial success of such films as *L'Avventura, Jules and Jim, La Dolce Vita, The 400 Blows, Last Year at Marienbad, Dr. Strangelove, 8½, Tom Jones*, etc., left the major studios so totally confused that in the end (today) their orientation is the exact reverse of what it used to be. Now they put up money for films without the least notion of what they are doing (except backing winners). They wander the halls of the Irving Thalberg Building, shuffling along like men in an asylum, grotesquely out of place *(concluded on page 192)*

CALIFORNIA
TEXAS

EVERY FOUR years America renews itself. The President delivers his inaugural and the country and the world wait for him to answer the great collective question: Now will he deliver on his promises? Already stored in the nation's attic are the trappings of last summer's political conventions. To rummage through those faded souvenirs one would think they were left over from an already-forgotten high school football game. But as we take a backward look we reflect that those buttons and bows are not the playthings of an undergraduate cheering section but of its politically minded parents and grandparents gathered together for their unique quadrennial rites.

Every four years finds this summer madness as American as apple pie à la mode, doughnuts dunked in coffee, hot dogs anointed with yellow mustard, drum majorettes, 4-H hog-calling and beauty contests, Billy Graham, floating crap games, Christmas office parties, flagpole sitting, bingo, advertising jingles, Momism and, lately, Big Daddyism. But there is a method in this summer madness, this all-inclusive political big top that envelops all of the above and, indeed, boasts everything from milestones of social philosophy to funny hats, gaudy balloons and mechanical noisemakers. I'm referring, of course, to the political convention. Not only the ones I observed this past summer, but the American phenomenon of premeditated and haphazard political process through which our motley but somehow effective major political parties manage to select their Presidential candidates.

We are a kind of democracy, which means our leadership is chosen with a considerable degree of popular choice. But the type of republic cast by each democracy reflects the very special ethos, the way of being, of the people who flesh it and mind it. Just as the Greek city-states differed in the atmosphere and quality of their institutions from the Roman Republic, so today our American

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS AS SHOWBIZ

hoopla and hokum, circus and pageant, this uniquely american spectacle—a rite and a right of democracy—still manages to fulfill its function

article **By BUDD SCHULBERG**

democracy differs from the British form, the French style, the Canadian attempt, the groping South American adventures in representative government. Our wacky, ingenious, baffling, blundering, tasteless, but often, inexplicably, responsible political conventions are the measure of our difference. They are an embarrassing and yet reassuring sign of our unique political pragmatism. England may snort and France may shrug, India may regard us with a patronizing smile and Mexico may watch on her newly installed television screen and laugh at the antics of those crazy gringos. The only answer to them all: It works. Somehow out of all the confusion, hoopla, leaden showmanship, verbosity, duplicity, single-mindedness and triple talk, the damn thing works.

Attending a convention is something like throwing yourself into the jerry-built pistons, levers, cogs and coils of a giant-sized Rube Goldberg contraption. The component parts are obviously absurd, much of it is there strictly for laughs and has no ostensible use, a good deal of it is clearly, quaintly obsolete, it's at least ten times larger than it would have been if its creators had known how to build an efficient machine, and yet, like the hammer that finally drives home the nail at the far end of an outrageous Rube Goldberg device, the crazy thing finally delivers. Its cumbersome machinery has ground out nominations for great leaders from Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt to F. D. R. and J. F. K. Through the coils of mediocrity have emerged men of intelligence and moral courage like Sam Tilden, Horace Greeley, Woodrow Wilson, Wendell Willkie and Adlai Stevenson. Our political convention is a paradox, a most congenial paradox. For every slob of a Warren G. Harding cynically chosen by the party satraps in that glorious institution known as the smoke-filled room, one thinks of a dozen able and qualified men, from Martin Van Buren to Lyndon Johnson, who became the darlings of their conventions. Even Hoover, Eisenhower and Nixon, that triumvirate of aging boy scouts, cannot be faulted as the legitimate choices of their conventions, expressing the collective personality of the Grand Old Party. They say a country gets the leaders it deserves and the same holds true for the country-on-the-half-shell we find at major political conventions.

One reason our conventions are so confusing, and yet so typical of us is that we really do not have political parties, in the European sense. Only rarely, as in 1936 and 1964, do our major parties represent a clear choice between liberal and conservative, in the manner of the British division. And certainly not the fine shadings from far left to far right that have made French and Italian politics so frustratingly complex. No, our parties are tents as big as the sky thrown over millionaires and workers left of center, egalitarian democrats who passionately believe in liberty and justice for all, and red-necked or stiff-white-collar bigots who would block their schools and their neighborhoods to Negro children, genuine pacifists who welcome the nuclear test ban and hot-blooded zealots who would trigger the bomb at the drop of an ultimatum. These extremes are still to be found in both major parties and it is an incredible fact that every four years, given some scattered but spectacular exceptions, these wildly diverse elements from sober Maine to erratic California pour into their hopped-up headquarters from San Francisco to Atlantic City, from Chicago to Los Angeles, and agree on a platform—be it ever so evasive—and a Man Who.

A decade ago when the party of Stevenson of Illinois was also the party of Russell of Georgia, Europeans were bemused. Clearly in a sophisticated political order each would lead his own party to demonstrate their widely divergent policies. In that same convention year, when Eisenhower was lead into the list against Taft, it was the liberal East of Lodge and Rockefeller outmaneuvering the stolidly conservative Middle West of Bricker, Halleck and Dirksen. At San Francisco last summer, when the Goldwater *coup de party* changed the face of what had been traditional Republicanism, the convention only came to life to drown out Rockefeller with its angry boos. Yet Rocky had barely lost the vital California primary to Goldwater, commanding the support of 49 percent of that state's more than 3,000,000 Republicans. The man that convention did not want to hear had the support of the Atlantic seaboard Goldwater sorely needed in his lonely race against "the President of all the people." But that was an unconventional convention, for the Birchers and the hard-core Goldwaterites who filled the Cow Palace were vindictive winners who refused to accommodate the moderate opposition. This was reactionary idealism at work, rather than the search for soothing compromise to fit together the oddly divergent pieces in the crazy jig-saw puzzles we call political conventions.

We may laugh at the Prohibition Party, but at least we don't expect to find anyone at its conventions boldly espousing the cause of booze. We may snicker at the Trotskyite Party ticket, but at least it maintains its own political purity. You won't find any Trotskyites sweating over a platform that somehow will be appealing or at least acceptable to implacable capitalists and die-hard Communists alike. But the Republican Platform Committee spent exhaustingly verbose days last summer trying to devise ingenious ways of saying they were against the Civil Rights Bill without quite driving away the Scrantons and Rockefellers and Romneys and Keatings who accepted civil rights as a fact of life we must learn to live with in the middle Sixties. It is these contrasting policies over which the party leaders try to throw their unwieldy tent that lends an air of the ridiculous to our great conventions. If *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* is considered way-out Theater of the Absurd, it is still a mild exercise in surreality compared to some of the more outlandish contradictions fired and fused in that unique American kiln of "political unity."

Could anything be funnier, for instance, than the vaudeville turn in which Ev Dirksen, the garrulous old lion from Illinois and G. O. P. Senate leader of the fight *for* the Civil Rights Bill, nominates for President the Republican Senator who voted *against* the Civil Rights Bill? In *Alice in Wonderland* this would be considered wonderful nonsense. In conventionland it becomes political realism. For months Ev Dirksen had been extolling civil rights, as only he can extol, as the most vital piece of legislation facing the nation. Yet there he was, up there on the podium, apparently in good conscience or in nonconscience, telling us why he wanted as our next President the man whose name had become a rallying call for the white backlashers who wanted to follow Barry on his brave march backward into the past. Or at that same significant and absolutely absurd convention let us examine the case of poor Bill Scranton, the well-heeled Mod from Scranton, Pennsylvania. On the eve of their convention, Poor Bill had been calling Backlash Barry just about every dirty name in the political book, and a few that even went beyond that permissive lexicon. If the big gun from Arizona was nominated, Scranton darkly warned his disorganized last-minute men, at worst we would be plunged into the ultimate darkness of nuclear war, at best the Republicans would be unable to survive the leadership of this irresponsible Don Quixote who seemed bent on driving their party to self-destruction. They were meant to be words of fire, but they fell on the convention like cold matzo balls and there was the spectacle of Scranton on his hands and knees eating every one of them in the closing days of the convention, and through the lackluster fall.

Sometimes it is the comedians, not the politicians, who have the last word at these political tentings, and as Mort Sahl surveyed the philosophical shambles of San Francisco he was heard to say, "This would never have happened if Eisenhower had been alive." As if out to prove the accuracy of Mort's shaft, the ex-President–general who copes with the niceties of our language as if he had just memorized it somewhat imperfectly from

(continued on page 221)

MISCH KOHN

REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS FUTURE

provocative prophecies on what will prove to be the wellsprings for man's faith in the space age

credo BY RAY BRADBURY

PROUST LAY in his cork-lined room and shuttled his mind back through the tapestry of life spent, gone and never to be touched again.

Some few of us writers walk out at Cape Kennedy amidst blueprints of 70-story-tall gantries yet to be built and remember the future as best we can.

Lucky Proust. With the past safely over, he could indifferently sprawl abed and puzzle its bits together.

But our future rushes upon us. It panics us to see it loom, threatening us with fire across the sky. To read the symbols it writes on space with some prescience is our everlasting, frightening and exhilarating job.

So let us stand on the Cape together and watch those new star constellations that will not hold still, the rockets of earthmen writing fresh Columbian history upon tideless seas.

And watching, consider that our time is the time of the three searches.

The search for national purpose.

The search for peace.

The search for a new image of God.

We ask ourselves what we are and do not know.

We wish for peace and it darts ahead, eluding us in a confused chase.

Our churches feel hollowness in their bones. Their naves echo to an emptiness of people. The pews gather a filtering down of dust.

It is indeed our year of dis-ease. Put mildly, we are troubled.

The years between now and the end of the century seem long. We wonder if space can somehow give them meaning.

I believe that space *will* give us new purpose, destroy war and reshape God.

Each of the three searches could be a book. Each cannot be considered separate from the others. For what is national purpose relates to war and peace which in turn relates or disrelates us to our Creator.

But at the outset let us consider each in turn and fuse them, finally, in our summation.

First let us realize that we stand on the verge of a billion-year period of new history. Our greatest age yet lies ahead. We will come from it transmuted, transformed, forever different than we are at this moment and this hour.

It is hard, therefore, to see the permutations of possible mankind. Walking along the shore of space we have as yet to pick up the shards and nerve endings of our new selves. We have only begun to test the nightmares and the torments which will be grander and more terrifying than any others in memory. Still ahead lie the wonders that will bloom for us in the gardens of space and reaffirm our excitements about life and living itself.

Nowhere is the prospect more exciting and revivifying than in the unceasing pursuit of God Himself.

That pursuit must end in our time.

Man must be put back at the center of the universe, where he once began, and from which he fell away at the beginnings of knowledge, and to which he must return with the new knowledges of space at hand.

We cannot put him at the center of things by traveling reversewise in time or thought, no. But we can put him back where he belongs with the greatest step in thinking we *(continued on page 102)*

"Ordinarily, card tricks bore me to death!"

RETROACTIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

playboy presents some famous folk some firm resolves they might have made last january

Nikita Khrushchev: This year I'm going to take an overdue vacation, maybe even an extended one.

Bobby Baker: President Johnson is working too hard. He ought to have a hobby like Truman's piano playing and Ike's golf; I'm going to try to get him interested in hi-fi.

Robert Kennedy: I must remember to stop saying, "New York is a great place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there."

Leo Durocher: I'll convince my future father-in-law that I love his 26-year-old daughter, not his 51-year-old wife. How could I love his wife? I'm old enough to be her husband! . . . Anyway, I'll prove to the daughter that May-December marriages *do* work. Look at Abbe Lane and Xavier Cugat.

Cassius Clay: I'll flunk the Army literacy test after I join the Black Muslims, because I'll have to sign my name with an X.

Hugh M. Hefner: Since *The Playboy Philosophy* has proven so popular, I'll expand the feature and drop the Playmate of the Month.

Barry Goldwater: Because I know I'll be elected President, I must think of some catchy phrase to use as a campaign slogan. Let's see . . . "Liberty in the pursuit of vice is not extreme." No, that's close, but it doesn't seem really right enough. "Vice in the pursuit of extremism is not a liberty." No . . . Oh, well. I'll let my writers polish it up.

James Hoffa: This year I am going to unionize the jury system.

Dwight D. Eisenhower: My course is clear. I firmly resolve to see that the Republican Party and the United States—that is to say, all of the American people, and, I might add that I take that to mean Democrats, too—what I mean to say is that I will place in nomination for President at the Republican Convention the only man who can achieve unity within the party and throughout the country. I refer, of course, to that great American, er . . . what's-his-name.

Barbra Streisand: I'll try to do a Broadway show this year—something that will help change my too-Jewish image. But first I'll get a nose job.

Fidel Castro: I must make it a policy to give key jobs only to members of my family. As my sister Juanita says, "Blood is thicker than water."

Nelson Rockefeller: I'll remind the people in California about my divorce during my campaign there; that should be well received by the Hollywood set.

Richard Nixon: I'll let the other guys battle it out in the convention and when they're hopelessly deadlocked, I'll be a shoo-in for the nomination. Better get busy on my acceptance speech.

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton: We'll get married; then those crazy movie fans will lose interest and leave us alone.

The Beatles: This year we'll tour the U.S.—that's where the real money's to be made. But first we'll have to get haircuts; they're too hip over there to dig these crazy mops.

Carroll Baker: Because of that awful Bobby Baker scandal, I'm going to have to ask the front office to change my last name. If there's anything I can't stand, it's sensational publicity.

Everett Dirksen: I think my public delivery is losing its effectiveness. I'm going to take elocution lessons from that master of oratory, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Andrei Porumbeanu: Beginning this year I will refuse—to Gamble.

Martin Luther King: I will point out to the South how people in the North have proven that racial progress can be made without violence—as in such cities of brotherly love as Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, Jersey City and Chicago.

Jack Paar: In England I saw a very funny TV show, *That Was the Week That Was.* I'm going to suggest NBC produce such a show in the United States.

REMEMBRANCES (continued from page 99)

can gift ourselves with. And the gift is this:

Light is good. Dark is evil. Life is good. Death is evil. Man, representing this good of light and life, moves against death and universal darkness.

The chemical universe is dead and uncaring.

Only man knows, only man cares.

The universe is the dead God whose limbs, blindly colliding, light beam with mineral flesh, exploded forth awareness and started this blind struggle for survival a billion years ago.

It follows then that the living God is not out there. He is here. God did not create us. The blind rotation of dead Creator flint, in bombardment of radiation, in downfall of strange rain, seeded earth and from that birthed a living God-child-man who lurked in seas and shrank in caves, wild and insanely afraid of a universe he must someday test and own.

Man, living too close to himself, could not see that he was the Godhead, that he was the Lord and himself Christ, and all the other glorious and glorified names of saints and leaders under whatever name, in whatever age, who filled the skies with fire and the souls with holy dread.

But now very late in the scroll of earth, phoenix man, who lives by burning, a true furnace of energy, stoking himself with chemistries, must stand as God.

Not *represent* Him, not *pretend* to be Him, not deny Him, but simply, nobly, and frighteningly *be* Him.

This is what space means. Here lies the greatest challenge to our thinking and doing since before the pyramids lay uncut in the numb and patient hills below Jerusalem.

I speak of no errant usurpation from the Deity. I speak of no paranoiac illusion of mythology which would supremacize man to the detriment of the Supreme Being. I seek only to meld the two. I seek to fuse them in religious fervor until they cleave, entwine, are bound so feverish tight no light can be seen between them: they *are* the light.

For it is not enough, is it, to have a dead God, a blind universe unknowing and uncaring and unseeking? To what effect a billion billion stars? What purpose nebulae and comets that pass like pale brides trailing their ghastly veils on their way to cosmic weddings, if all goes unseen?

A universe without a living flame of people warming themselves and passing on the fiery seed is indeed absurd and unthinkable.

It falls to us, then, in our sublime frailty and ignorance, to assume this mantle which we have pushed away or shrugged off as too burdensome, century following upon century.

But why put off what can be glorious?

If we are, finally and irrevocably and responsibly, God Himself incarnate, is this not exciting, is this not terrifying, and does it not fill one with a paradox of awful and yet humbling prides?

For is it not worth considering that the flesh of man contains the very soul of God, the exquisite ghost machinery, inexplicable, forever mysterious, which unifies, animates and proceeds man forth on his quest for himself, or rather Himself?

Consider for a moment, then, man as God.

God fleshing Himself in sentience.

God building Himself an eye with which to view His dumb and bright-waiting universe of stars.

God building hands whereby to touch yet untouched mute textures of universal dark and light.

God making ears with which to summon in the sounds of brute miracle grinding against miracle.

God in need of a tongue with which to taste the wine of this world, and to speak of that wild taste to His multitudinous Self, His three billion cells, weighted with gravity, but elated at the sound of His words spoken out in the long night of history.

God inhaling through the nostrils of man to smell the sweet wind of life transcendent among so much death.

God is not out there. He is not an anthropomorphic extension of our desire to know and believe in the midst of tyrant nightmares.

God is here.

If He sees He sees only through us. If He hears He hears with our ears. His hand stretches out only as we stretch forth our hand, His fingers touch only where we touch.

Without us God would be dead another billion years or forever.

This is no blasphemous observation, surely.

It is a triumphant, a joyous, a saving, an invigorating discovery, or rediscovery, as you wish.

And God does not intend to risk His sentience, His awareness, His chance for eternity, by allowing Himself to remain upon one lonely planet earth.

He skins Himself now in metals, propels Himself with fires, and prepares to journey across space.

We see man playing with his toy rockets, but with double vision, must look again and again, and see God as man lifted in those rockets to survive forever.

Until the religions of the world comprehend this, reassess this, know this and preach this, they will continue hollow, and their followers fall away or at least wander within the churches wondering why they, too, feel hollow.

We are good and the universe is evil.

We are good because we are alive.

It is evil because it is dead.

We are good because we care.

It is evil because it does not care.

We cannot help but compare the living God of ourselves to the dead God of the universe.

Yet there is a darkness in us that makes us, at times, tired and in torment, not want to be good, not want to care, not want to live.

This we must fight with all the will and power in us, all the light and the warmth.

Which leads us to our second search, the search away from war toward peace.

Since men started parting themselves off from the beasts and wished for the name of man, which we have yet to earn, man has suffered as much from himself as from his environment.

Yet we go on testing our tribal muscles, yodeling war cries of our manhood, riding the self-made machine-avalanche of destruction down the mountain to bury ourselves.

What hope does space offer us here?

Well, war exists for more reasons than can be run through a computer in our lifetime. But basically we guess it stays with us because it excites men, tests their virility, exercises their vanity, stimulates their imaginations; because of nation states, power inequalities, the natural aggrandizements built into the nervous systems of men, mental illness . . . finish out the list yourself.

Certainly war exists because the enemy is unknown to us. Known quantities are seldom frightening. Mystery panics us. The more mysterious Russia, the more panicked we. Thus it often happens both countries neglect to pass on information about each other, so as not to lessen the mystery. So the combination of power and unknowingness runs the world amuck.

What substitute can we find for war? We have searched since Cain slew Abel for some final channeling of our violence into creativity, for some peace as powerful, as inebriating, as soul-satisfying at times, as war.

Is space at long last our peaceful substitute for Armageddon?

I think it is.

Let us, in this century, find a proper enemy.

Let us find one worth attacking, doing battle with, worth destroying.

The proper enemy of mankind is not mankind.

His proper enemy is the vastness of space, the lifelessness of the universe, the unseeing void, the great graveyard of beyond; infinity all blind, raw, dumb and uncaring.

This brute mineral and light-year beast must be subdued.

Would man be excited all over again? Space challenges him with excitements.

(concluded on page 191)

THE AGE OF OVERBREED

ARTICLE BY SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

AN ESTEEMED SCIENTIST DELIVERS AN OMINOUS WARNING OF AN IMMINENT WORLD CRISIS

UNLESS HE CHOOSES TO MEND his reproductive ways, man is heading for the greatest disaster in his history. Why is it that we—the human species—have not yet become fully alive to this frightening fact? Partly because of the common human tendency to put off facing disagreeable facts until the last possible moment; but largely because people have not learned to think in terms of human processes and trends rather than of material mechanisms and systems. They have not learned to think of man as both a product of and an agent in the over-all process of evolution; and in particular they have not bothered to think quantitatively about this basic process of population growth, and have failed to realize how it is threatening to change the entire quality of human existence for the worse. It is exerting disastrous pressure on all our resources and eroding the bases of civilized existence.

It is becoming clear that if we do not act soon, man will become the cancer of the planet, destroying its resources and eventually his own future self.

Let me begin with a few figures. World population is now nearly three and a quarter billion, and is multiplying at a

compound interest rate of about one and three-quarters percent a year; which is producing an increase of over 60,000,000 in the present year—the equivalent of the whole population of the U. S. in three years. When I last wrote about population two years ago, the annual increase was estimated at about 55,000,000; the rise since then is partly automatic—an increasing population will give a bigger increase each year—but it is partly due to fàulty estimation. As census figures improve, earlier estimates of increase have always proved too low.

This means a daily increase of 160,000—the equivalent of one of our British New Towns every day through the year; and of over 110 every minute, the equivalent of 11 baseball teams complete with manager. (And yet there are people so quantitatively illiterate that they talk of shipping our surplus population to other planets!)

Next year the absolute net increase will of course be greater, even if the rate of increase stays the same; but actually the *rate* is increasing, too—in other words, population-increase is accelerating. For most of man's history the compound interest rate must have been below one-tenth of one percent per annum. It reached one percent only in the early years of this century, is now about one and three-quarters percent and is almost certainly still going up.

It took the human species, Homo sapiens, at least 100,000 years to reach two thirds of a billion. This was in 1650—the first period for which we have even approximately good figures. From this date, it took nearly 200 years for world population to double itself once, but the second doubling took only 100 years. It has more than doubled itself again in the 64 years of the present century and will certainly double itself still again within the next 40 years.

Barring accidents like a nuclear war, what about the future? By the year 1999 (which I choose rather than 2000 for the same reason that shopkeepers price an article at $1.98 rather than $2) world population will certainly have reached six billion, and may well be nearer seven billion. If the present rate of increase still continues, by 2050 A.D. world population will be around twenty billion, and by 2500 A.D. (and half a millennium is a very short time in the perspective of evolution) there will be only one square yard of dry land for every human being.

Which, of course, as Euclid would say, is absurd. No population, human or animal, can continue to multiply geometrically, by compound interest, because this involves unlimited increase, and the environment and its resources are limited. This is true even if the rate of increase is very low, as Darwin pointed out for elephants. But during the last hundred years, our rate of increase has become very high—high enough to cause what has properly been called the Population Explosion.

Ironically enough, this sinister and threatening phenomenon has been caused by the beneficent and praiseworthy activities of medical science and public health in preserving life. It is the result of death-control. Mortality has gone down, especially infant mortality, which not so long ago in many countries accounted for the deaths of a third or even a half of all babies born, before they had reached the age of one. The expectation of life of a Roman citizen even at the height of the Empire was only 30 years; in tropical countries less than a century ago, it was often only 20. Today it is rising everywhere, and in some Western countries is over 70.

Everyone will agree that in itself death-control is desirable and good. It is good that babies should not die in infancy; it is good that men and women should enjoy longer life. But death-control can itself get out of control, and then its results are undesirable. Death-control has posed us with the disastrous problem of overpopulation. To this, there is only one desirable answer —birth-control: the balancing of birth-rate against death-rate. There is, however, an alternative but undesirable answer which I may call death decontrol: reversion to nature's crude methods of balancing birth and death through famine, disease and killing.

• • •

The world situation is grave enough. It becomes much graver when we look at the two half-worlds separately—the developed and the underdeveloped countries, the rich and the poor peoples, the haves and the have-nots. The have-nots—India and Pakistan, the West Indies, Southeast Asia, most countries of Africa, Latin America and the Middle East—are multiplying much faster than the world average, and very much faster than the haves. Their rate of population growth ranges upward from 2 percent a year to 3 and 3½ and 4, and in one case—Costa Rica—astonishingly to 4.4 percent, a rate which means a quadrupling of population within a single generation! Costa Rica is at the moment the most prosperous of the Central American countries: it will assuredly not remain so very long.

In the have-nots, too, the population explosion is very recent (India's numbers remained nearly constant for most of our era) and is due to death-control. To take a single example: The excellent antimalarial campaign in Ceylon halved the death-rate within a decade. As a result, Ceylon's annual increase rate is now over three percent, which means doubling in under 20 years.

I spoke of the danger of man becoming the cancer of his own planet. Some of the overmultiplying have-not areas which are politically part of a developed country, are already showing a cancerous phenomenon—they are forming metastases: there is a metastasis of Costa Ricans in Harlem, of West Indian Negroes in parts of Britain.

The gap between haves and have-nots is shockingly wide. Take India as an example: 60 percent of Indians (which amounts to a great many people) "enjoy" an income of under 50 cents a day, and 30 percent only 30 cents. The disparity between the U. S. and India is about 2 to 1 in regard to mere calories and to expectation of life, from 20 to 25 to 1 in steel and available energy, and I suppose at least 100 to 1 in regard to newsprint. These disparities become still more shocking when one considers how much is wasted in the U. S. No one can eat the enormous portions of meat provided by American restaurants; and every Sunday issue of *The New York Times* (as I have checked for myself) contains more words than the whole Bible.

What is more, the gap is widening instead of shrinking. In spite of all our aid and assistance, *(continued on page 106)*

MILLER ALBEE SAROYAN ALGREN KEROUAC SALINGER SPIEGEL GINSBERG MAILER

I DON'T GET IT *humor* By WILLIAM SAROYAN

in a rollicking put-down of the literati-come-lately, the author demands recognition as the world's greatest writer

I HAVE A JEALOUS NATURE, so I don't have any trouble at all hating a great many people every day, especially when I am reminded that they are being mistakenly considered greater than I am, when they get too successful, too rich, too important, too big for their breeches. I see photographs of them on the covers of magazines or on the inside pages, or in newspapers, and dozens of long paragraphs about them, and I flip. What the devil's the matter with this country? Here I am, the greatest, and these second-raters, these counterfeiters, these phonies grab all of the attention, and sometimes all of the girls, too.

Now it's Arthur Miller, now Edward Albee, now Arthur Kopit, Jack Kerouac, Jack Gelber, Paddy Chayefsky, where did all these guys come from? And these aren't the only ones who make the wig flip: What about Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and a lot of other guys writing poetry and making a lot of noise? And then there are the geniuses of the movie business—what was that guy's name who always talked fast and made at least five thousand dollars a week every week of his life—every time I think of him, even without being able to remember his name, just remembering his jumping personality, I feel this country is nuts, this culture we've got isn't a real culture. And then there are the geniuses of television—not the actors, the hell with the actors, everybody makes allowances for actors, it's part of their whole tradition for actors to be unconscious, and the more they try to acquire intelligence, the more hopeless the situation is, like that poor fellow who was born feeble-minded but nevertheless worked hard at acting and finally got a fairly good part, about a hysterical strong simple man, or at any rate that's how it came across in the movie—well, this poor man began to go on television in all kinds of interviews, and he worked at being so humble that anybody could see he actually believed he was *that* big, that it was permissible for him to be humble, and it wasn't, he was only entitled to be arrogant and stupid, by birth, by nature, just as by birth and by nature I am jealous and suspicious—of everybody who gets noticed more than I do, and for 30 years almost nobody in the whole country has been noticed less.

I hate these kids. They gripe me. Give me men like D. H. Lawrence, H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken and H. Rider Haggard—dead. Such men, such superior men, I like, I love, I cherish. They don't go hogging all the attention, all the magazine and newspaper space, all the money, all the fun. And what about Henry Miller—an older man, entirely without a lovable nickname, no palsy-walsy side to him at all, but still a grabber—*Tropic* of this, *Tropic* of that, he knew some *(continued on page 230)*

AGE OF OVERBREED *(continued from page 104)*

technical and otherwise, the rich nations are growing richer, the poor becoming poorer; and they are becoming poorer largely because their population is increasing too fast.

The population explosion is also standing in the way of the economic development of the have-not countries. To industrialize a poor and already densely populated country like India, you need large amounts of capital and also of human skills. There are roads and railways and dams to be built, plants to be set up, machines to be made. If too many babies are born, too much of that capital and those skills will be taken up in feeding, clothing, housing and educating them, and economic development will be slowed or even stopped, while the total number of people to be looked after increases. The American economists Coale and Hoover go so far as to prophesy that if the Indian birth-rate is not halved within at most the next half-century, Indian development may reach a point of no return, and viable economic development will be impossible. The same holds for scores of other countries.

This implies our taking a quite new look at all the activities summed up under the heads of Aid and Technical Assistance, whether international, bilateral or privately sponsored. If, as can well happen with medical or agricultural aid, the result is to produce further population-increase, it is not really aiding the country at all, but actually hindering its advance.

So much for world population-increase: now for some of its effects.

The population explosion is pressing, and pressing hard, on our resources—resources of all kinds, material and nonmaterial, renewable and non-renewable. It is a long list: food and water and space; minerals, fossil fuels and pure air; forests, fisheries and soil; natural beauty, wildlife and wilderness; enjoyment; the satisfactions and even the decencies of city life; even personal freedom, mental and spiritual health, and political stability. And its pressure is not the pressure of an inert weight which can simply be thrown off, but of a living trend of increasing force.

Let me enumerate. First, obviously, pressure on food: Man must eat to live. Let us first recall that about two thirds of the world's present population are undernourished, hungry or malnourished, not getting enough calories, proteins or vitamins for normal growth, health and strength. That is two billion people. The number will go up each year for decades to come, for increase of food-production is only just about keeping pace with the total increase in mouths to be fed. Merely to make up for the self-multiplying two-billion backlog of undernourished human beings, a large increase will be necessary, and this will mean changing systems of land use, of family life, of old attitudes and antiquated methods. Meanwhile, in underdeveloped countries, the pressure is so great that large areas of ever more marginal land are being brought under cultivation of a sort, so leading to deterioration of their productivity, to erosion, besides preventing them from being used for recreation or wildlife conservation.

In the long run, too, the situation is grave. People talk glibly about producing food on the huge areas covered by equatorial rain-forest; but once the appalling labor of clearance has been undertaken, the forest soils turn out to be useless for permanent crop raising. The Arctic can yield little without vast capital expenditure. The center of Australia is covered with a laterite crust, its ground water is largely saline; and even if it could all be cultivated, and if it were thrown open to nonwhites, it could absorb only about two years' surplus from China alone!

Such contentions emphasize the falsity and stupidity of the common view of the situation as a race—between people and food, between reproduction and production. A race is something that can be won by going faster than someone or something else. This can never happen with food and people. Of course, with great expenditure of capital, skill and labor we could irrigate the world's deserts and could produce nutriment from leaves and yeasts and algae (though the result might not be very palatable), but meanwhile population will still be snowballing at compound interest; within a couple of centuries it will inevitably have overtaken food-production, and this means losing the race instead of winning it.

The key idea is not a race but a balance—we can't win the race with hunger, but we can—or could, with the combination of birth-control and applied science—achieve a workable balance of population with food, and equally with other resources.

After food, water. Of course, water is the limiting factor in arid lands. But we so-called civilized nations are so used to thinking of water as inexhaustible that it is a shock to find populations pressing on water supplies even in our own temperate countries. In England, the southeast is menaced by water shortage within a few years; northern conurbations like Manchester are in bitter dispute with the National Parks over their proposal to take more water from the English lakes; evaporation from industrial cooling towers is reducing the flow of rivers like the Trent. California is still proud of its growth, which has now given it the esteemed title (esteemed by current American standards) of the most populous state in the Union. But this very growth, not content with removing thousands of acres annually from cultivation to habitation, is bringing acute water problems. Southern California is having to bring water from 850 miles away; and there is friction over water with neighboring states (a science-fiction writer might write an exciting book on California's future water-rights war!).

Not content with over-using and wasting our water, we blithely pollute it. The total solid matter, including sewage, that is discharged each year into the water of the world comes to about 64 cubic miles—enough to make a mountain with 20,000-foot vertical sides and a flat top of 16 square miles.

Because of sewage, many Swiss lakes and some European seaside resorts are no longer safe (or pleasant) for bathing; and I believe Lake George to be the only lake in New York State whose waters are fit to drink. Truly, our affluent society is in danger of turning into an effluent society.

Doubtless we shall eventually desalinate sea water to supply Los Angeles and irrigate the Sahara, and shall find sensible ways of disposing of sewage, detergents, atomic waste and other effluents and polluents. But it will be enormously expensive, and meanwhile, things are very unpleasant.

I must also mention the pollution of our fields, woods and waters with pesticides and herbicides, which are killing off our songbirds and falcons, our butterflies and wild flowers ("half the basis of English poetry," as my brother Aldous once said).

Owing to the multiplication of automobiles and the growth of heavy industry resulting from population-increase, the CO_2 content of the air is steadily increasing, and its heat-blanketing effect is gradually raising the earth's mean temperature. If this process continues unchecked for a century or so, the polar icecaps will melt and the sea level will rise, and an enormous area of the world's coastal flatlands will be flooded, great cities like New York and New Orleans, London and Rotterdam will have to be abandoned, and their populations resettled in an already overcrowded hinterland.

Population is also inflicting increasing loads of litter on the landscape. Plastic litter is the worst, because it is so indestructible. Perhaps some ten million years hence, excavators will come on deposits of compressed plastic containing fossilized beer-cans and automobile parts, and will wonder how they were formed. Meanwhile the mess mounts, and so does the bill for clearing it up.

Population presses on space. This is most obvious in small, overcrowded

(continued on page 177)

THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER PARTY

a change-of-place approach to holiday feasting wherein five different hosts produce a black-tie gustatory road show

food/fashion **By THOMAS MARIO and ROBERT L. GREEN**

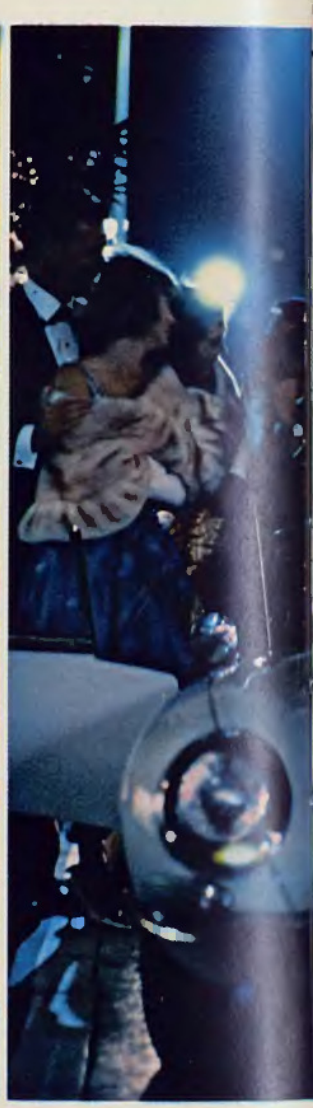
6:30 P.M.: Our premier host for the progressive dinner party greets new arrivals, starts the festivities off in grand style with an extensive array of cocktail fixings, fantail shrimps, hot cress cakes with caviar as palate piquers. Host is impeccable in Italian olive-color nubby-silk dinner jacket with black-satin lapels and sleeve cuffs, black mohair-and-worsted trousers with satin extension waistband and side stripes; jacket, $85, trousers, $35, both by Lord West. Formal shirt is of cotton broadcloth, has narrow pleats, double cuffs, by Excello, $9.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

WE DON'T KNOW if the original editors of *The Oxford English Dictionary* ever attended a progressive dinner; but their very first definition of the word *progressive* is close to target—"characterized by stepping, walking, or otherwise moving onward." For those who may not have yet caught up with this kaleidoscopic form of culinary sport, it's a party in which the hosting chores are divided up—everybody may meet at one house for the hors d'oeuvres and cocktails, travel to another for the guinea hen and champagne, to a third for the crepes and demitasse, to a fourth for the dancing and highballs, and, for the final round, as the rosy-fingered dawn creeps round, gather in a breakfast room for the very comforting stimuli of ice-cold bloody marys and scrambled eggs on toast.

When the party takes place during the year-end holidays, it has the added advantage of giving everybody in the crowd the chance to exchange the very personal gift of good food. Nobody is ever really invited to a progressive dinner; a compatible crowd—eight or ten, usually—gathers together and agrees to drink and eat the year's blessing. It may be necessary for a ranking member to take phone in hand and make a few initial calls. Some planning is needed—deciding

8:30 P.M.: Main attraction of supreme of guinea hen madeira enhanced by wild rice, mushrooms and peas made with crème de menthe wins the number-two host a toast (champagne). Tossed green salad, highlighted by artichoke bottoms and black truffles, adds a proper princely touch. Our host's regal black-tie attire: Blue hand-woven Indian tussah silk dinner jacket with self-shawl lapels, double-piped pockets, by Baker, $115; his English cotton-voile pleated shirt, by Sulka, $23.50; the tie of black French satin, by Sulka, $4.



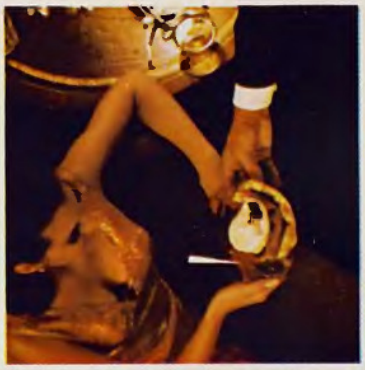
whether it's to be black tie, for instance—but the preliminary huddle around a cocktail table invariably turns into the kind of relaxed fun that the party itself always generates.

Since each partymate shall have the right to veto the smoked salmon, vote for the Bibb lettuce or filibuster on the main course as long as he pleases, the discussion sometimes turns into a gourmandial Great Debate.

Each couple, of course, is committed to one of the five acts in five different scenes of the progressive gustatory goings on. The provider of the main course, with its garnishes, salads and wine, takes on a somewhat disproportionate share of work, but in this case the unequal division of labor is one which is coveted by every devoted amateur chef—the host responsible for the main course enjoys an infinitely greater opportunity for showing off.

Too many martinis have been known to seriously stall a progressive dinner at its very first port of call. Moderation in pursuit of the progressive dinner party is no vice. Let all those who have doubts about leaving a cozy apartment after the hors d'oeuvres be assured that the cold bracing air will only make the

10:30 P.M.: After a jaunt by white Jaguar and Yellow cabs, our troupe of traveling players alights at its third prandial oasis where wild strawberry crepes (accompanied by demitasse and liqueurs) await the flaming. The host, seen tending the crepes, is elegantly accoutered in a black mohair-and-worsted dinner jacket with satin-edged notched lapels and slanted flap pockets. His trousers have satin-trimmed extension waistband, satin side stripes, by Raleigh, $85. Cotton broadcloth formal shirt has pleated front, double cuffs, by After Six, $8.

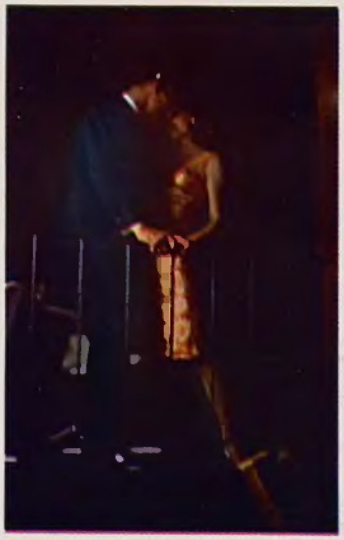


pièce de résistance completely irresistible. Appetites are worked up anew, and while the canapés may have been wonderful, the main course will be even more appetizing at the next way station.

Hopefully, the distances between menu stops won't be so great that too much time is spent between courses. Only the last stop—breakfast—may involve a bracing vehicular jaunt. For long distances, a chauffeur-driven limousine is a worth-while luxury. The host of each party segment should be responsible for seeing that the troops leave his predecessor's within a reasonable amount of time and arrive at his own digs en masse.

The old hardened rule that the dinner and the diner shall both be ready at the same time is here thrown overboard. Only the dinner waits. The acid test of a good host at a progressive dinner is doing so much in advance that he does practically nothing when his guests arrive. The fact that the host doesn't find it necessary to bob up and down, between kitchen and table, to make sure the gravy is bubbling hot, gives his guests the chance to vibrate to the food and to one another rather than to an oversolicitous host. Silverware, china and napery should all be preset. Cold foods such as appetizers and salads should be in the

MIDNIGHT: Fourth haven for our peripatetic crew finds host and date, at the bewitching hour, presiding over Mexican coffee, fruit, highballs or cognac, and music for dancing. They still manage to find time for balconied tête-à-tête. He's wearing an English black mohair-and-worsted dinner jacket with black silk moire self-edged notched lapels, sleeve cuffs and side vents; trousers have moire side stripes, by Lord West, $145. Moire tie is also by Lord West, $4. Cotton broadcloth shirt has medium pleats, double cuffs, by Excello, $9.



refrigerator in the same vessels in which they are going to be offered. Hot foods should be stashed in double boilers or in heavy saucepans waiting for the last-minute flame. Desserts should be prewhipped into shape, ready for the chafing dish.

The following menu gives chefs the chance to play with both contemporary and traditional flavors in the same dish, a balance that always kindles appetites and leaves a perfect aftertaste.

Fantail Shrimp Cocktail; Hot Cress Cakes with Caviar; Supreme of Guinea Hen Madeira; Wild Rice with Mushrooms; Green Peas, Crème de Menthe; Tossed Salad, Julienne of Truffles, Beets and Artichoke Bottoms; Coupe with Wild Strawberry Crepes; Demitasse

Stemware for the liquid cocktails should be prechilled, frosty cold. With the guinea hen, pour the driest *brut* champagne. Demitasse is fitting for the occasion, and the assorted liqueurs with it should be in fancy multispout decanters with double or triple flavor selections available from each. Brandy snifters should be emperor size, and cognac and calvados should be within arm's reach. When the show on the road reaches its fourth anchorage, the highball host takes over. If

DAWN: Last leg of our pilgrims' progressive party takes them to an exurban hideaway. The troops leave their transport and dash to the final host's redoubt where, having shaken off the snow, our at-ease man-about-the-country helps a hungry lass round up a man-sized breakfast of chicken livers and eggs, croissants and coffee. He sports an imported mohair-and-worsted dinner jacket with satin notched lapels, satin-edged collar and sleeve cuffs, side vents and double-piped pockets; trousers have satin side stripes, by After Six, $115.

ever a highball should be tall, it's late at night; it's the witching hour, and thirsts are at their peak; it reaches its warm diminuendo when the mugs of Mexican coffee (a dark roast, served black, sweetened with brown sugar) are passed. In each mug several whole cloves and whole allspice are permitted to release their fragrance. In place of spoons, tall cinnamon sticks are put into position for stirring.

The party reaches its happy apogee by dawn's early light at breakfast headquarters. There should be vodka and gin, freshly squeezed orange juice, and tomato juice flanked by Worcestershire, Tabasco, clam juice (a nifty addition to your bloody marys), salt, pepper, celery salt and lemons in abundance. The chafing dish should be ready to be lit or plugged in. Nearby there should be a bowl of eggs for scrambling or omelet making. The chicken livers in a cumin-flavored sauce, together with toast and steaming coffee, will act as welcome auguries of a happy new year.

The following recipes serve ten.

FANTAIL SHRIMP COCKTAIL

3 lbs. shrimps, 12 to 16 to lb., no smaller
½ cup catsup
2 teaspoons Pernod
2 teaspoons paprika
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons minced chives or scallions
Juice of ½ lemon
Light cream
Salt, pepper
½ cup mayonnaise
2 teaspoons curry powder
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
1 clove garlic
7-oz. bottle sauce Diable

Boil shrimps in salted water. Shrimps of this large size will require 5 to 7 minutes boiling time. Cool and chill in refrigerator in own cooking liquid. Balance of ingredients are used for four separate cocktail sauces. All sauces must be icy cold for serving. Mix catsup and Pernod. Chill in refrigerator. In small mixing bowl dissolve paprika in 3 tablespoons hot water. Add sour cream, chives and lemon juice, mixing well. Gradually add enough light cream, in very small quantities, until sauce flows very slowly. Sauce must be thick enough to adhere to shrimps and not be "soupy." Add salt and pepper to taste. In another mixing bowl combine mayonnaise, curry powder and Tabasco. Force garlic through garlic press into curry sauce. Again add light cream in very small quantities until sauce has lost its stiffness. Chill in refrigerator. Chill sauce Diable in small bowl in refrigerator. If sauce Diable is not available, substitute any thick bottled savory sauce for meat or fish. Remove shells from shrimps, leaving bottom segments and tails on shrimps. Remove back veins from shrimps and with small sharp knife, cut shrimps from head to tail. Do not, however, separate shrimps into halves. Hold each shrimp open, book fashion, in one piece facing you. Turn tail end and force it through back of shrimp until tail stands between the two cut sides of shrimp. It may be necessary to cut a little slit to permit tail to go through completely. Avoid making a large hole or shrimps will separate into halves. Press cut sides of shrimps so that they can rest flat on platter. Drain shrimps, using paper toweling if necessary to pat dry. Divide shrimps into four equal lots. Coat one fourth with catsup mixture, dipping shrimps into sauce or spreading sauce with a spoon. All the flesh of shrimps, top and bottom, must be thoroughly covered. Coat the second fourth with the sour-cream mixture, the third fourth with the curry mixture and the balance with the sauce Diable. Arrange the shrimps on a large attractive silver or chinaware platter. Keep cold in refrigerator until serving time.

HOT CRESS CAKES WITH CAVIAR

1 bunch water cress
4-oz. jar black caviar, well chilled
2 large-size baking potatoes
1 medium-size onion, finely minced
2 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper
1 egg yolk
Flour
1 whole egg, well beaten
Bread crumbs
Salad oil
1 cup sour cream

Untie water cress and wash well. Cut off about 1 in. from stem bottoms. Place water cress in heavy saucepan with ½ cup water. Bring to a boil, reduce flame and simmer slowly 10 minutes. Drain well, pressing to remove excess water, and set aside. Bake potatoes in preheated oven at 400° 1 hour. Sauté onion in butter just until onion turns yellow, not brown. Remove pulp from potatoes, and force through potato ricer into mixing bowl. Chop water cress very fine with heavy French knife. Add water cress and onion to potatoes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator. Add egg yolk, mixing well. Shape into small cakes 1¼ in. in diameter and ½ in. thick. Dip cakes in flour, then in beaten egg. Dip in bread crumbs, coating thoroughly. Store in refrigerator until just before dinner. Heat ½ in. oil in heavy skillet or electric skillet preheated at 370°. Fry cakes, turning once to brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. On each cake place a dollop of sour cream, and on top of the cream a dollop of caviar. Serve at once.

SUPREME OF GUINEA HEN MADEIRA

5 whole breasts of guinea hen, 10 half pieces
10 round slices boneless ham, 1½ ozs. each
Salad oil
2 12-oz. cans chicken broth with rice
1 onion, minced very fine
¼ teaspoon dried chervil
⅛ teaspoon dried tarragon
¾ cup dry madeira or sherry
Brown gravy coloring
3 tablespoons cognac
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
2 tablespoons flour
10 slices toast

If guinea hens are unobtainable (gourmet butcher shops stock them) chicken breasts may be substituted. Either should be large size and should be boned, with skin removed. Each whole breast should be separated lengthwise into halves. Preheat electric skillet at 300°. Pour 3 tablespoons oil into pan. Sauté ham slices about 2 minutes on each side. Remove from pan and set aside. Wash pan if necessary, dry, and add more oil for sautéing. Sauté guinea hen until meat shows light-brown streaks on both sides. Do not sauté until dark brown. Leave guinea hen in pan. Pour broth into electric blender and blend until rice is puréed, about 30 to 40 seconds. Sprinkle onion, chervil and tarragon into pan. Sauté 2 minutes. Add madeira and simmer until wine is reduced to about half its original volume. Add blended broth and simmer, covered, about 10 minutes. Add brown gravy coloring. Add cognac. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Combine butter and flour, mixing to a smooth paste, and add to simmering liquid in pan. Cook, stirring constantly, until flour-butter mixture is dissolved. Place toast on large platter. (Broiler gas flame may be used to make toast in one step.) Place ham in pan for a few minutes to reheat. Place a slice of ham on each piece of toast. Place guinea hen on ham. Pour gravy on top. Serve very hot.

(continued on page 204)

a founder of the great books program offers an unexpected appraisal of some of literature's sacred cows

MY WORK IN THE GREAT BOOKS MOVEMENT since the early 1920s has made me keenly aware that many persons associate the reading of the so-called "classics" with boredom and fatigue. I have suggested previously in these pages (*How to Read a Book Superficially*, PLAYBOY, December 1963) how a great book may be read with enjoyment and profit, and without suffering undue fatigue or strain. I was speaking then of books that are of permanent worth and which are, on the whole, eminently readable.

However, I recognize that there is another type of book—the kind of famous work that is painfully boring, no matter how ingeniously you read or skim it, and which is best tossed aside to avoid further punishment. If it is a sin not to read a famous book all the way through, and to cast it aside permanently, then it is a sin of which I have been guilty many times, and which I shall continue to be guilty of. I can summon to mind a whole rogues' gallery of famous books that have bored me and which I have cast into outer darkness, never allowing them to be named on any list of permanently worth-while reading that I have anything to do with.

THE NOT·SO·CLASSIC CLASSICS

opinion

By MORTIMER ADLER

I am not talking only about the lugubrious and usually voluminous best sellers that turn up so often, those ephemeral wonders that everybody talks about and which everyone is supposed to read—for a few months. In my literary rogues' gallery there is no respecting of age or reputation. Cicero is there as well as Cozzens, the *Arabian Nights* and the *Decameron* as well as *The Magic Mountain*.

Let us start with Cicero, since he is the oldest and probably the most illustrious of my miscreants. I find anything by Cicero insufferably boring. He is to my mind a tedious windbag, a spouter of flatulent nothings. This is the reaction, too, of the Latin teacher who plays the unheroic male lead in Kingsley Amis' charming story of the seduction of a nice girl, *Take a Girl Like You*:

> For a man so long and thoroughly dead it was remarkable how much boredom, and also how precise an image of nasty silliness, Cicero could generate. "Antony was worth twenty of you, you bastard," Patrick said.

So muses Patrick after 40 minutes of trying to haul a class of boys through one of Cicero's renowned oratorical gems. "Shakespeare had your number all right, you ponce," he mutters (probably referring to the scene in *Julius Caesar* where Casca says that Cicero spoke in Greek and it was all Greek to him). I think that the fictional Patrick had Cicero's number, too. He *was* a windy and tiresome bore.

Such an opinion, I admit, goes counter to that of respectable scholars and critics. Ever since the First Century, when Quintilian praised Cicero as the greatest of all Roman writers, most judges of ancient literature have considered him to be the supreme master of Latin prose style. "For a millennium and a half," says Michael Grant in his recent excellent handbook *Roman Literature*, "his language was the language of Western civilization." To which my only response is, "Thank God it's changed!"

Whatever the effect of Cicero's orations may have been on his hearers—and he is reputed to have been a marvelous spellbinder—it makes no difference to us today as we try to plow through his turgid, declamatory *(continued on page 126)*

"Frankly, one meets some of the strangest creatures at New Year's parties."

DESIGNING FEMALE

our new year's playmate is a peripatetic bunny with a fashionable resolution

THOUGH IT'S GENERALLY sound advice to beware of the designing female, we must admit that January Playmate Sally Duberson is a noteworthy exception to the rule. For designing she will be, in her own guileless way, when she realizes her ambition to become a successful *couturière*. "My main objective," our chestnut-haired Miss January told us, "is to study fashion designing at the Tobe-Coburn School in New York. The designing bug first bit me while I was still majoring in English at the University of Miami. After ten weeks of an elective course in fashion art, I knew I'd found my forte. So I decided to start working evenings as a Bunny at the Miami Playboy Club and try to kill the two proverbial birds with one stone: finish up my semester at Miami and start earning money for my eventual migration to Manhattan." Currently hutched at the Baltimore Club, where she first caught our appreciative eye at last summer's opening-night festivities, 22-year-old Sally promptly gave in to her wanderlust when we asked her to come to Chicago and have some test shots made as a prospective Playmate. "Of course I was excited about being a Playmate," says 1965's lead-off centerfold charmer, "but I was almost as pleased with the chance to visit Chicago for the first time. I have this uncontrollable urge to see new places and meet new people, which is the real reason I'm taking my good sweet time getting to New York. All my life I've been on the move: I was born in Manhattan, moved to San Diego, went to high school in Cleveland, college in Miami, and right now Baltimore's my home. Psychologists say this kind of rootless existence is bad for young people. Maybe so, but I love it." A devotee of the *discothèque*, our 5'5" peripatetic Playmate likes her men tall, sensitive and, if possible, light on their feet. "Everyone should dance a little. It's a great way to have fun and keep in shape at the same time." A quick survey of Sally's shape (35-22-34) leads us to agree.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Above left: The coast is clear as Sally reaches for the Sunday paper and begins her reading (right) with a perusal of the funnies. "I work up to the editorial page eventually," she says, "but mornings wouldn't be the same if I didn't start out with *Peanuts*." A descendant of President James Monroe, Sally refers to him as "the family's only other college dropout."

Above: A discriminating shopper, Sally looks over the comestibles during one of her weekly forages at the supermarket: "My cooking may not be *cordon-bleu* quality, but there's always plenty of it." Below: With date, Sally points a "dabstract" at a do-it-yourself art studio in Chicago's Old Town and excitedly describes her trip long-distance to other Baltimore Bunnies.

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Between shootings for her Playmate gatefold, our gal Sal took advantage of her brief stay in Chicago to tour all the new shops and nighteries along Old Town's bustling North Wells Street. As she later told us, "I don't need a sight-seer's guide to find my way around a new city. I dig ortsy people, so I head straight for the local bohemian scene to see if it's my kind of town. Old Town and I hit it right off."

Top: Sally and her escort peek into a Wells Street art gallery, then decide to go in (above) for some serious browsing: "I'm a typical female when it comes to window-shopping; it's almost as much fun to fantasize about buying as to buy." Below: Our visiting Playmate accepts a light just before boarding her jet back to Baltimore.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *entrance exam* as a premarital checkup.

A lawyer friend tells us that you can't take it with you—especially when crossing a state line.

The newly appointed chairman of the local fund-raising committee decided to call personally at the home of the town's wealthiest citizen, a man well known for his tightness with a dollar. Remarking on the impressive economic resources of his host, the committee chairman pointed out how miserly it would seem if the town's richest man failed to give a substantial donation to the annual charity drive.

"Since you've gone to so much trouble checking on my assets," the millionaire retorted, "let me fill you in on some facts you may have overlooked. I have a ninety-one-year-old mother who has been hospitalized for the past five years, a widowed daughter with five young children and no means of support, and two brothers who owe the Government a fortune in back taxes. Now, I think you'll agree, young man, that charity begins at home."

Ashamed for having misjudged his host, the fund raiser apologized for his tactlessness and added, "I had no idea that you were saddled with so many family debts."

"I'm not," replied the millionaire, "but you must be crazy to think I'd give money to strangers when I won't even help my own relatives."

A couple was strolling hand in hand across the nudist camp when the young male suddenly lowered his head and confessed: "Don't look now, Sally, but I think I'm falling in love with you."

Two French *bons vivants* were relaxing over an after-dinner drink, following an especially enjoyable meal, when one, knowing of his friend's true appreciation for the grape, asked his dining companion, "*Dites-moi*, Paul, I am sure you would have no difficulty in eliminating song from your life, but what would you forgo if you were forced to choose between women and wine?"

Paul paused to inhale the bouquet of his cognac, then replied, "That, *mon ami*, would depend on their respective vintages."

Some girls are music lovers, while others can love just as well without it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *minute man* as a fellow who double-parks in front of a house of ill repute.

Don't drink when you drive. You might hit a bump and spill it.

Have you heard what they call uncircumcised Jewish babies? Girls.

Some men are so interested in their wives' continued happiness that they hire detectives to find out the reason for it.

Las Vegas is a great place to go to get tanned and faded at the same time.

The young executive greeted his attractive secretary warmly as he entered the office: "Good morning, Marge," he said, tossing his briefcase on his desk. "I had a dream about you last night."

Flattered, but wishing to appear aloof, she casually inquired, "Oh, did you?"

"No," her boss replied. "I woke up too soon."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chiseler* as a man who goes stag to a wife-swapping party.

A lovely young thing entered a doctor's office on her lunch hour and addressed a handsome young man in a white coat. "I've had a pain in my shoulder for a week. Can you help me?"

"Lie down on this table," he said, "and I'll massage it for you." After a few minutes, the beauteous patient exclaimed, "Doctor, that isn't my shoulder!"

The young man smiled and replied: "No, and I'm not a doctor, either."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Now, see here, this foolish, petty jealousy around the house has got to cease!"

ARTHUR PAUL

TEA PARTY

fiction

By HAROLD PINTER

MY EYES ARE WORSE. My physician is an inch under six feet. There is a gray strip in his hair, one, no more. He has a brown stain on his left cheek. His lamp shades are dark-blue drums. Each has a golden rim. They are identical. There is a deep black burn in his Indian carpet. His staff is bespectacled, to a woman. Through the blinds I hear the birds of his garden. Sometimes his wife appears, in white.

He is clearly skeptical on the subject of my eyes. According to him my eyes are normal, perhaps even better than normal. He finds no evidence that my sight is growing worse.

My eyes are worse. It is not that I do not see. I do see.

My job goes well. My family and I remain close friends. My two sons are my closest friends. My wife is closer. I am close friends with all my family, including my mother and my father. Often we sit and listen to Bach. When I go to Scotland I take them with me. My wife's brother came once and was useful on the trip.

I have my hobbies, one of which is using a hammer and nails, or a screwdriver and screws, or various saws, on wood, constructing things or making things useful, finding a use for an object that appears to have no value. But it is not so easy to do this when you see double, or when you are blinded by the object, or when you do not see at all, or when you are blinded by the object.

My wife is happy. I use my imagination in bed. We love with the light on. I watch her closely, she watches me. In the morning her eyes shine. I can see them shining through her spectacles.

All winter the skies were bright. Rain fell at night. In the morning the skies were bright. My backhand flip was my strongest weapon. Taking position to face my wife's brother, across the dear table, my paddle lightly clasped, my wrist flexing, I waited to loosen my flip to his forehand, watch him (shocked) dart and be beaten, flounder and sulk. My forehand was not so powerful, so swift. Predictably, he attacked my forehand. There was a ringing sound in the room, a rubber sound in the walls. Predictably, he attacked my forehand. But once far to the right on my forehand, and my weight genuinely disposed, I could employ my backhand flip, unanswerable, watch him flounder, skid and be beaten. They were close games. But it is not now so easy when you see the ping-pong ball double, or do not see it at all or when, hurling toward you at speed, the ball blinds you.

I am pleased with my secretary. She knows the business well and loves it. She is trustworthy. She makes calls to Newcastle and Birmingham on my behalf and is never fobbed off. She is respected on the telephone. Her voice is persuasive. My partner and I agree that she is of inestimable value to us. My partner and my wife often discuss her when the three of us meet for coffee or drinks. Neither of them, when discussing Wendy, can speak highly enough of her.

On bright days, of which there are many, I pull the blinds in my office in order to dictate. Often I touch her swelling body. She reads back, flips the page. She makes a telephone call to Birmingham. Even were I (while she speaks, holding the receiver lightly, her other hand poised for notes) to touch her swelling body, her call would still be followed to its conclusion. It is she who bandages my eyes, while I touch her swelling body.

I do not remember being like my sons in any way when I was a boy. Their reserve is remarkable. They seem stirred by no passion. They sit silent. An odd mutter passes between them. I can't hear you, what are you saying, speak up, I say. My wife says the same. I can't hear you, what are you saying, speak up. They are of an age. They work well at school, it appears. But at ping-pong both are duds. As a boy I was wide awake, of passionate interests, voluble, responsive, and my eyesight was excellent. They resemble me in no way. Their eyes are glazed and evasive behind their spectacles.

My brother-in-law was best man at our wedding. None of my own friends were at that time in the country. My closest friend, who was the natural choice, was called away suddenly on business. To his great regret he was therefore forced to opt out. He had prepared a superb speech in honor of the groom, to be delivered at the reception. My brother-in-law could not of course himself deliver it, since it referred to the long-standing friendship which existed between Atkins and myself, and my brother-in-law knew little of me. He was therefore confronted with a difficult problem. He solved it by making his sister his central point of reference. I still have the present he gave me, a carved pencil sharpener, from Bali.

The day I first interviewed Wendy she wore a tight tweed skirt. Her left thigh never ceased to caress her right, and vice versa. All this took place under her skirt. She seemed to me the perfect secretary. She listened to my counsel wide-eyed and attentive, her hands calmly clasped, trim, bulgy, plump, rosy, swelling. She was clearly the possessor of an active and inquiring intelligence. Three times she cleaned her spectacles with a silken kerchief.

After the wedding my brother-in-law asked my dear wife to remove her glasses. He peered deep into her eyes. You have married a good man, he said. He will make you happy. As he was doing nothing at the time, I invited him to join me in the business. Before long, he became my partner, so keen was his industry, so sharp his business acumen.

Wendy's common sense, her clarity, her discretion, are of inestimable value to our firm.

With my eye at the keyhole I hear goosing, the squeak of them. The slit is black, only the sliding gussle on my drum, the hiss and flap of their bliss. The room sits on my head, my skull creased on the brass and loathsome handle I dare not twist, for fear of seeing black screech and scrape of my secretary writhing golden and blind in my partner's paunch and jungle.

My wife reached down to me. Do you love me, she asked. I do love you, I spat into her eyeball. I shall prove it yet, I shall prove it yet, what proof yet, what proof remaining, what proof not yet given. All proof. (For my part, I decided on a more cunning, *(concluded on page 218)*

in the country of the blind he found himself a king

NOT·SO·CLASSIC *(continued from page 113)*

"periods." Here is a fairly moderate example of Cicero's oratory, from his *First Phillipic*:

> For when an illimitable evil was creeping into the State, and spreading day by day more widely, and when the same men were building an altar in the Forum who had carried out that burial that was no burial, and when daily more and more scoundrels, together with slaves like themselves, were threatening the dwellings and temples of the city, so signal was the punishment Dolalbella inflicted not only on audacious and rascally slaves, but also on debauched and wicked freemen, and so prompt was his upsetting of that accursed column, that it seems to me marvelous how greatly the time that followed differed from that one day.

Grant admits that such gaseous effluvia is not effective with present-day readers. "It is hard for us," he notes, "to put ourselves in the place of the Roman audiences who were so susceptible to Cicero's rotund vigor." (I like that "rotund vigor" bit!) But then he goes on to quote Arthur Quiller-Couch, an eminent literary critic of a bygone era, that literature is essentially "memorable speech," and hence tends toward the "purple patches" which we nowadays find so irksome.

I suppose, then, that one's reaction to Cicero's writings depends on just how much one can take of what Grant calls "the rhetorical element in literature." How much can you take, for instance, of Thomas Wolfe's "rotund vigor" and "purple patches"? If you can take 500 to 1000 pages of that sort of thing, then you will thrive on Cicero's rhetoric. As for me, just a little bit of floridity goes a long way. I am satisfied with a nosegay, or at most a bouquet. I don't want to be buried in flowers!

Wolfe said in his own defense, in a famous letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald, that he was a "putter-inner," like Shakespeare, Cervantes and Dostoievsky, as opposed to a "leaver-outer," like Flaubert. To this my response is that I enjoy what the great "putter-inners" mentioned by Wolfe put in, that I get sustenance from them, whereas I find writers like Cicero bombastic and unfulfilling.

• • •

Whereas a writer such as Cicero bores me with empty rhetoric—with too much nothing—another type of writer bores me with exhaustiveness of detail—with too much something. Emptiness and exhaustiveness—defects at the opposite extremes—both of them bore me.

Charles M. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is an excellent example of the second defect. It is a book with a high reputation, which is praised by competent judges—the sort of book one thinks one should or must read. T. E. Lawrence, who certainly knew the Arabian Desert well and who himself was a great prose writer, called Doughty's book "a joy to read as a great record of adventure and travel (perhaps the greatest in our language)," also "one of the great prose works of our literature," as well as "a bible," "a classic," and a work that "can never grow old"—in short, a great book.

Yet I, sad to say, have not found it any of these things. Even if it is, as Lawrence assures us, the greatest book on the desert and its denizens that has ever been written, I shall never be able to profit from it. For, moved by such praise, I have tried to read the work, and despite all good intentions and dogged persistence, I simply could not get into it. It bored me to tears—rather dry ones, too.

The reason I have not been able to follow Doughty on his travels through the Arabian Desert is indicated in Lawrence's eulogy. He makes the point repeatedly that Doughty is overwhelmingly and exhaustively *complete*, that he gives us *all* the details. "Doughty tries to tell the full and exact truth of all that he saw," says Lawrence, to convey faithfully "the complete existence" of the desert Bedouins. But this is precisely what I find tedious about Doughty, what makes it impossible for me to go through the thousand pages or more in which he tells all. I do not want to hear *all* the details—completeness fatigues me. "Doughty's completeness is devastating," Lawrence remarks, to which I can only assent with a groan.

Perhaps a reader who is intensely interested in Arabia and the Arabs as a subject of study will find it rewarding and illuminating to pursue his search through the mass of details that Doughty so abundantly provides. But Lawrence said plainly that he was not recommending the book to specialized students, who already knew it, but for "the outside public, willing to read a great prose work." It is just here that the book fails—simply in readability and attractiveness for the general reader—which is the hallmark of a great book. Even if we start out with the general "imaginative appeal of Arabia and the Arabs," which Lawrence spoke of, our interest will soon be stifled by a glut of details.

Another reason that the book is unreadable is the author's abominable style. Even if *Arabia Deserta* were only half or a third as long as it is, it would be unreadable. Yet this is what Lawrence has to say on Doughty's style: "It is a book which begins powerfully, written in a style which has apparently neither father nor son, so closely wrought, so tense, so just in its words and phrases, that it demands a hard reader."

Of this style without a father or a son—in other words, a sterile bastard—*The Reader's Encyclopedia* remarks that it "combines the archaic English of the Chaucerian and Elizabethan periods with Arabic." This is certainly a strange combination. No wonder I had trouble reading the book. Have you ever tried to read Chaucerian-Elizabethan-Arabic-English prose?

Similarly, *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us that Doughty's main purpose was to write a work in "pure English prose," couched in "direct Elizabethan style," ignoring "all later growths in syntax and vocabulary." Before praising Doughty's "majestic style," the article concedes that it is "irksome to some." Count me among the some who find it irksome, tedious, deadening and even ridiculous.

I am aware that students of English prose style, such as Sir Herbert Read, have discerned in Doughty's work fine examples of flexibility and subtlety in the use of prose patterns. But we do not go to an account of travels in the Arabian Desert primarily for examples of English prose rhythms. We go to it for information and for narrative interest—and here it fails for readers like myself.

This is the lead sentence in Doughty's "classic" work:

> A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand "Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

There are even "richer" sentences to follow, if you have the heart to continue.

• • •

The deadly combination of the exhaustive with the exhausting is also to be found in a more contemporary work and one probably more often read than Doughty's—Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. This book received acclaim throughout the world in the 1920s and 1930s as one of the masterpieces of the novel form, destined to assure its author literary immortality. It is, however, astonishing that a book with such a heavy load of discursive subject matter, and written in Mann's peculiar, diffuse style, should have had such a wide sale. As with many another erstwhile "book that everyone is talking about," it may be that few of those who bought the book read it all the way through.

In any case, we have no right to say that we have not been warned beforehand about what sort of book this is, for

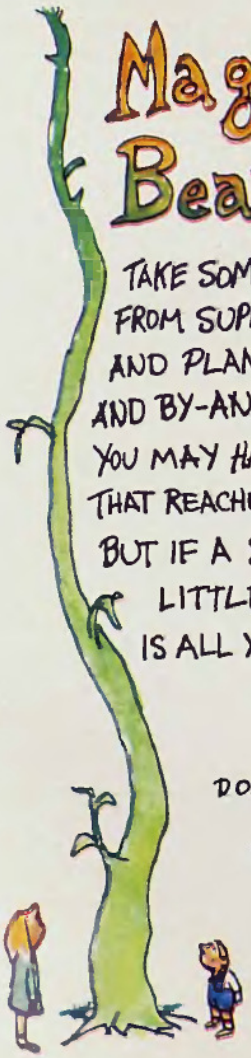
(continued on page 188)

UNCLE SHELBY'S KIDDIE CORNER

a weedy garden of verses and such on subjects near and dear to a tiny tot's heart

humor **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

Magic Beans



TAKE SOME BEANS
FROM SUPPER TONIGHT
AND PLANT THEM —
AND BY-AND-BY,
YOU MAY HAVE A BEANSTALK
THAT REACHES TO THE SKY
BUT IF A SILLY
LITTLE WEED
IS ALL YOU EVER SEE,

DON'T
BLAME
ME.....

The old Woman in the shoe

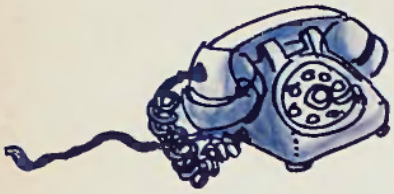
THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN
A SHOE
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT HER PROBLEM WAS SOLVED AND HER
WORRIES WERE THROUGH
WHEN SOMEONE PUT HIS FOOT IN THE SHOE.

Hide and Seek

WHERE TO HIDE? WHERE TO HIDE?
UNDER THE BED OR IN THE HALL?

I'LL BET
THEY'D NEVER
FIND
YOU
IF YOU HID
IN MONTREAL...!

How to use... The Telephone



ARE YOU ALL ALONE?
WELL GO TO THE PHONE
NOW THINK OF SOME NUMBERS
FROM ONE TO NINE-!
THAT'S FINE.
NOW DIAL THEM ALL.
(YOU'RE MAKING A CALL!)
NOW WAIT TILL SOMEBODY ANSWERS,
THEN...
SPLICKETY-LICK
HANG UP QUICK!
THEN SIT FOR A WHILE
AND HAVE A SMILE...
AND START ALL OVER AGAIN!

Children

DO I LOVE CHILDREN?
YES, I DO!
BOILED, BROILED OR IN A STEW.

Wondering

SEE THE BOUNCING BABY BOY...
HE WEIGHS 12 POUNDS AND 7 OUNCES.
ROUND AND SMALL,
JUST LIKE A BALL.
DON'T YOU WONDER IF HE BOUNCES....?

Nothing to do?

NOTHING TO DO?
NOTHING TO DO?
PUT SOME MUSTARD IN YOUR SHOE.
FILL YOUR POCKETS FULL OF SOOT.
DRIVE A NAIL INTO YOUR FOOT.
PUT SOME SUGAR IN YOUR HAIR
PUT YOUR TOYS UPON THE STAIR
SMEAR SOME JELLY ON THE LATCH
EAT SOME DIRT AND STRIKE A MATCH
DRAW A PICTURE ON THE WALL
ROLL SOME MARBLES DOWN THE HALL
NOW CURL UP IN MOMMY'S LAP,
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TAKE A NAP.

Where is Mommy?

MOMMY HAS GONE TO
THE STORE.
BUT, LOOK, IT'S A QUARTER
TO FOUR.
MAYBE A PIRATE HAS
KIDNAPPED HER
AND SHE WON'T BE HOME
ANYMORE.....!

The Gypsies

THE GYPSIES ARE COMING
THE OLD PEOPLE SAY
TO BUY LITTLE CHILDREN
AND TAKE THEM AWAY
FIFTY CENTS FOR BIG ONES
A QUARTER FOR THE SMALL ONES
FOURTY CENTS FOR FAT ONES
ELEVEN CENTS FOR TALL ONES
A DOLLAR FOR THE HAPPY ONES
A NICKLE FOR THE SAD ONES
AND KIDDIES WHEN THEY COME TO BUY
IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO CRY
(BUT JUST BETWEEN YOURSELF AND I,
THEY NEVER BUY THE BAD ONES!)

Poem

PLEA
SE DO
NOT M
AKE F
UN OF
ME AN
D PLE
ASE D
ON'T L
AUGH
IT IS
N'T EA
SY TO
WRITE
A POE
M ON
THE N
ECK O
F A R
UNNIN
G GIR
AFFE.

Kitty

COME, KITTY, KITTY...
WITH YOUR FUR AS SOFT AS SILK.
COME AND DRINK YOUR POISONED MILK.

Breakfast

DOWN GOES OUR OATMEAL
GLUP-GLUP-GLUP!
NOW, JUST FOR FUN, WE SPIT IT
UP-UP-UP!

Sing a Song of Sixpence

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE
A POCKET FULL OF RYE
FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS
BAKED IN A PIE
WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED
THERE WERE ALL THE BLACKBIRDS
COOKED TOGETHER-DEAD-WITH
ALL THEIR FEATHERS BURNT OFF
AURGHHH!

Let's Build!

LET'S MAKE SISTER A HOUSE
FOR HER DOLLY.
FIRST WE CUT UP SOME PIECES
OF WOOD
THEN NAIL THEM TOGETHER
AS BEST AS WE COULD
FROM CARDBOARD WE MAKE
HER A CHIMNEY SO RED
AND FROM MATCHSTICKS WE
MAKE HER A CUTE DOLLY BED
THEN WE PUT ON THE ROOF
WITH SOME THUMBTACKS AND GLUE
AND PAINT IT ALL PURPLE AND
ORANGE AND BLUE.
AND NOW THAT I'VE SHOWN YOU
JUST HOW TO MAKE IT,
DO YOU WANT TO HEAR OF A GOOD WAY
TO BREAK IT?.....

No More Candy?

NO MORE CANDY?
DON'T BE GLUM.
SUCK YOUR NICE SWEET JUICY THUMB!

Pooh's Poem

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN-
CHRISTOPHER SHMOBIN
A BEAR HAS GOT TO EAT!

The Queen of Hearts

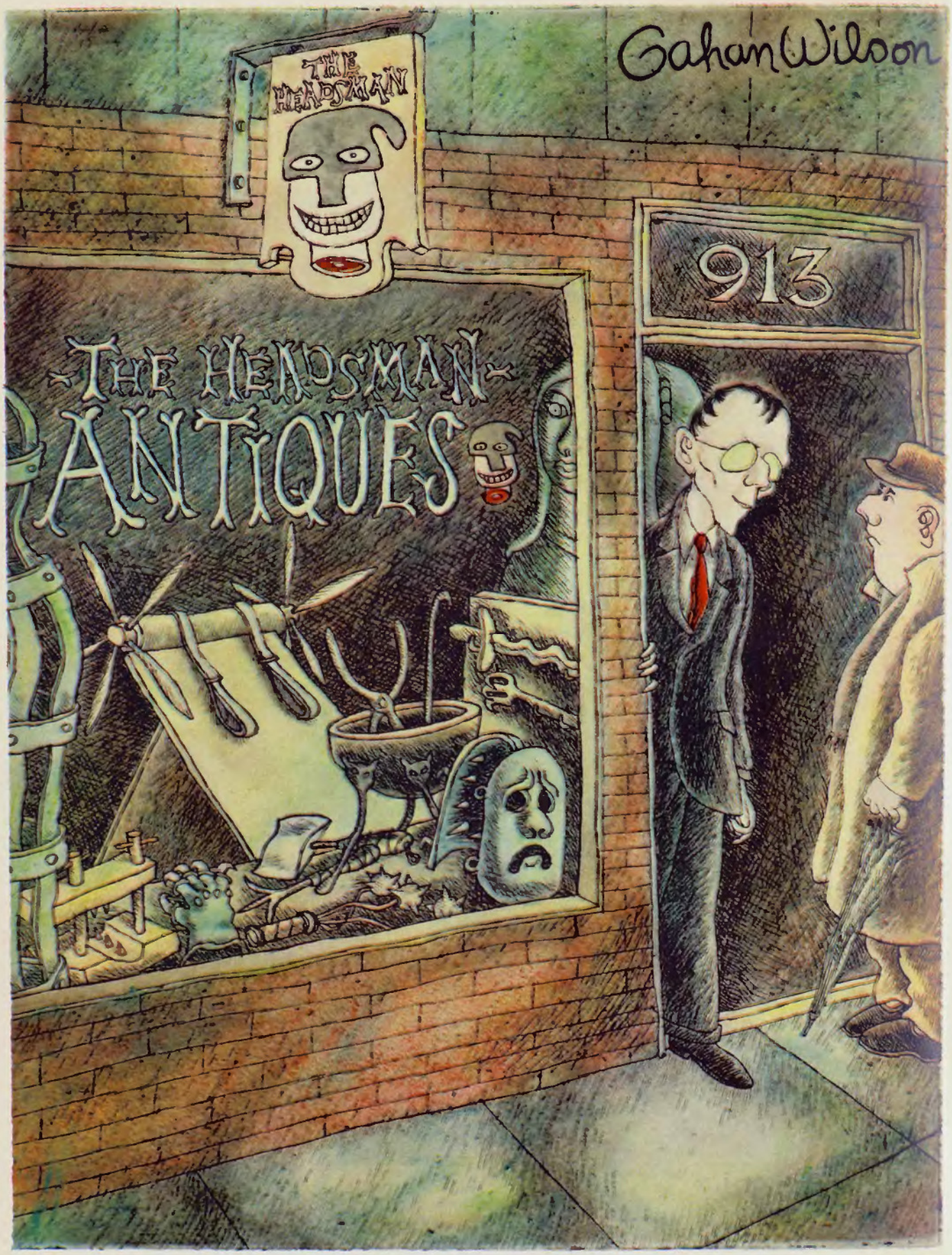
SHE MADE SOME TARTS
ALL ON A SUMMER DAY
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS
HE STOLE THE TARTS
AND WITH THEM RAN
AWAY
THE KING OF HEARTS
CALLED FOR HIS TARTS
AND UNCLE SHELBY CANNOT CONTINUE
WITH SUCH A LEWD NURSERY RHYME!

Traffic Lights

YOU MUST NOT WALK
WHEN THE LIGHT IS
RED.
REMEMBER THAT,
MY SON.
BUT I SUPPOSE
THAT IT WOULD
BE
ALL RIGHT...
TO
RUN!

The Purple Giant

THE PURPLE GIANT
WILL GET YOU IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
THE PURPLE GIANT WILL GIVE YOU
A GREAT BIG BITE
UNLESS YOU HAVE A MAGIC CHARM
TO FRIGHTEN HIM AWAY
WHICH YOU CAN ONLY GET BY SENDING
25 CENTS TO UNCLE SHELBY, 428
HUDSON ST., NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.



"Yes, we cater to a rather specialized clientele."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOUND PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT

STRAIGHT TALK AND SAGE ADVICE ON DEALING WITH SUBORDINATES

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY** MANY YEARS AGO, I had a conversation with one of America's leading industrialists, a man noted in business circles for operating his many companies with consistently great success.

"You certainly seem to have a magic touch," I remarked at one point during our discussion.

"Magic touch?" the magnate said. "No, I don't think I have anything of the kind. The reason I've done pretty well is that I long ago discovered the secret ingredient that makes all the difference in business—the use in management of applied psychology based on common sense."

He went on to point out that management is, after all, nothing more nor less than the art of directing human activities, and he placed heavy emphasis on the word human.

"You can bully people and obtain results—up to a certain point," the industrialist observed. "But sooner or later—and usually it's sooner—they begin to resent or rebel. To get the most and the best out of people—whether they're associates, subordinates, superiors, customers or suppliers—you have to remember at all times that they're human beings and treat them as such. And there you have the beginnings of sound management psychology."

I could readily understand what he meant, for I had learned my first lessons about what sound psychology could do to make business management more efficient very early in my career, back in the days when I was a wildcatter in the Oklahoma oil fields. I'll admit the lessons were blunt and basic—and sometimes even harsh—but then, this was to be expected when working with the hard-bitten, no-nonsense types of men who formed my drilling crews.

I was young and relatively inexperienced; the men who worked for me were mostly older in years and much wiser in practical knowledge and experience. My position was somewhat analogous to that of a freshly commissioned second lieutenant who suddenly finds himself commanding a unit made up of tough, veteran regulars. I had the authority and the final responsibility; the seasoned campaigners watched with wary skepticism to see how I would use and discharge these, and waited for me to prove myself.

It was fortuitous that I had worked previously as a roustabout and tool-dresser on drilling crews. I had the advantage of having some understanding of how the men's minds worked and of what their probable reactions would be if I did this, that or another thing.

I knew it would be worse than useless for me to assume a stern, authoritarian role, to play the martinet; I would only appear ludicrous and reap nothing but contempt, which the men would show by doing as little work as possible. It would have been equally fatal for me to remain aloof or, on the other hand, to try to ingratiate myself by being overly familiar and pretending I was "one of the boys."

I realized I would have to strike some viable median. I did not think of it as "psychology"; I doubt if I was then aware the term could even be used in any such context. It was simply a question of finding the most effective techniques for managing the activities of the men on whose morale and performance my business success hinged.

The direct approach seemed most advisable—if for no other reason than that the men would have instinctively sensed any attempt to "con" them. By one means and another, I made my views quite clear. I let the men see I respected them not only for their superior experience but also as individuals, and looked upon our association as a mutual effort in which I assumed the financial risks, accepted the major headaches and was willing to do my share of the work. I gave no orders or instructions without explanation, meticulously avoided meddling or nit-picking, but was always ready to lend a hand on even the messiest and most difficult tasks whenever a hand was needed.

Within a remarkably short time, my men were acknowledging that, although I was a tenderfoot, I was not a total ignoramus and, in fact, apparently possessed a fair amount of knowledge about the oil business in general and drilling operations in particular. We rapidly developed a strong degree of mutual respect, and work on the drilling site progressed quickly and efficiently. There were, of course, a few rough spots and potentially taut situations—one of which I particularly recall.

In those days, drilling crews worked twelve-hour shifts six days a week. This left little time for week-night sprees in town, but some of the men were unable to resist the temptations of the boomtowns, notwithstanding the fact that morning-after work in the broiling Oklahoma sun was brutal punishment. One morning, one of my roustabouts appeared on the drilling site suffering from a monumental hangover. Although we were at a crucial stage of drilling, he showed he had

no intention of doing any serious work that day and began to openly soldier on the job.

The other members of the crew watched closely to see what—if anything—I would do. Luckily, two things were in my favor. I, myself, had been out the night before and the crew knew this, and the hung-over goldbricker was only a few years older than I was.

"Feeling rough?" I asked him. He just glowered at me. "I'll make you a deal," I went on. "I'll spot you ten seconds and race you up the rig. If you beat me, you can have the day off with pay."

The roustabout squinted up to the top of the drilling tower. "Boss, you're on," he grunted. I handed one of the other men my watch. At a signal, the roustabout started a monkey scramble up the rig. Exactly ten seconds later, I followed suit—and succeeded in reaching the crown block a second or two before him.

We were both winded when we got back down to the drilling platform—but it was obvious that I had won several victories. The other members of the crew were grinning broadly. I'd handled the situation in a manner that they could appreciate and had proved my right to be "boss." The roustabout was good-naturedly jeered—and he took it all in equally good stride.

"OK," he groaned. "I'll work this shift if it kills me!" He did work the shift—and it didn't kill him. Thereafter, he was one of the hardest-working and most conscientious members of the crew, and subsequently worked for me on many other drilling jobs.

I'll grant the incident is an elementary illustration of how applied psychology can solve management problems and help business operate more efficiently. I would hardly recommend that, say, the executive vice-president of a construction company enter into a hod-carrying competition with an apprentice bricklayer in order to prove his managerial *bona fides*. Nonetheless, the example serves to demonstrate that, in directing human activities, there is much to be said for employing methods and taking actions that have human appeal, that the individuals concerned can readily grasp.

I think my industrialist friend's definition of management as the art of directing human activities might be stated in another way, namely that the primary function of management is to obtain results *through people*. Consequently, sound management psychology will motivate, direct, encourage and, in those exceptional instances where management is in the hands of exceptional individuals, inspire people so they will achieve the results that make possible the attainment of given objectives.

There was a time—happily, long past—when management gave little if any thought to the human material which has always formed the most valuable asset of any business. Employees were considered highly expendable, stockholders were at the mercy of manipulators and sharks, and attitudes toward even customers and clients found definitive expression in the classic utterance "The public be damned!"

The entire concept of management-people relations has undergone radical change in recent decades. Business and business management have grown up; they have become knowledgeable, sophisticated, aware that people count. Granted, the changes did not come about spontaneously; they were aided, even forced, by outside pressures. However, this is not of importance here. The important thing is that modern management has become acutely conscious that it must deal with and depend on human beings, that to get the most out of people it is necessary to do more than merely growl or shout an order and, above all, that human beings must be led and never driven.

Having recognized—and regretted—its past errors and oversights, the business community has done much to correct them and to develop an enlightened management psychology. Proof of this can be found in the extensive programs designed to maintain good employee, stockholder and public relations and in the effort most companies take to insure that they are "projecting a favorable corporate image." These are all significant manifestations of modern management's awareness that it can only obtain results through people.

Although, broadly speaking, all companies want to obtain very similar results—such as high employee morale, high levels of quality production, healthy profits—the patterns and methods of application of their management psychology vary, not only in detail but also in effectiveness. Far too many executives at all levels still fail to comprehend that sound management psychology, like charity, begins at home and, while elaborate public-relations programs doubtless accomplish much, the place to start applying management psychology is no more distant than the nearest stenographer, machinist or salesclerk.

No psychological weapon is more potent than example. An executive who seeks to achieve results through the people who work under his direction must himself demonstrate at least as high a standard of performance as he hopes to get from his subordinates. If he makes a habit of spending three hours over lunch, he has no right to complain when his secretary dawdles an extra ten minutes over her coffee break or lacquers her nails when she should be typing a report the board chairman wants to see the next morning.

Executives need to establish and maintain single standards in other regards as well. Some fail to do so and exert a strong adverse psychological influence on their subordinates. There are those who adopt a "*quod licet jovi, non licet bovi*"—"what is permitted the gods is not permitted the cattle"—attitude, blandly assuming their rank not only bestows privileges but also grants license. Typical of the genus is the executive who issues menacing warnings about pilfering and the personal use of company-owned property. It's not beyond him to fire the office boy for appropriating a lead pencil or a five-cent stamp—yet this same man will blandly spend hours dictating personal letters to his secretary and will send subordinates out to run his personal errands on company time.

Workers are quick to learn of such things; a company grapevine is one of the swiftest means of communication known to our society. And, when an executive's bad example or his double standards become known, morale and output plummet in his department. I've encountered both types of men during the course of my career and can cite two representative examples from my experience during World War II, when I was actively managing the Spartan Aircraft Company.

At one point, I became intuitively aware that employee morale was sagging. I soon found out why. Several executives had gotten it into their heads they could arrive for work anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour late each morning. Naturally, this did not set very well with the rank-and-file workers who were required to punch time clocks and were docked pay if they were tardy.

Fire, it is said, can be best fought with fire—and I've always felt that bad management psychology is best countered by forcefully positive applied psychology. I did not waste time issuing threats of disciplinary action. I simply announced that, thenceforth and until further notice, I would hold daily conferences at which I expected all management personnel to be present—and the conference would begin promptly 45 minutes *before* the start of the regular working day.

I lost a bit of sleep in the next two weeks or so, but I won a major battle. My executives got the idea; there was no more habitual tardiness, and worker morale was restored to a high level in record time.

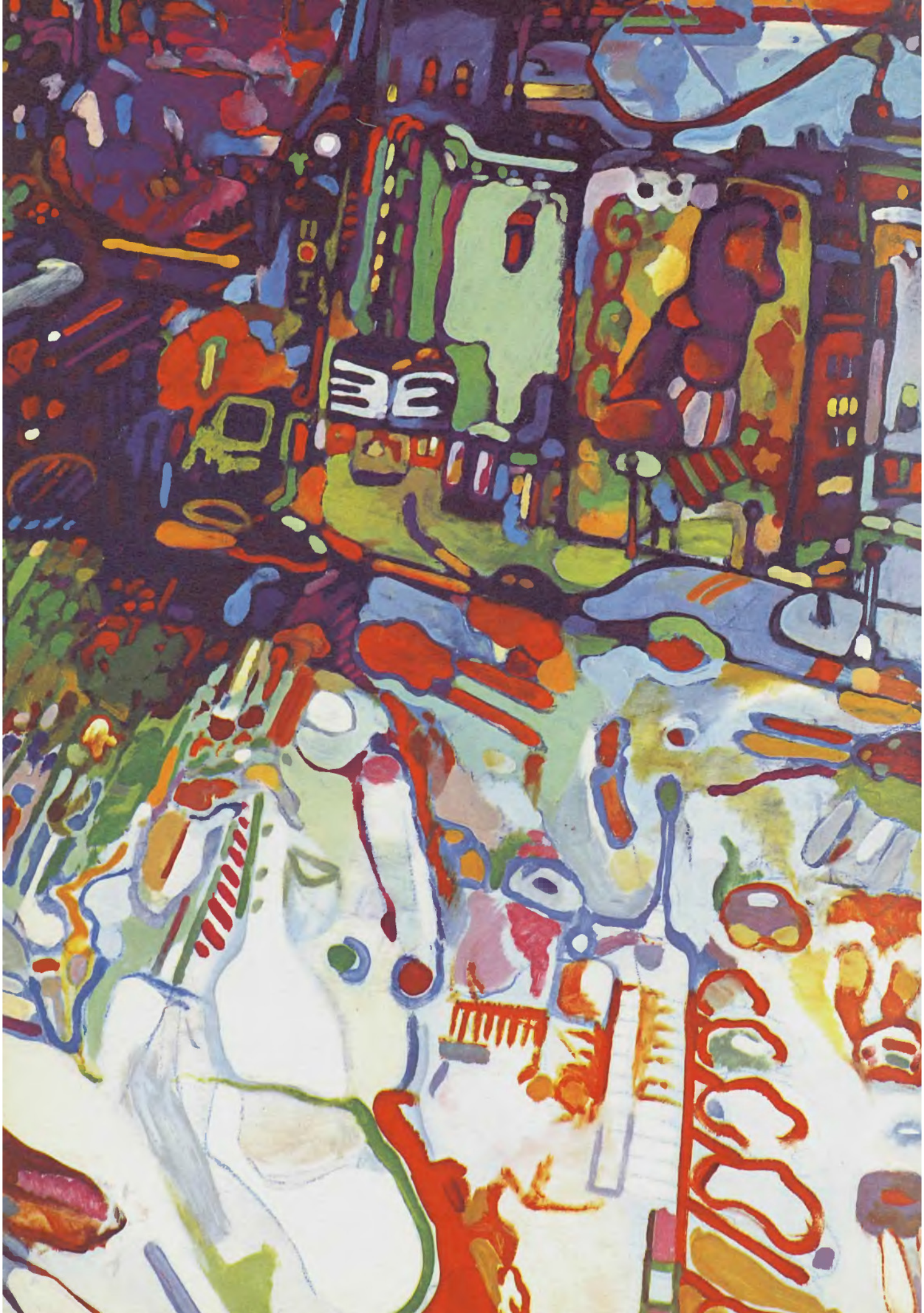
Not long thereafter, I learned an executive had taken some company-owned lumber and nails with which he constructed a dog kennel in his back yard. Although the lumber came from old, dismantled packing crates, I felt he'd set a

(continued on page 213)

Vargas

"I just can't understand why I keep having trouble with the same New Year's resolution every January."

FRANCISC
100 000


HOTEL
3E

GOOD BLONDE

fiction By JACK KEROUAC *he was on the road again—up ahead was san francisco, waiting, and beside him there was this chick in a bathingsuit*

THIS OLD GREEK reminded me of my Uncle Nick in Brooklyn who'd spent 50 years of his life there after being born in Crete, and wandered down the gray streets of Wolfe Brooklyn, short, in a gray suit, with a gray hat, gray face, going to his various jobs as elevator operator and apartment janitor summer winter and fall, and was a plain old ordinary man talking about politics but with a Greek accent, and when he died it seemed to me Brooklyn hadn't changed and would never change, there would always be a strange sad Greek going down the gray streets. I could picture this man on the beach wandering around the white streets of San Francisco, looking at girls, "wandering around and looking at things as they are" as the Chinese say, "patting his belly," even, as Chuang-tse says. "I like these shells." He showed me a few shells he'd picked. "Make nice ashtray, I have lots ashtrays in my house."

"What do you think? You think all this is a dream?"

"What?"

"Life."

"Here? Now? What you mean a dream, we're awake, we talk, we see, we got eyes for to see the sea and the sand and the sky, if you dream you no see it."

"How we know we're not dreaming?"

"Look my eyes are open ain't they?" He watched me as I washed my dishes and put things away.

"I'm going to try to hitchhike to San Francisco or catch a freight, I don't wanta wait till tonight."

"You mens always in hurry, hey, he he he he" and he laughed just like Old Uncle Nick, hands clasped behind his back, stooped slightly, standing over sand caves his feet had made, kicking little tufts of sand grass. In his green gray eyes which were just like the green gray sea I saw the yawning eternity not only of Greece but of America and myself.

"Well, I go now," says I hoisting my pack to my shoulder.

"I walk you to the beach." Long before we'd stopped talking I'd seen the girl come out of the bushes, shameful and slow, and stroll on back to the bathhouse, then the boy came out, five minutes later. It made me sad I didn't have a girl to meet me in the bushes, in the exciting sand among leaves, to lie there swapping breathless kisses, groping at clothes, squeezing shoulders. Me and the old Greek sighed to see them sneak off. "I was a young man once," he said. At the bathhouse we shook hands and I went off across the mainline track to the little store on the corner where I'd bought the wine and where now they were playing a football game from Michigan loud on the radio and just then the sun came out anyway and I saw all the golden wheatfields of America Football Time stretching out clear back to the East Coast.

"Damn," said I, "I'll just hitchhike on that highway" (101) seeing the fast flash of many new cars. The old Greek was still wandering on the water's edge when I looked back, right on that mystical margin mentioned by Whitman where sea kisses sand in the endless sigh kiss of time. Like the three bos in Lordsburg New Mexico his direction in the void seemed so much sadder than my own, they were going east to hopeless sleeps in burlap in Alabama fields and the eventual Texas chaingang, he was going up and down the beach alone kicking sand . . . but I knew that in reality my own direction, going up to San Francisco to see the gang and whatever awaited me there, was no higher and no lower than his own humble and unsayable state. The little store had a tree in front, shade, I laid my pack down and went in and came out with a ten-cent ice cream on a stick and sat awhile eating, resting, then combed my hair with water out of an outside faucet and went to the highway all ready to thumb. I walked a few blocks up to the light and got on the far side and stood there, pack at my feet, for a good half hour during which time I got madder and madder and finally I was swearing to myself "I will never hitchhike again, it's getting worse and worse every goddamn year." Meanwhile I kept a sharp eye on the rails a block toward the sea watching for convenient freight trains. At the moment when I was the maddest, and was standing there, thumb out, completely infuriated and so much so that (I remember) my eyes were slitted, my teeth clenched, a brand new cinnamon colored Lincoln driven by a beautiful young blonde in a bathingsuit flashed by and suddenly swerved to the right and put to a stop in the side of the road for me. I couldn't believe it. I figured she wanted road information. I picked up my pack and ran. I opened the door and looked in to smile and thank her.

She said "Get in. Can you drive?" She was a gorgeous young blonde girl of about 22 in a pure white bathingsuit, barefooted with a little ankle bracelet around her right ankle. Her bathingsuit was shoulderless and low cut. She

PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

sat there in the luxurious cinnamon sea in that white suit like a model. In fact she was a model. Green eyes, from Texas, on her way back to the City.

"Sure I can drive but I don't have a license."

"You drive all right?"

"I drive as good as anybody."

"Well I'm dog tired, I've been driving all the way from Texas without sleep, I went to see my family there" (by now she had the heap jet gone up the road and went up to 60 and kept it there hard and clean on the line, driving like a good man driver). "Boy," she said, "I sure wish I had some Benzedrine or sumptin to keep me awake. I'll have to give you the wheel pretty soon."

"Well how far you going?"

"Far as you are I think . . . San Francisco."

"Wow, great." (To myself: who will ever believe I got a ride like this from a beautiful chick like that practically naked in a bathingsuit, wow, what does she expect me to do next?) "And Benzedrine you say?" I said. "I've got some here in my bag, I just got back from Mexico, I got plenty."

"Crazy!" she yelled. "Pull it out. I want some."

"Baby you'll drive all the way when you get high on that stuff, Mexican you know."

"Mexican Shmexican just give it to me."

"OK." Grinning I began dumping all my dirty old unwashed rags and gear and claptraps of cookpot junk and pieces of food in wrapper on the floor of her car searching feverishly for the little tubes of Benny suddenly I couldn't find anymore. I began to panic. I looked in all the flaps and sidepockets. "Goddamnit where is it!" I kept worrying the smell of my old unwashed clothes would be repugnant to her, I wanted to find the stuff as soon as possible and repack everything away.

"Never mind man, take your time," she said looking straight ahead at the road, and in a pause in my search I let my eye wander to her ankle bracelet, as damaging a sight as Cleopatra on her poop of beaten gold, and the sweet little snowy bare foot on the gas pedal, enough to drive a man mad. I kept wondering why she'd really picked me up.

I asked her "How come you picked up a guy like me? I never seen a girl alone pick up a guy."

"Well I tell you I need someone to help me drive to the City and I figured you could drive, you looked like it anyway . . ."

"O where are those Bennies!"

"Take your time."

"Here they are!"

"Crazy! I'll pull into that station up ahead and we'll go in and have a Coke and swallow em down." She pulled into the station which also had an inside luncheonette. She jumped out of the car barefooted in her low-cut bathingsuit as the attendant stared and ordered a full tank as I went in and bought two bottles of Coke to go out, cold. When I came back she was in the car with her change, ready to go. What a wild chick. I looked at the attendant to see what he was thinking. He was looking at me enviously. I kept having the urge to tell him the true story.

"Here," and I handed her the tubes, and she took out two. "Hey, that's too many, your top'll fly out . . . better take one and a half, or one. I take one myself."

"I don't want no one and a half, I want two."

"You've had it before?"

"Of course man and everything else."

"Pot too?"

"Sure pot . . . I know all the musicians in L.A. and the City, when I come into the Ramador Shelly Manne sees me coming and stops whatever they're playing and they play my theme song which is a little bop arrangement."

"How does it go?"

"Ha! and it goes: boop boop be doodleya dap."

"Wow, you can sing."

"I walk in, man, and they play that, and everybody knows I'm back." She took her two Bennies and swigged down, and buzzed the car up to a steady 70 as we hit the country north of Santa Barbara, the traffic thinning and the road getting longer and straighter. "Long drive to San Francisco, four hundred miles just about. I hope these Bennies are good, I'd like to go all the way."

"Well if you're tired I can drive," I said but hoped I wouldn't have to drive, the car was so brand new and beautiful. It was a '55 Lincoln and here it was October 1955. Beautiful, lowslung, sleek. Zip, rich. I leaned back with my Benny in my palm and threw it down with the Coke and felt good. Up ahead suddenly I realized the whole city of San Francisco would be all bright lights and glittering wide open waiting for me this very night, and no strain, no hurt, no pain, no freight train, no sweating on the hitchhike road but up there zip zoom inside about eight hours. She passed cars smoothly and went on. She turned on the radio and began looking for jazz, found rock 'n' roll and left that on, loud. The way she looked straight ahead and drove with no expression and sending no mincing gestures my way or even telepathies of mincingness, you'd never believe she was a lovely little chick in a bathingsuit. I was amazed. And in the bottom of that scheming mind I kept wondering and wondering (dirtily) if she hadn't picked me up because she was secretly a sexfiend and was waiting for me to say "Let's park the car somewhere and make it" but something so inviolately grave about her prevented me from saying this, more than that my own sudden bashfulness (as the holy Benny began taking effect) prevented me from making such an importunate and really insulting proposition seeing I'd just met the young lady. But the thought stuck and stuck with me. I was afraid to turn and look at her and only occasionally dropped my eyes to that ankle bracelet and the little white lily foot on the gas pedal. And we talked and talked. Finally the Benny began hitting us strong after Los Alamos and we were talking a blue streak, she did most of the talking. She'd been a model, she wanted to be an actress, so forth, the usual beautiful-California-blonde designs but finally I said "As for me I don't want anything . . . I think life is suffering, a suffering dream, and all I wanta do is rest and be kind somewhere, preferably in the woods, under a tree, live in a shack."

"Ain't you ever gonna get married?"

"Been married twice and I've had it."

"Well you oughta take a third crack at it, maybe this time you'd hit a homerun."

"That ain't the point, in the first place I wouldn't wanta have children, they only born to die."

"You better not tell that to my mom and dad, they had eight kids in Texas, I was the second, they've had a damn good long life and the kids are great, you know what my youngest brother did when I walked in the house last week and hadn't seen him for a year: he was all grown up tall and put on a rock-'n'-roll record for me and wanted me to do the lindy with him. O what laughs we had in the old homestead last week. I'm glad I went."

"I'll bet when you were a little girl you had a ball there in Texas huh? hunting, wandering around."

"Everything man, sometimes I think my new life now modeling and acting in cities isn't half as good as that was."

"And there you were on long Texas nights Grandma readin the Bible, right?"

"Yeah and all the good food we made, nowadays I have dates in good restaurants and man——"

"Dates . . . you ain't married hey?"

"Not yet, pretty soon."

"Well what does a beautiful girl like you think about?" This made her turn and look at me with bland frank green eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know . . . I'd say, for a man,

(continued on page 192)

Top row from left to right: French sueded-leather peacoat, $165, with mohair button-out liner, $30, by Dunhill Tailors. Leather-handled clothes brush, from Esswoy, $3.75. Silk print pocket squares, by Handcraft, $3 each. Mohair muffler, by Handcraft, $6. Fitted traveling toilet kit, from Alfred Dunhill, $15. Electric shoe shiner, by Beck, $29.95. Acrylic pullover in jacquard pattern, by White Stag, $22.50. Four gold-plated paperweight ashtrays, by Thayer-Paradine, $42.95. Sportsman cologne and after-shave lotion, 4½ ozs. each, by Richard Hudnut, $2.75. Red-and-gray district check wool robe, by State-O-Maine, $23. Travel set of Figaro cologne and after-shave lotion, 3 ozs. each, by Lanvin, $8.75. Traveling kit of English Leather lotions, powder and deodorant stick, by MEM, $10. Bottom row from left to right: Black Watch shave lotion and cologne, 6 ozs. each, by Prince Matchabelli, $5. Italian mohair cardigan, by Cezar, $59.50. Spanish leather cigar case, by Alfred Dunhill, $3.50. Alligator and gold cigar cutter, from Iwan Ries, $12. One-pint silver flask, from Alfred Dunhill, $30. Manicure set, from Hoffritz, $25. Military brush set, by Kent, $50. Jade cuff links, by Swank, $15. Gold-tone and onyx butane lighter, by Bentley, $12.50. Crystal and gold cuff links, by Swank, $10. Pigskin gloves, by Daniel Hays, $15. Copper striped buttondown oxfordcloth shirt, by Van Heusen, $5. Black-and-wine-striped broadcloth shirt, by Sero, $11.50. Jade East cologne and after-shave lotion, 4 ozs. each, by Swank, $5.50. Electric shaver with adjustable roller combs, by Remington, $29.50. Walletry, calling-card case with open-face windows, $1.50, on executive secretary with pockets for cards, cash, stamps and memo pad, $6, and silk-lined billfold, $5, all by Rumpp. Automatic watch with ostrich-leather band, by Vantage, $29.95. Self-winding watch, by Elgin, $59.95. Watch, 21 jewels, by Timex, $24.95. Cotton pajamas, $11 and $6.95, both by Weldon. Sharkskin cigarette case, holds 14, $20, and crocodile case, holds 20, $75, both in gold plate, by Iwan Ries.

SIGNS BY WILLIAM KINSER

On the desk from left to right: Old leather book bar with crystal decanter and four glasses, from Alfred Dunhill, $300. Brass and crystal ice bucket, from Alfred Dunhill, $50. Solid aluminum desk set with desk pad, double pen holder, letter tray with cover, calendar pad, ashtray and letter opener, by Duk-It, $118. Fully transistorized stereo preamplifier with straight-line controls for volume, balance, bass and treble, by JBL, $450. Desk, 75″ by 28″, in walnut with rosewood roll top and three exposed drawers, by Dunbar, $870. On the floor from left to right: Bronze and silver chessmen in velvet-lined mahogany chest, $350, and oak chessboard with suede inlaid playing surface, $100, both by Malmik Enterprises. Fluted leather umbrella stand, $37.50, and matching ashtray stand, $45, both by Norris Ltd. Low-contour 33⅓ rpm turntable with tone arm that can adjust to any standard cartridge, by Weathers, $59.95. Walnut chopping board with horn-handle knife, from Mark Cross, $9.50. Replica of a 15th Century globe with wooden stand, from Alfred Dunhill, $67.50. Chair and ottoman in rosewood and leather, made in Italy, by Directional Furniture, $800. Satin-finished cigarette dispenser, by Falcon Industries, $8.50. French velvet host jacket with silk satin shawl lapels and sleeve cuffs, by Sulka, $295. Steel "Open Hearth" electric broiler with two-level rack for smokeless, spatterless cooking, by Farberware, $49.95.

Clockwise from one: Sueded-leather jacket, by Cresco, $50. Cigar humidor, by Iwan Ries, $30. FM/AM radio, by Sony, $39.95. Two-way speakers, by KLH, $69.95. Javelina high-velocity .17 cal. rifle, by Hyde Mach IV & O'Brien, $575. Reversible mohair and nylon parka, by Ernst Engel, $79. Radio telephone, by Columbian Hydrosonics, $450. Hunting bow, $69.95, and arrows, $32.50 a dozen, by Indian Archery. Minivac 601, an introduction to computers, by Scientific Educational Products, $135. Infrared binoculars, by Varo, Inc., $495. Automatic slide projector, by Argus, $150. *The Playboy Gourmet* by Thomas Marin, $12.50, *Twenty Decisive Battles of the World* by Mitchell and Creasy, $7.95 and *The Journal of Jules Renard* translated by Bagan and Raget, $6. Power tool kit, by Millers Falls, $119.55. Camera bag, by Perrin, $17.50. M3 camera with automatic parallax adjustment, $349.50, light meter, $39, both by Leica. Gun case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $75. Polo helmet, $24.50, mallets, $8.50 each, and carrying bag, $36.50, all from Miller's. *The Judy Collins Concert*, by Elektra, $5.98, and *Boris Godunov*, by Columbia, $23.95. Water ski, by Cypress Gardens Skis, $24.95. Driving gloves, $8.95, and steering wheel, $70, both from Hoan. Calabash, by Iwan Ries, $17.50. Short-wave radio, 4-band, by Hallicrafters, $89.95. All items rest on folding fiberglass dinghy, by Astrotech, Inc., $189.

Once upon a time...

WAG DOGS TALES

tracking down a cerfeit of punny examples leads to some puntifical conclusions

humor **By BENNETT CERF** THE OUTRAGEOUS and obviously baseless charge that a pun is the lowest form of wit finally has been traced back to its source: a mean, shriveled Egyptian curmudgeon about 3000 B.C. who had no sense of humor whatever and furthermore was hard of hearing. He just sat on a bank of the Nile, glowering, licking his Cheops, and groaning every time his neighbor, a splendid chap named Ramses Cerf IV, let a pun drop.

The inveterate punster learns early not to be disconcerted when his best efforts are met, at best, by grim silence and, at worst, by outright abuse. Anybody who considers himself a sophisticate (and who doesn't?) knows it is not fashionable to laugh at a pun. He also knows, however, that the listener who registers the most vehement contempt is the one who'll be on the phone fastest to broadcast the pun as his own creation.

The first pun ever made is credited, logically enough, to Adam. Eve teased him, "What's wrong with eating this little old apple?" and Adam answered, "I'll bite." The next day they both were bounced out of the Garden of Eden.

When Athens was at the pinnacle of its glory, the poet Homer was heard yodeling, "I love, I love, I love my wife—but oh, Euclid!" And in Rome, the great Caesar (roamin'est noble of them all), when asked by his friend Brutus at the Forum one afternoon, "How many hamburgers did you consume at luncheon today, Julius?" couldn't resist answering, "Et two, Brute."

In ancient Ceylon, legend has it that a hunter was tracking game so avidly one day in the steaming jungle that his false teeth fell out. Ever since, the unfortunate wretch has been searching for his bridge on the River Kwai.

Shakespeare's plays, of course, are larded with puns, though it's an intrepid soul today who will claim he understands one in ten of them. They refer to personages and customs long since forgotten, so the punch lines, no matter how boisterously delivered, are meaningless. By the same token, a pun that is priceless in 1964 may be utterly worthless a year later. How long, for instance, are people likely to chuckle over the rumor that France is taking over the Rock of Gibraltar—and renaming it De Gaulle Stone?

Speaking of Shakespeare, the immortal playwright decided one unreasonably hot day in the spring of 1595 to suspend writing sonnets to the girl next door and take her for a swim at a nearby British beach resort. They had to don swimsuits from their previous season's regalia, of course, and it suddenly occurred to Shakespeare that moths very possibly had been feeding on the back of his trunks. "Wouldst investigate, my love?" he asked his companion. She made a thorough, if unobtrusive search, then reported cheerfully, "No holes, Bard."

It was at the Court of Versailles in France that King Louis XV noticed one evening that one of Madame Pompadour's 14 petticoats was sagging. "Pompy," he informed her gallantly, "your quelque shows." And when, later, the royal barge capsized in the Seine, and the royal mistress asked if her precious kittens had been rescued, Louis had to tell her, "Helas! Un, deux, trois, cats sank."

When Warren G. Harding was President of the U. S. A., he is alleged to have swallowed one evening by mistake four pages of the *Congressional Record*. He rushed to the medicine chest for relief. "What on earth are you up to?" called Mrs. Harding. Her husband explained tersely, "Boring from within." President Truman rarely overlooked a chance to take a few cronies home to Independence for a spot of his wife Bess's superb cooking. As he put it, "Missouri loves company."

When President Eisenhower replaced Truman, bridge became the favorite pastime at the White House. In one session, a daring Eisenhower finesse went wrong and he went down four tricks—doubled and vulnerable. "This," reflected the mortified *(continued on page 202)*

"We'll take this one!"

"We'll have to leave the door open — I have a very suspicious landlady."

JOE

one of broadway's major impresarios recalls—with high humor and touching fondness—a runyonesque associate nostalgia **By JED HARRIS**

ONE DAY about 25 years ago one of the editors of the Vanguard Press sent me a book to which a brief note was attached:

> We are asking you as a great favor to read this novel, which we have recently published. We consider it a brilliantly comic book, but we have been unable to get any kind of sale for it. We would very much appreciate your opinion.

The book was called *Homage to Blenholt*, it was about Jewish horseplayers and bookmakers in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, and it *was* a very funny book by an author I had never heard of—Daniel Fuchs.

The editor said it was the author's first book and that he was naturally very much depressed. Would I be good enough to say a few words of encouragement to him?

The next afternoon Fuchs came to my office. With his dark, sorrowful eyes, he had the melancholy air of a failed rabbinical student. His handshake was limp, a bare tender of the fingertips, like that of a pious orthodox Jew of an older generation.

"I think I ought to tell you right off the bat that you have written a very funny book and there is no question about it, you are a born writer. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a schoolteacher," he said.

"I can't help wondering," I said, "how you ever got to know all these bookmakers and small-time horseplayers."

Fuchs' chest rose in another sigh. "I just asked the cop on the corner where people go to bet on the horses," he said, as though it was the most natural thing in the world to do, "and he took me over to a cigar store on the next block."

I had never heard research described more accurately.

"Well," I said, "was the atmosphere contagious? Did you by any chance become a better yourself?"

Fuchs shrugged and nodded, regretfully, I thought.

"How have you been making out?"

"Well," he said gloomily, "I have been winning about one hundred and fifty dollars a week."

"Really! You must have become a very good student of the form."

Fuchs shook his head.

"Well, you do read the *Racing Form*," I said. "Or is it the *Morning Telegraph*?"

Again Fuchs shook his head. "I don't know how to read those things," he said.

"Ah, then perhaps you have a friend, probably a professional handicapper, who tips you?"

"Oh no," said Fuchs as though such a thought had never entered his mind. "I never bet unless I go to the track."

"Well, if you don't know the form and you don't get tips, and you don't read the racing sheets, how do you pick the horses?"

I waited a long time for Fuchs' answer. But when it came it was starkly simple. And it was not the sort of answer to file and forget.

"My company manager, Joe Glick, is something of a horseplayer," I said. "Do you mind if I ask him to come in?"

Joe Glick was a thick man with the thick, heavy, innocent features of a baby hippopotamus. He was almost painfully fastidious about his clothes. And, like all great dandies, he never changed his style of dress. Winter and summer, he wore dark double-breasted suits and patent-leather shoes. And the gleaming surface of those shoes was matched and even outmatched by the high gloss on his quite perfect fingernails. To see Joe bent over his desk, studying and delicately fingering the pinked swatches of fine English woolens his tailor periodically sent around to him, was to observe connoisseurship as though they had been painted for the ages by Rembrandt.

So it was only natural that Joe should judge other people, first and foremost, by their clothes. And it was even more natural that he should shrink from writers who, by Joe's standards, always dressed like bums. The only exceptions to this rule were Goodman Ace and Damon Runyon. But, of course, both of these were not merely writers. They also happened to be dudes.

"Joe," I said, as I introduced him to Fuchs, "this young man is a very fine writer. He has just written a very funny book."

"Is that so?" said Joe noncommittally. He had glanced briefly in the direction of the somber figure in the chair.

"I think you ought to know that you and Mr. Fuchs have something in common." If this was meant to be a compliment, Joe was too polite to acknowledge it. "Mr. Fuchs is a horseplayer."

Joe stared for a moment at the mournful figure in the chair and said, "I see." But I felt that he spoke without conviction. *(continued on page 152)*

MUELLER

fiction **By ARTHUR C. CLARKE At 01:50 Greenwich Mean Time on December 1, 1975, every telephone in the world started to ring.** A quarter of a billion people picked up their receivers, to listen for a few seconds with annoyance or perplexity. Those who had been awakened in the middle of the night assumed that some far-off friend was calling, over the satellite telephone network that had gone into service, with such a blaze of publicity, the day before. But there was no voice on the line; only a sound that to many seemed like the roaring of the sea—to others, like the vibrations of harp strings in the wind. And there were many more, in that moment, who recalled a secret sound of childhood—the noise of blood pulsing through the veins, heard when a shell is cupped over the ear. Whatever it was, it lasted no more than 20 seconds; then it was replaced by the dialing tone.

The world's subscribers cursed, muttered "Wrong number" and hung up. Some tried to dial a complaint, but the line seemed busy. In a few hours, everyone had forgotten the incident—except those whose duty it was to worry about such things.

At the Post Office Research Station, the argument had been going on all morning, and had got nowhere. It continued unabated through the lunch break, when the hungry engineers poured into the little café across the road.

"I still think," said Willy Smith, the solid-state electronics man, "that it was a temporary surge of current, caused when the satellite network was switched in."

"It was obviously *something* to do with the satellites," agreed Jules Reyner, circuit designer. "But why the time delay? They were plugged in at midnight; the ringing was two hours later—as we all know to our cost." He yawned violently.

"What do *you* think, Doc?" asked Bob Andrews, computer programmer. "You've been very quiet all morning. Surely you've got some idea?"

Dr. John Williams, head of the Mathematics Division, stirred uneasily.

"Yes," he said. "I have. But you won't take it seriously."

"That doesn't matter. Even if it's as crazy as those science-fiction yarns you write under a pseudonym, it may give us some leads."

Williams blushed, but not very hard. Everyone knew about his stories, and he wasn't ashamed of them. After all, they *had* been collected in book form. (Remainder at five shillings; he still had a couple of hundred copies.)

"Very well," he said, doodling on the tablecloth. "This is something I've been wondering about for years. Have you ever considered the analogy between an automatic telephone exchange and the human brain?"

"Who hasn't thought of it?" scoffed one of his listeners. "That idea must go back to Graham Bell."

"Possibly; I never said it was original. But I do say it's time we started taking it seriously." He squinted balefully at the fluorescent tubes above the table; they were needed on this foggy winter day. "What's wrong with the damn lights? They've been flickering for the last five minutes."

"Don't bother about that; Maisie's probably forgotten to pay her electricity bill. Let's hear more about your theory."

"Most of it isn't theory; it's plain fact. We know that the human brain is a system of switches—neurons—interconnected in a very elaborate fashion by nerves. An automatic telephone exchange is also a system of switches—selectors, and so forth—connected together with wires."

"Agreed," said Smith. "But that analogy won't get you very far. Aren't there about fifteen billion neurons in the brain? That's a lot more than the number of switches in an autoexchange."

Williams' answer was interrupted by the scream of a low-flying jet; he had to wait until the café had ceased to vibrate *(continued on page 215)*

DIAL "F" FOR FRANKENSTEIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB AMFT
PRIMARY READ
30
50
70
SELECTOR ENTR
ENTR
15

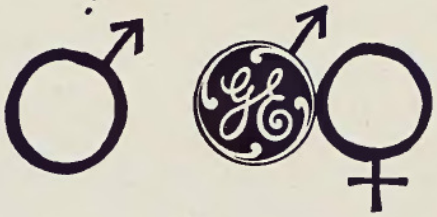
"You sure love to make an entrance, don't you, Forbes?!"

SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS

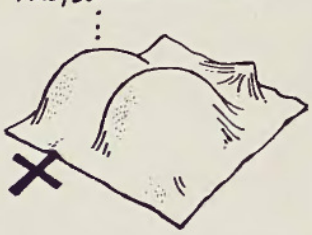
MAKIN' ANY PROGRESS?



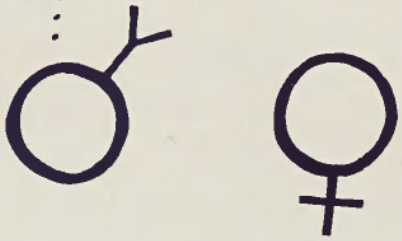
LISTEN, HAVE I GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!

FRANKLY, BEING A ROLLING STONE HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES

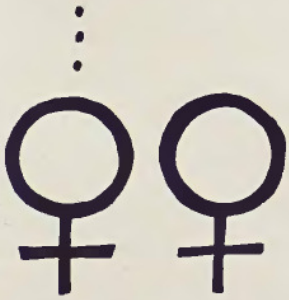
FINE, BUT NOW IM COLD



LISTEN, DON'T KNOCK IT IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT

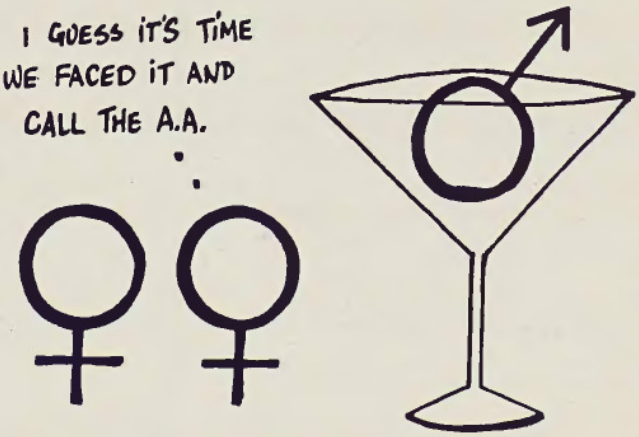


MABEL! THERE'S A GIANT IN YOUR WASHER!



I HAPPEN TO BELIEVE IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

I GUESS IT'S TIME WE FACED IT AND CALL THE A.A.



JOE *(continued from page 147)*

"It may further interest you to know that Mr. Fuchs is a *successful* horseplayer. He's been winning on an average of a hundred fifty dollars a week."

Joe's nostrils, which were large and almost barometrically sensitive, widened momentarily.

"That's a good average," he said impassively.

"But what I thought would be of particular interest to you, Joe, is the method by which Mr. Fuchs selects winning horses. For example, he doesn't read the *Racing Form*."

"I see," said Joe.

"Nor the *Morning Telegraph*," I said.

"I see," said Joe in the even tone of a man patiently humoring a lunatic.

"And he never bets unless he goes to the track and studies the horses for himself. And as they go by in the parade, he picks out the horses with the biggest chests and bets them. Regardless of the form and regardless of the odds."

Joe took all this without flinching. He merely nodded his head very slowly, very deliberately. When at last he broke the long silence, his voice was like velvet.

"Have you anything further to say to me, Mr. Harris?" he asked with an unexpected show of formality.

"No, thank you, Joe," I said in an appropriately Chesterfieldian manner.

The door was almost closed behind Joe when he pushed it back open again.

"Pardon me," he said. "Who, in your opinion, is going to win the big race next Saturday, Mr. Fuchs?"

Fuchs squirmed in his chair like a witness trying to avoid taking the Fifth Amendment.

"I don't like to pick horses till I get to the track," he said, clearing his throat. "But in this case, I think I'm going to go with White Cockade."

Joe gave him a genuinely pitying smile.

"Do you realize," he asked gently, "that this is a big stake race, and that White Cockade is going off at about fifteen to one?"

Fuchs nodded sadly, like a man acknowledging a bitterly damaging truth.

After Fuchs left, Joe came in and threw himself into a chair.

"Tell me something," he said. "Aren't you eccentric enough on your own without bringing guys like this Fuchs around? How do you think he measures the size of the horses' chests, anyway?"

"Exactly the way you and I do, Joe—by the finest of all instruments—the naked eye."

"It's lucky for him horses don't wear brassieres."

"A marvelous idea, Joe. I wish I had thought of it."

"And you know what that would lead to, don't you?" said Joe authoritatively. "Falsies."

• • •

A few days later I joined a friend for dinner at the Marguery. I had just sat down to the table when the waiter said I was wanted on the telephone. It was Joe.

"I have been calling every place in town," he said. He seemed out of breath.

"Why, has anything happened at the theater?" (I had a show running at the time.)

"No, nothing like that," said Joe. "When can I see you? It's very important."

"I'll meet you at the theater at nine o'clock," I said. "What's happened, anyway?"

"I'm terribly upset," said Joe. "I'm going to stay drunk the whole weekend."

"Why? What is it?"

"That goddamn White Cockade won by five lengths. I tell you, I'm sick."

"Well, Joe," I said, "I took the trouble to introduce you to an expert and you laughed at him."

When I met Joe at a bar across the street from the theater he was in the act of tossing down a double Scotch. "Hit me again," he said to the bartender.

While the bartender was pouring the drink, Joe seized my hand. He was clearly overwrought. "Listen," he said, "I'm taking a living oath on my mother's life, do you hear? I will never bet a horse race again as long as I live," he said. "I won't even read a form sheet."

"All right, Joe," I said, "but why be so upset?"

"Ah, I've been a sucker all my life," said Joe. "When a guy like this Fuchs, who doesn't know from nothing . . ." Here Joe broke off and drank his second double Scotch. This seemed to steady him.

"Jed," he said, "you know what my mother means to me. She is the one and only woman I ever loved. You know I wouldn't break an oath if I swore on my mother's life."

"I know, Joe," I said.

"Now," said Joe, "you know what type character I am. I'm swearing off now, and I mean it. But maybe sometime in the future, maybe a year from now, I'm liable to ask you to take me off my oath. Maybe I'll see a good spot for a bet. So I want you to promise me, as a pal, that no matter how much I beg, you will never let me off my oath."

• • •

Just how much Joe's mother meant to him I had discovered some ten years earlier in Chicago, when I was working as a press agent for a show, a clubfooted farce called *Applesauce*, in which Joe was heavily involved as a partner. Between the bleak prospects of the play and the condition of my own clothes, Joe and I did not hit it off too well. But as the box-office gross picked up, after a shaky start, our relations improved, and by the time the play was selling out, we had become, in Joe's favorite word, "pals." This is a not altogether novel experience in the theater, although there are times when it works just the other way. Before the end of that engagement, Joe had accumulated a tidy little fortune—more money, in fact, than he would ever have again, until after his death. But that was still far, but not far enough, in the future.

Early one morning Joe summoned me to his princely quarters at the Congress Hotel. It was only nine o'clock and I was astonished to hear from Joe at that hour.

"Will you please come over to my place?" he said. His voice sounded strange.

"What is the matter, Joe?" I said. "Are you sick?"

"Please do me a favor and get here as fast as you can, will you?"

As Joe saw me coming into his bedroom, he broke down and wept.

"Joe," I said, "what's the matter? Shall I get you a doctor?"

Joe blew his nose and shook his head. "I've already seen a doctor," he said. "I don't need any doctors," he went on sobbing.

I was alarmed. I thought Joe had discovered that he had cancer. "What is it, Joe?" I said. "For Christ's sake, tell me what the hell is the matter."

"I've got a dose," said Joe. "That is what is the matter."

I laughed with relief. "Joe," I said, "I've known a lot of people who got a dose, but I've never seen anybody take it like you. Are you in pain?"

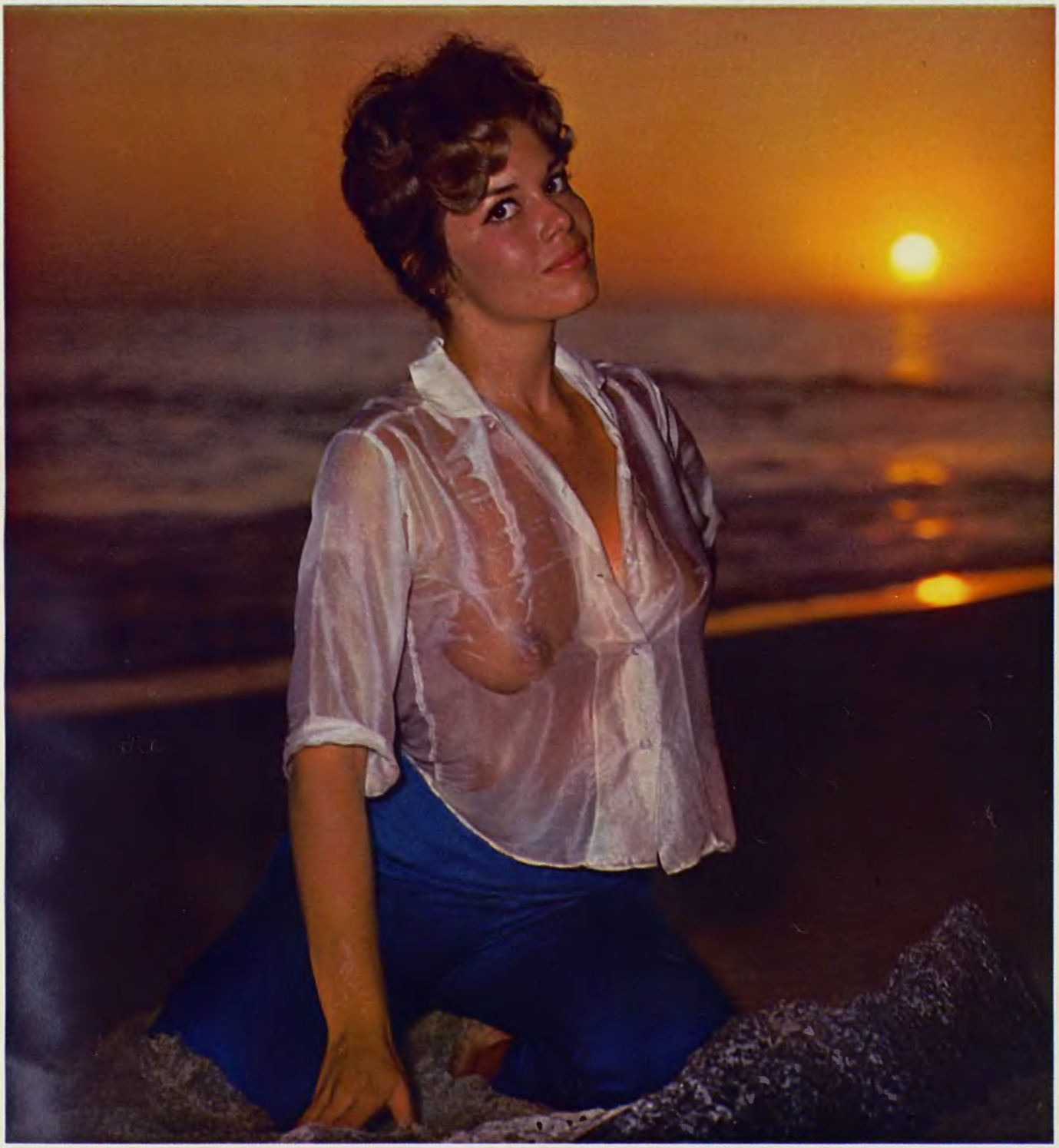
"It's not the pain," said Joe bitterly, "it's the goddamn humiliation. I've been knocking around all these years and this never happened to me before."

"But, Joe, at least half the people I've known in show business have had a dose. It's like a professional courtesy. Do you know who gave it to you?"

"I wish I did," said Joe. "I would break her behind. The whole thing is that I have been fooling around with too many people." He blew a magnificent honk into his handkerchief. "Ah," he sighed, "this isn't show business anymore. You should have been around in the old days. D'you know that I once took the Dolly sisters out for almost two hundred consecutive one-nighters? We started out in Walla Walla, Washington, and played the whole country, all the way into Augusta, Georgia. And we traveled in a private railroad car—just the Dollys and myself."

(continued on page 197)

Nancy Scott MISS MARCH



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

"IF EYES were made for seeing," wrote Emerson, "then beauty is its own excuse for being." Following Emerson's lead, we offer no other reason than the eye-filling beauty of our past year's Playmates for asking you to choose your nominee for Playmate of the Year. Our quest for centerfolddom's perfect dozen took us last year to such varied habitats as a sports-car agency, a meat market, an insurance company, a Hollywood film lot, the campus of a British university and—in four fortunate instances—the familiar environs of our own Playboy Clubs. The ides of March were made less foreboding by the presence of Nancy Scott, whose face and form adorn the opening page of this portfolio. Nancy was working as a medical technician for a Los Angeles doctor when we first diagnosed her Playmate potential, and, as you can see, still displays a charming beachside manner. This year, Nancy will mix cottontails with chemistry by moonlighting at the L. A. Playboy Club.

China Lee
MISS AUGUST

Our Occident-prone August Playmate, China Lee, a 22-year-old Training Bunny who covers the four corners of the Playboy Club empire, has proven herself a sportswoman of some stature (35-22-35). A 200-plus bowler and prize-winning equestrienne, China's Bunny-hopping takes her to all Playboy Club openings and barely leaves time for her promising career as an actress and *chanteuse*. As a result of her Playmate appearance, she's cut two LPs for Ava Records and will soon appear in a new Tommy Noonan movie currently being filmed in Hollywood. When she's finished her day at the studio, China works the night shift at the L. A. hutch.

Kai Brendlinger
MISS NOVEMBER

Hiking and skiing enthusiast Kai Brendlinger, a 21-year-old Bunny hutched at the Chicago Playboy Club, took us along on her annual Denver homecoming last November. Although she readily admitted that her heart was in the highlands of her native Colorado, our resourceful (35-23-35) mountaineer Playmate told us she had so many good friends in Chicago that she'd hate to leave. Our 5′3″ winsome Westerner prefers men of outdoor persuasion who will appreciate her few little idiosyncrasies ("I like spaghetti for breakfast") and show their real intelligence by "not always trying to prove how bright they are."

Ashlyn Martin
MISS APRIL

Though she qualifies for the role of ingénue among our past year's Playmates, 18-year-old Ashlyn Martin refuses to be typecast in this or any other category as she searches for herself and, for the present, a potential career as a serious actress. A native Floridian with a yen to travel, auburn-haired Ashlyn has already landed roles in a pair of Hollywood films and appeared on network television—*Burke's Law*, *The Joey Bishop Show*—since her recent migration to the celluloid capital. Her latest project is learning to knit, a deceptively sedentary avocation for one who hopes to be on her way to Europe by spring.

Nancy Jo Hooper
MISS FEBRUARY

A 21-year-old Southern belle who hails from a small rural town in Georgia ("Six visitors could cause a traffic jam"), Nancy Jo Hooper made her first trip north of the Mason-Dixon when we flew her to Chicago to become our Valentine Playmate. Since then, our hazel-eyed Georgia peach has been too occupied with personal appearances and Playmate promotions to settle down and find that "understanding and sophisticated guy with small-town habits." Nancy's an avid swimmer and water-skier, which helps explain how she can indulge in her weakness for lasagna and lobster and remain a striking example of rural electrification.

Astrid Schulz
MISS SEPTEMBER

Our quadrilingual Dutch treat, Astrid Schulz, whose impressive European background as a ballet student, opera singer and London fashion model has undoubtedly enhanced her career in American films—*The Art of Love* and *A House Is Not a Home*—is now on her way to becoming another of PLAYBOY's theatrically eminent Playmates. Currently in Europe for a long-awaited visit with her family, Astrid has just completed a three-week tour of the U. S. for Paramount ("I was amazed at how many people recognized me as the September Playmate") and her first video test for a role on the *Kraft Suspense Theater*.

Melba Ogle
MISS JULY

A delectable smorgasbord of beauty, brains and business acumen, Melba Ogle's career has taken on new dimensions since she appeared as our July Playmate with an unusual dual talent for modeling and meat cutting. Shortly after our readers first became aware of this 5'2" Nordic beauty's impressive gifts (39-22-35), she sold her interest in the meat market and bought into a new West Coast cosmetics firm. When she's not busy coming up with new ideas on how to improve the firm's beauty products, Melba, her own firm's best advertisement, doubles as a part-time mannequin and will soon do a series of TV commercials.

Sharon Rogers
MISS JANUARY

Since her laudable appearance as our New Year's Playmate, our erstwhile editorial assistant has departed for sunnier climes and a crack at the acting career she's always hoped to pursue. Now firmly ensconced in her own Hollywood apartment, Sharon Rogers is still as industrious as ever, triple-timing her way through acting classes, TV and film roles, plus Bunny promotion for the L. A. Playboy Club. So we haven't lost an employee; she's just found a new hutch from which to uphold her title as our *Triple Treat* Playmate. She made her TV debut in a recent *Burke's Law* teleplay, and will make her cinematic bow in *The Candidate*.

Rosemarie Hillcrest
MISS OCTOBER

This well-endowed subject of both the British Crown and our October centerfold is now back at Exeter getting her degree in economics after taking a coast-to-coast tour of the United States via Greyhound bus. "Quite a place to visit, and I might even like to live here," remarked Rosemarie before jetting back to Devon, England, for a final scholastic fling. If all goes well this year for our economy-minded candidate, she'll graduate with honors and then allocate her generous supply of feminine charms (41-25-38) to Bunnydom for a while. A master with foil and *épée*, she digs jazz, sun, horses, dancing and masterful men.

Lori Winston
MISS JUNE

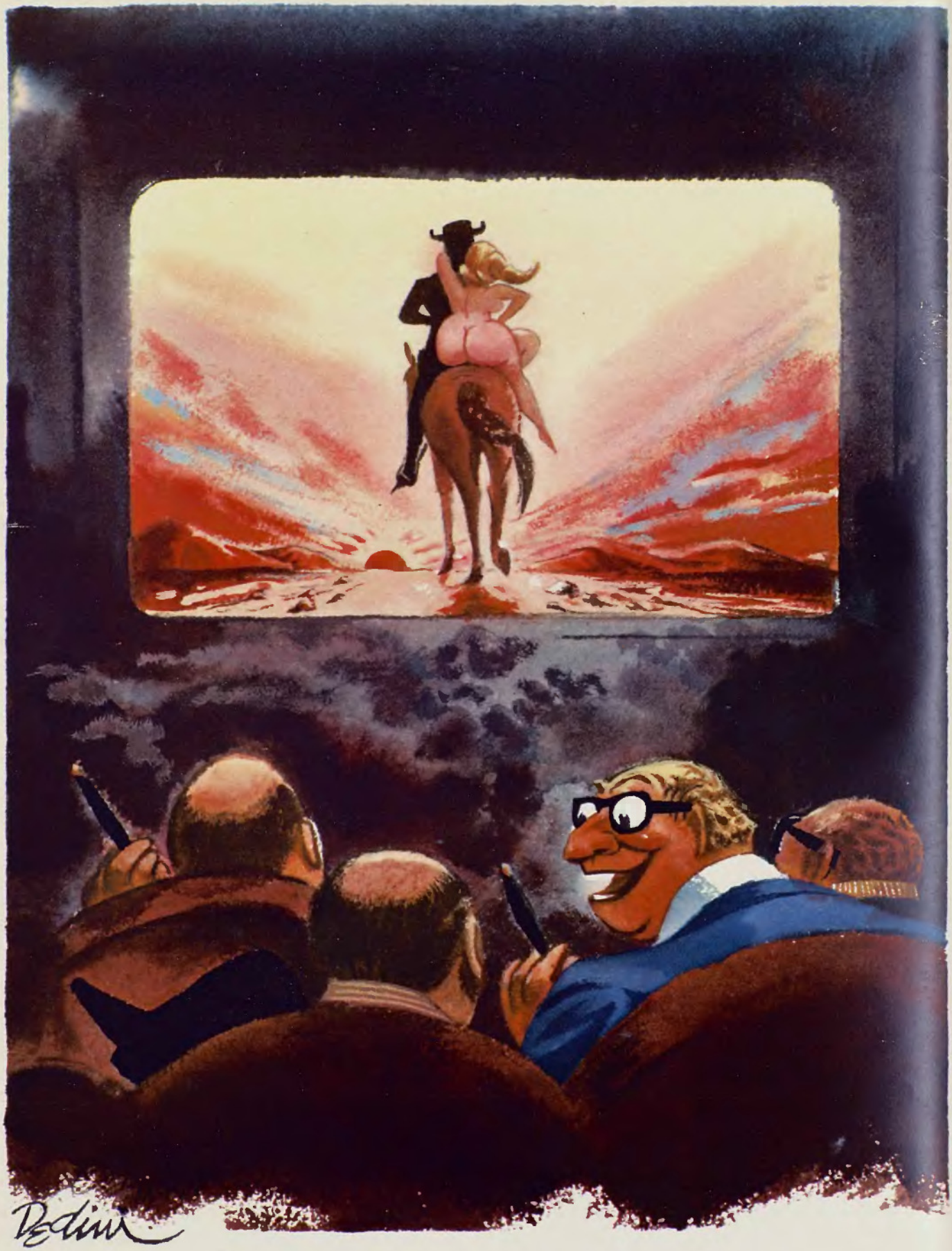
Twenty-year-old Lori Winston has made considerable progress in two directions since her June Playmate appearance. She was anxious to pursue an artistic career and equally hooked on the nautical life of Southern California. In short, she was hopelessly caught between the easel and the deep blue sea—an unfortunate dilemma for such a seeworthy lass. After enrolling in an evening course in art history at Long Beach State College, Lori found a solution to her conflicting interests by using her Playmate money to buy an 18-foot daysailer. Now, when she's finished her weekday chores, our able-bodied mate heads out to sea.

Terri Kimball
MISS MAY

The mail deliveries to Terri Kimball at the Chicago Bunny Dormitory have been large and lucrative since we covered her Cape Cod homecoming last May. In addition to her voluminous fan mail—including letters from most of the male frosh at Rhode Island University, where brother Biff won a scholarship—our blue-eyed Bunny has been receiving quarterly dividends from stocks she bought with her Playmate money, plus modeling fees from such advertisers as Chris-Craft and Mogen David. "My first dividend check was for $518," says the freckled financier. "That's pretty good form for a beginner." The statistics (36-23-36) agree.

Jo Collins
MISS DECEMBER

December Playmate Jo Collins is a movable feast of yuletide bounty (36-24-36) who grew up in Seattle, played a season of summer stock in Portland, currently resides in Hollywood (where she models teen fashions, makes video commercials, and works with an amateur acting group), and plans to migrate to New York to study at Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio. Her penchant for sailing provides her with a year-round tan that belies her avid indoor interest in painting, photography and the care and tuning of her fuel-injected Chevy. In the long run, 19-year-old Jo plans an offstage career with an "untheatrical-type guy."



"I like that, B. J.!"

the trial of a true friend

Ribald Classic
from *The Perfumed Garden*
by Shaykh Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefzawi

A YOUNG MAN called Mamoun was stricken with love for a married woman of the name Bahia, which in Arabic means "resplendent beauty." Mamoun knew in his heart that Bahia returned his affection, and sought means to visit her, away from the eyes of her wizened and enfeebled husband. With his friend Abou el Heija, Mamoun went to the place where Bahia and her husband dwelt. Mamoun instructed Abou el Heija: "Enter the court and request hospitality, but take care not to reveal our true intention. Seek out the servant girl of Bahia, and contrive to get alone with her to charge her with the message that I am here and desire her mistress."

Abou el Heija obeyed Mamoun's instructions, and shortly returned, saying that Bahia had promised to meet with them. At the hour that had been fixed, the two friends waited at the appointed place, and soon were met by the lovely Bahia. When she saw Mamoun she ran to his arms; he pressed her to his heart and began to caress her.

Then he said: "My Bahia, is there no way for us to pass a night together without arousing the suspicions of your ancient husband?"

Bahia replied: "Oh, before Allah, if you must have your pleasure the means for this are not wanting, providing your friend here is true and devoted to you."

"None is truer than Abou el Heija," said Mamoun.

"We shall see," said Bahia, standing off from the two, and, as they looked on, removing all her garments. When she was completely undressed she came forward, her body glistening with rare oils. Mamoun moved to embrace her, but she bade him restrain himself. She instructed Abou el Heija to remove his clothes, which he did with alacrity. Then she dressed herself in his clothes and him in hers, which covered him completely. Addressing Abou el Heija, Bahia said: "Go directly to my house and lie down in my bed. After the third part of the night has passed, my old husband will come to you and request the vessel into which one milks the camels. You will take up the vessel, which is by the bed, and keep it in your hands until he takes it from you. For this is our usual way. Then he will depart, and soon return with the vessel filled with warm milk, to say to you: 'Here, my wife, take this pot.' You must not take it until he has repeated these words, for such is our way. Then take the pot from his hands. He will leave and after that you will see nothing of him, for in his age warm camel's milk is the only pleasure he can bring to my bed."

Then Bahia and Mamoun retired to slake their thirst for love, and Abou el Heija went into the house to observe the instructions. At the designated hour the husband entered and requested the pot, which Abou el Heija gave him. However, as soon as the husband left, the beautiful younger sister of Bahia entered the bedroom and began to throw off her garments. Already distraught by his view of the charms of Bahia, Abou el Heija was completely taken by the sister, whom many said was the more beauteous of the two. Gazing on her partly clad body, he failed to respond when the husband returned with the vessel of camel's milk. Twice the husband said: "Here is the pot!" Then, when Abou el Heija realized his error and reached too quickly for the vessel, it fell to the floor and shattered. "Foolish woman," the husband cried, and, thinking it was his wife, beat him painfully with his cane, so hard that Abou el Heija, daring neither to speak nor to resist, was about to faint when the sister of Bahia intervened and persuaded the old husband to go off to bed.

The sister of Bahia began to console whom she thought was her sister, to soothe her wounds and curse him who had beaten her. As the sister caressed him, Abou el Heija felt his body warming toward her. He saw that she was splendidly beautiful, and endowed with all perfections, like the full moon at night. Placing his hand over her mouth to prevent her from speaking, he said: "Oh lady, by Allah, I am not what you think. Your sister Bahia is this moment with her lover, and I have encountered danger in her service. Will you not take me into your protection? For if you denounce me, shame and a beating will fall upon your sister."

When he first spoke out the young girl trembled like a leaf, but as he explained his plight she began to laugh, and before he was finished she had decided to surrender herself to this friend who had proven so true. She discarded her remaining robes, and the two gave themselves up to mutual enjoyment. In her arms he soon forgot the beating he had received.

When early the next day Abou el Heija returned to Mamoun and Bahia and told how he had passed the night, there was much laughter. All agreed that long evenings are best spent in lover's embrace, and the two men acknowledged that in the arts of love Bahia and her sister were without peer.

—Retold by Michael Laurence

BEATLE IN THE BULL RING

a sapient critic views the corrida scene and concludes that the reign in spain falls mainly on one name

article By KENNETH TYNAN

I WENT TO SPAIN LAST SUMMER intending to write a serious piece about the bullfight scene: a sort of pocket form book was what I had in mind, which would list the top ten matadors, run through their respective qualities and offer a little advice about where and when you might expect to see them at their best.

And indeed I could still write such a piece. It would begin with the news that Antonio Ordóñez, the serene young maestro from Ronda whom Hemingway worshiped, is emerging from two years' retirement to fight a full Spanish season in 1965—Ordóñez of the magic cape, the supreme slow-motion artist, all control and courtesy, who killed his last bull in Lima in 1962, lifting his hat skyward to dedicate its death to the soul of his recently buried father, a former matador of some glory who was Hemingway's model for the bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises*. Mastery imposed with grace and without melodrama: Such is Antonio.

Having welcomed him back (with a hopeful prayer that time has not dulled his 32-year-old reflexes), I would go on to salute another *revenant*, this time of a different stamp: Litri, who as a puny, big-nosed boy—expressionless save for his eyes, which blazed volumes of censored resentment and a mute, imperative need to stun the world with valor—stormed across Spain in the early 1950s, earning fortunes by sheer force of personality, making up in courage what he lacked in art. The bulls in his heyday were weakened for star matadors by having their horns shaved down, which caused them to miss their marks by a vital couple of inches; but the safeguards against this abuse have since been strengthened, and in 1964, when Litri returned to the ring after six years' absence, he triumphed with untouched bulls. The glowering face was as magnetic as ever, and art had strengthened the fighting; all the same, I would have to add that he still ends his *faenas* with sensational tricks, like staring at the crowd instead of the bull as the horns brush past his legs.

Nonchalance, love of danger for kicks, contempt for conformity, disdain for tradition and dignity: These are the attributes that make El Cordobés the first hip bullfighter.

Nor could I omit Jaime Ostos, the exuberantly handsome young Andalusian who received, in 1963, a wound that brought him nearer death than any matador of the front rank since Manolete's fatal goring 16 years earlier. After a winter of agonized convalescence, he reappeared in April with guts undiminished, still a dominating wielder of cape and muleta, and still, on his day, the best killer in Spain, often seen in pictures with both feet off the ground as he plunges over the horns. "Jaime's our number three," Hemingway used to say, numbers one and two being Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Dominguín, of whom the latter took his bland, omniscient, Castilian technique into permanent retirement some four years ago.

And speaking of technique, I would have to find room for El Viti, a solemn fellow from Salamanca who fights almost daily. We are dealing with serious *toreros*, and El Viti is serious to the point of glumness—in the words of Orson Welles, an *aficionado* of more than 30 years' standing who now lives in Madrid: "He's gray and dreary and dismal, but technically—until Antonio comes back—he's the best there is. You remember what Anatole France said when someone asked him who was the greatest French poet? He said: 'Unfortunately, Victor Hugo.' I feel the same way about El Viti." And then I would spare a sentence or two for Paco Camino, a slightly built depressive from Seville who overcomes his prevailing apathy about once a month and completes half a dozen superlative left-handed passes ("Like the rays of a lighthouse sweeping the sea," said a dazzled critic); and the elegant gypsy, Curro Romero, whose triumphs are even rarer, annual conquests of panic that only occur when this peerless but terrified artist encounters an utterly trustworthy, straight-charging bull; and the hard-working brothers Girón—Cesar and Curro from Venezuela—who strut into the ring like a pair of flamboyant gymnasts prepared to do handsprings over the bull's back before killing it. And I could not leave out the great veteran, verging on portliness now but still a walking manual of bullfight tradition and a living guarantee, whenever he enters the plaza, that the bulls on hand will be honestly fought, according to the rules, without tricks or histrionics: I mean Antonio Bienvenida, at 42 the oldest active matador in Spain. Every year or so, Bienvenida undertakes the hardest taurine feat of all—the killing of six bulls single-handed in Madrid—and does it, moreover, with an unruffled headwaiter's smile on his face. With the sword he sometimes vacillates; and the same applies to José Fuentes, a slim teenage apprentice currently regarded in taurine circles as the boy most likely to mature into a classic bullfighter—a *torero de época*. Fuentes was born in Linares, the town in which Manolete died;

PAINTING BY CARL SCHWARTZ

Schwartz

"Linares took him from us," says the youngster's publicity, "and Linares gives him back."

Having named my choice of the best, I would have to tell you where to see them. The first rule is: Stay away from Madrid. The economics of tourism have ruined this noble plaza; still the biggest in Spain, it is no longer the cathedral of serious bullfighting. Its money-minded impresario knows that he can fill the house with foreigners, no matter how feeble the bulls and *toreros* he provides: Only in May, when a dozen fights are held on consecutive days for the *feria* of San Isidro, Madrid's patron saint, can you count on reasonable matadors and decent animals. Wherever you go, incidentally, study the breeder's name on the posters. Bulls of any breed can be bad, and one in twenty is apt, because of horned incest, to be downright crazy; but you have a better-than-average chance of seeing good, hard-charging wild animals if they come from the following ranches:

Atanasio Fernandez, Graciliano Perez-Tabernero, Conde de la Corte, Escudero Calvo, Samuel Flores, Ricardo Arellano, Fermin Bohorquez, Juan Pedro Domecq, Eduardo Miura, Pablo Romero, Salvador Guardiola, Antonio Urquijo, Tulio Vazquez, Joaquin Buendia.

There are nearly 200 accredited bull ranches in Spain, and many of those I have omitted can produce the raw material for a good *corrida*. What must always be stressed is that the bull is the basis, the essential datum of the fight, the problem that the matador must solve.

Outside Madrid, the Easter fair in Seville is a gaudy social spree, but its bullfights are dubious. Rain often saddens the plaza, and wind—by blowing the capes toward the matadors—can render it perilous. Moreover, spring has an incalculably provocative effect on the bulls, all of whom are virgins when they die; and the matadors are naturally reluctant to take risks when a goring might immobilize them for Madrid and the lucrative summer *ferias* that lie ahead. Of these, Pamplona (first week in July) is still an indispensable occasion, despite its noise, falling-down drunkenness and inflated prices: The tourist *aficionados* in this Basque township often show better critical judgment than Spaniards in the deep south of Andalusia. Valencia, an ugly and clangorous port that looks across the Mediterranean to Majorca, has my favorite *feria*—about ten fights at the end of July, majestic fireworks every night, 17,000 seats in the bull ring, and roughly 21 tourists. Málaga (first week in August) is more picturesque and a good place to see Ordóñez, who was born nearby in Ronda; but the crowd is absurdly euphoric and generous with trophies—anyone who gives a bull six passes and kills it without using firearms can usually cut an ear. Mid-August ushers in the *semana grande* at San Sebastián (a snobbish northern resort, with gray sand in the ring and bad weather often threatening), followed by the *feria* of Bilbao (same weather but less snobbism, coupled with a traditional insistence on gigantic bulls, most of which turn out to be fat and breathless rather than muscular). The major September festivity takes place in Salamanca, where the program tends to feature good local *toreros* matched with locally bred bulls, which are nearly always inferior to animals raised in Andalusia. Saragossa rounds off the season with a respectable *feria* halfway through October. And Barcelona holds two or three fights a week from early spring to late fall: There, for the most part, big names face small bulls before big crowds. As in Madrid, tourism keeps the standards low and the profits high.

Thus I would end my survey of the modern Spanish bullfight; but the picture it gave would be false and partial, since it would be confined to the serious aspects of the scene. Bullfighting is the difficult craft of facing a charging bull with stillness, grace and rhythmic control; of slowing its pace to fit your tempo; of forcing it to follow the course you prescribe, not the one it chooses; of enlisting it as your partner in a dance of your dictation; and of preparing it, with the aid of cape passes, flesh wounds delivered by picadors on horseback and *banderilleros* on foot, and further passes with a piece of red serge on a stick, so that its head is sufficiently lowered for you to dive over its right horn and plant a sword between its shoulder blades. That is serious bullfighting. But the bullfight today is not ruled by serious matadors. It is ruled by something the Spanish call *tremendismo* and we would call sensationalism. The matador who extends the red serge to the bull with his left hand, holding the sword right-handed behind his back, and takes the charge slowly around his motionless body in a gentle arc is behaving seriously. The matador who kneels with his back to the bull and lets it charge uncontrolled under his outstretched arm is a *tremendista*. He has courage, but no grace and no mastery, which are the prerequisites of art; he looks permanently unsafe, whereas art always looks secure. The embodiment of *tremendismo*—and arguably the highest-paid individual performer in European history—is a 28-year-old matador, christened Manuel Benitez but known wherever Spanish is spoken as "El Cordobés"—the Cordobán.

I first saw him in 1961, the season in which he began his subjugation of Spain: a wild, unteachable youth, his body already crisscrossed with horn scars and his hair an unmanageable mop, so much so that he had to brush it out of his eyes after each series of passes. (Spain regarded the gesture as effeminate, and snickered whenever he used it.) Instead of approaching the bull with grave, majestic tread and muleta correctly proffered, he shambled toward it with a cheery grin, trailing the muleta behind him in the sand. At that time he put in his own *banderillas* (because of a shoulder injury, he no longer does so); but rather than run at the charging bull in the classic quarter circle, he preferred to break the sticks in half and await the charge on his knees, leaping up at the last moment to jab them in as the animal lumbered past. He killed atrociously, never going in straight and slowly, but veering away from the horns and shoving the sword ignobly into the lung; his eyes would be tightly shut, so that he looked like a blindfold child in the old English game of pinning the tail on a painted donkey. Yet he showed abnormal valor in all the other skills of bullfighting, and it was valor that his publicity stressed. The words of a famous 19th Century matador were prominently quoted: "Without valor the art of bullfighting is like the sky without the sun: It is still the sky, but without radiance and beauty. The beginner must demonstrate three things: valor, valor and valor. Art can be learned, but valor is innate, like seductiveness in the eyes of beautiful women." The publicists failed to mention that in killing, the supreme test of valor, when the man should expose his body to the bull, El Cordobés was nowhere. But a safe kill in the lung often drops a bull more quickly than a brave one between the shoulder blades; and modern crowds love quick kills.

In 1961 El Cordobés was still a *novillero*, an apprentice matador; even so, he was earning more than the best of the fully fledged stars. 400,000 pesetas an afternoon (just under $7000) was his accustomed figure. He was beginning to price his betters out of the ring. It was no accident that Ordóñez, who had sworn never to appear with a *torero* earning more than himself, decided to retire in 1962.

To the Spanish El Cordobés was a startling novelty; but I recognized him as soon as I saw him. This cool uncaring boy, with his disdain for tradition and dignity and balletic "line," was a Spanish embodiment of something I had already met under several other names. In France, the *blouson noir*; in Britain, the Mod; and in America, the hipster. Nonchalance, love of danger for kicks, casual contempt for conformity: These were

(continued on page 170)

MY WAR WITH THE MACHINES

humor By WOODY ALLEN *how to get the lower hand when dealing with cybernetic superiors*

YEARS AGO I went to Hollywood looking for a job. Actually, I had seen an ad in *The New York Times* that said, "Boy wanted, part time, to direct *Cleopatra*." So I went out to the Coast and while I was there, I went to this big party. I took a producer's very unattractive daughter, but I was social climbing. She was a really bad-looking girl. Facially, she resembled Louis Armstrong's voice. And while I was at the party, I met a very big Hollywood producer who spoke to me about a job. At that time, they wanted to make an elaborate Cinemascope musical comedy based on the Dewey decimal system, and they wanted me to punch it up. I had worked as a writer in New York. I had written a TV show called *Surprise Divorce*. We used to take a happily married couple out of the audience every week and divorce them on television. Anyhow, I got the job.

So I go out to the producer's office in Burbank, and I walk into his building, and I get into the elevator, and there's nobody in the elevator. No people. No buttons on the wall. No elevator operator. Nothing. And I hear a voice say, "Kindly call out your floors, please." And I look around, and there's nothing. And I hear it again. "Kindly call out your floors, please." Now I'm a great panicker. In the event of any type of emergency, I lose control of the sphincter muscle. Anyway, I hear this voice, and finally I look on the wall and it's printed: "This elevator runs on a sonic principle. Please state your floor and the elevator will take you there."

So I said, "Three, please."

And the doors close. And the elevator starts going up to three. And on the way up I felt very self-conscious, because I speak with a slight New York accent; and the elevator spoke quite well. And I get off, and as I'm walking down the hall, I thought I heard the elevator make a remark. So I turn quickly, but the doors are shut and it's gone down. I didn't want to get involved with an elevator anyway—not in Hollywood.

But here's the paranoid part of the story. I have never had good relations with mechanical objects. Anything I can't reason with or kiss or fondle, I get into trouble with. I have a clock that runs counterclockwise, and my toaster shakes my toast from side to side, and burns it, and I hate my shower. My shower hated me first, but then it got to be a thing of counterhostility. If I'm taking a shower and someone in America uses their water, that's it for me! I leap from the tub with a red streak down my back. I paid $150 for a tape recorder, and as I talk into it, it goes, "I know, I know!"

STU GROSS

I have a Polaroid camera; it started putting out pictures in two minutes. I didn't want to say anything. Then it started putting out pictures in five minutes. Finally, I got a little note that said, "Come in tomorrow for them!" So be nice to your camera.

I have a suntan lamp. As I sit under it, it rains on me.

All right, one night some years ago, I was home alone. I called a meeting of my possessions. I got everything I owned. My toaster, my clock, my blender, into the living room. They had never been in the living room before. I spoke to them. I spoke to each appliance. I said, "I know what's going on, and cut it out!" I was brilliant. You would've loved me. I opened with a joke, and then I moved on and made each point.

I was very firm. Then I put them back where they belonged. And I felt good. Strong. Two days later, I'm watching my portable television set—Doctor Joyce Brothers—when suddenly the picture begins to jump up and down. All right, I always talk before I hit. I went up to the set and I said, "I thought we had discussed this." But the set kept going up and down, up and down, so I hit it! I felt good hitting it! And I beat the hell out of it! I kicked in the screen. I ripped off the knobs. I tore off the indoor antenna. (That appeared in a dream three nights later.) And I felt fabulous. Very Hemingway. I destroyed the machine. Man triumphs.

Two days later, I go to my dentist. I had gone to my dentist, but I had a very deep cavity and he had sent me to a chiropodist, and I'm in a building in midtown Manhattan, and they have those sonic elevators. So I get in, and I hear a voice say, "Kindly call out your floors, please." And now I'm hip because I was to the Coast, and I say, "Sixteen, please." On the way up it says to me, "Are you the guy that hit the television set!?"

Then it took me up and down fast between floors and it threw me out in the basement and it yelled out something that was anti-Semitic.

And the upshot of the whole story is, that day I call my parents, and my mother tells me my father was fired. My father, who worked 12 years for the same firm, was fired. He was replaced with a tiny gadget that does everything my father does only much better. The depressing thing is, my mother ran out and bought one.

MY FAIR TEEVEE JEEBIES

"You have to what?!"

"Gee, you Madison Avenue advertising agency fellows certainly come up with some clever ideas . . ."

" 'What's good today,' sir? I'll show you what's good today . . . !"

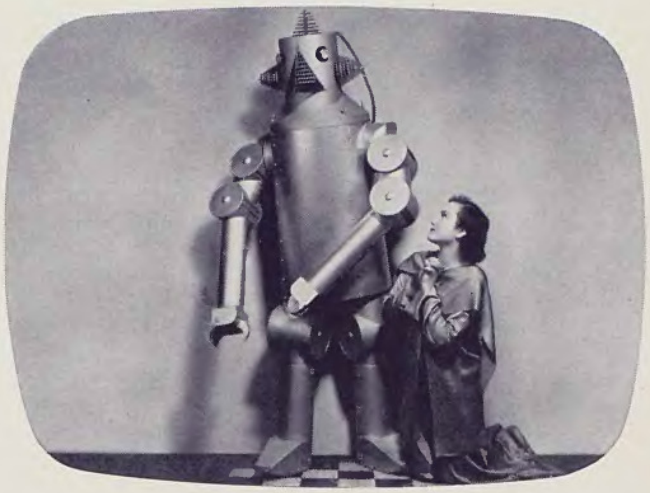
"OK, Marjorie—if that's the way you feel about it, we're through."

"Look, buster, you exercise your way and we'll exercise ours."

"Now, I'm warning you for the last time, young lady. One more outburst like that in this courtroom and I'm going to come down there and knock you on your can!"

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies

"Let's go first class, I said. But no, you insist on our saving a little money . . . !"



"Please . . . just once more and then I promise I'll go to sleep . . . !"

"Well, my good man, what kind of a fallout shelter did you expect for $49.95 . . . ?"

"Aw, I was only kidding, darling. I think it's a lovely hat!"

"You know, for a woman, you have a hell of a handshake!"

"Don't give me that 'Kemosabe' bit— I'm staying here with the broad!"

PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES, A PERMANENT COLLECTION OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S FAR-OUT CHANNEL CAPTIONS, IS NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM FROM PLAYBOY PRESS, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, FOR $1.

BULL RING *(continued from page 166)*

the attributes that made El Cordobés the first hip bullfighter. He would attempt tricks so outlandish and graceless that his fans would laugh even as they applauded; and he would grin back at them, conscious that, although he had injected an element of comedy into an art formerly held to be tragic, they would pay even higher prices to laugh at him tomorrow. He had mastered several clever and seriously employable technical devices; he knew, for example, how to magnetize the bull by focusing the attention of its offside eye on the outstretched tip of the muleta, so that when it had passed him he could make it swing and recharge without having to run after it; but there was no artistic emotion in the use to which he put his knowledge. There was simply fun and hazard.

After one of the Cordobán's *faenas*, anyone who attempted a series of pure, commanding, unflamboyant left-handed passes—the keystones of classic bullfighting—would be lucky if he did not bore the crowd to distraction. The Spanish have always revered any performer who possesses the untranslatable quality they call *duende*, which means the power to convey profound emotion without fuss or frills. It is what separates great matadors and flamenco singers from merely good ones. In American terms, Billie Holiday had it, but not Ella Fitzgerald; Ernest Hemingway, but not John O'Hara. El Cordobés ostentatiously lacked it, but went on to prove that, alone among the top matadors of history, he did not need it. It was as if a great musician were to demonstrate that he could get along perfectly well without a sense of pitch.

I saw El Cordobés again in 1962. The bulls he faced were underweight insects, and when he made his debut in Málaga, the horned midget that scampered into the ring provoked even that notoriously tolerant audience to cover the sand with a protesting hail of cushions and smashed bottles of beer. He fought it imperviously, earning more than ever. In 1963, when our paths next crossed, he had taken the *alternativa*, the ceremony whereby an apprentice graduates to the rank of matador. (The decision to graduate involves no examination: It simply means that you are bound thereafter to fight not just anything with horns, but bulls of a fixed minimum age—four years—and a fixed minimum weight—1000 pounds—in a first-category plaza.) By now El Cordobés was the idol of Spain, a national treasure whose daily fee had risen to more than $10,000. In Pamplona he was cool to the point of inertia, and a jeering mob chased him to his hotel. The two bulls he had fought were cowardly weaklings, lacking the frank, unhesitating charge he needs to bring off his effects; but what nettled the customers was that he had not even tried. Yet I discerned, in the noise of their outrage, something I had never heard in Spain before, something new and alien—a note of cynical admiration, almost of envy. Even as they booed him, they were envying his ability to get away with such enormities; they could barely resist congratulating him on having pulled off such a tremendous confidence trick.

After all, had not Juan Belmonte said that the best bullfighter was the one they paid the most? 1963 was the year when every novice grew his hair, went down on his knees and tried to look swingingly indifferent, like the Cordobán. It was also the year in which I realized that the era of Dominguín and Ordóñez, whose rivalry reached its climax in the feverish summer of 1959, had been a golden age. Any gutsy beginner could ape El Cordobés; but nobody could look like Ordóñez.

In the winter of 1963–1964 the Cordobán rode in triumph across Mexico, fighting almost every day and picking up $25,000 per *corrida*. Like the Spanish, the Mexicans were mesmerized into tearing up the rules of bullfighting: Tow-haired *tremendismo* ousted classical standards. I returned to Spain in 1964 hoping that the vogue would have evaporated; but no. El Cordobés was now pocketing a million pesetas (just under $17,000—an unparalleled sum for Spain) every time he appeared, and he appeared five or six afternoons a week. Before going to see him, I consulted Orson Welles, one of the few Anglo-Saxon *aficionados* whose opinions the Spanish take seriously. He filled in a little historical background.

"When Louis XIV's grandson became king of Spain, Louis said that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist. He was wrong." (Thus Orson, genially booming.) "It was El Cordobés who abolished the Pyrenees. Europe used to end at the French border; now it covers Spain. He's a symbol of the way the whole peninsula has been Europeanized. The tourists adore him. He's a beatnik from anywhere; he's taken the Spanishness out of bullfighting and made it a by-product of the beat revolution. And he's the first great figure in bullfighting who could have succeeded in other performing arts—singing, for instance, or acting. He's already made two movies, and he plays himself in both of them. The first was called *Learning to Die*, although some people say they ought to have called it *Learning to Die Rich*. He never forgets the future, and he cares about self-improvement. He has a cultural instructor who travels around with him and tells him about Spanish history—who the *reyes católicos* were, and so on. If you measure his income against the time he takes to earn it—say forty minutes a day—I'd say he was the highest-paid performer of all time, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Taylor. As a bullfighter, he's a comedian. But make no mistake about it: He's a star. He's the greatest *tremendista* since Manolete. He can't walk like a matador, because he has flat feet—I know because I have them, too. But he's a genuine star." I asked Orson if he had ever met El Cordobés. "Sure, and he told me he had no *afición*. He said he disliked the bulls and was only interested in success." I thought of Sid Caesar's dying matador bit in one of his early TV shows: "I do not hate the bulls, and the bulls do not hate me. They're just making a living like anybody else."

Welles told me that he had seen El Cordobés in Seville, the taurine capital of Andalusia; even there, in the heartland of classicism, the crowd went so wild that the bull-ring president, instead of waving one handkerchief to authorize the cutting of the first ear, followed by another for the second, and a third for the tail, shattered the rules by waving all three the instant the fight was over. (Tails are seldom cut in Seville, and in Madrid two ears is the maximum trophy). In May 1964, Orson took Antonio Ordóñez and his wife to see the Cordobán's debut in Madrid. The day was wet and windy, but the demand for tickets was such that one American tourist traded a station wagon for two seats in the third row. Orson challenged his guests to bet on the afternoon's awards. Ordóñez said the Cordobán would cut three ears; his wife voted for two. Orson plumped for a horn wound. Before that audience, he felt, in an atmosphere of such expectation, El Cordobés had no alternative but to be gored.

He won the bet. After caping his first bull and kissing it three times on the flank—a repulsive piece of showmanship—El Cordobés mistimed a pass and took six inches of horn in his left thigh, together with a nasty jab in the scrotum. He was whisked off to the bull-ring infirmary, leaving the animal to be killed by one of his colleagues. In clear defiance of the taurine regulations—which insist that trophies must be awarded only to those who have actually killed their bulls—the president granted him an ear. It was duly delivered to his hospital bed. "All over Spain," said Orson, summing up, "you can buy little printed cards to give to your friends. You hand them to your host when you go out to dinner. They bear a simple message—'Kindly Do Not Talk About El Cordobés.'"

From Madrid I flew southeast to Valencia, where the idol was due to appear in the great July *feria*. There I talked to his manager, a tall, attractive, long-faced man in his 30s named Chopera, who owns—with his father—some 20 important bull rings in Spain, 10 in South America, several in Mexico, and a

select stable of Spanish matadors, of whom El Cordobés is king. (So potent is the Cordobán charisma that a bullfighter who bills himself as "The Double of El Cordobés" has based a profitable career on mere physical resemblance to the original.) With Chopera's help I pieced together the facts of the Cordobán's life.

He was born in Palma del Rio, a village 30-odd miles from Córdoba, on May 4, 1936. His father was a waiter in a local bar, and the household was desperately poor: "I've stolen more chickens than a gypsy," he nowadays recalls. That summer the Spanish Civil War broke out, and hardship increased for the Benitez children—three girls and two boys, of whom Manuel was the youngest. When the war ended three years later, the family could not feed him, and he was sent to an orphanage. In 1941 real orphanhood befell him: His parents died within a few months of each other, and his eldest sister took over his upbringing. (Like many bullfighters, he grew up in a suffocatingly feminine *ambiente*.) Necessity and opportunity drew him toward the bulls. Southern Spain breeds the best bulls and the most poverty: Then as now, the quickest way to conquer the latter is to fight the former. So Manuel stole by night into the pastures of neighboring bull ranches and caped the moonlit animals. At any rate, that is the official story, and it may very well be true—although the same legend has been told of almost every top matador since Juan Belmonte, who actually did indulge in such nocturnal rehearsals.

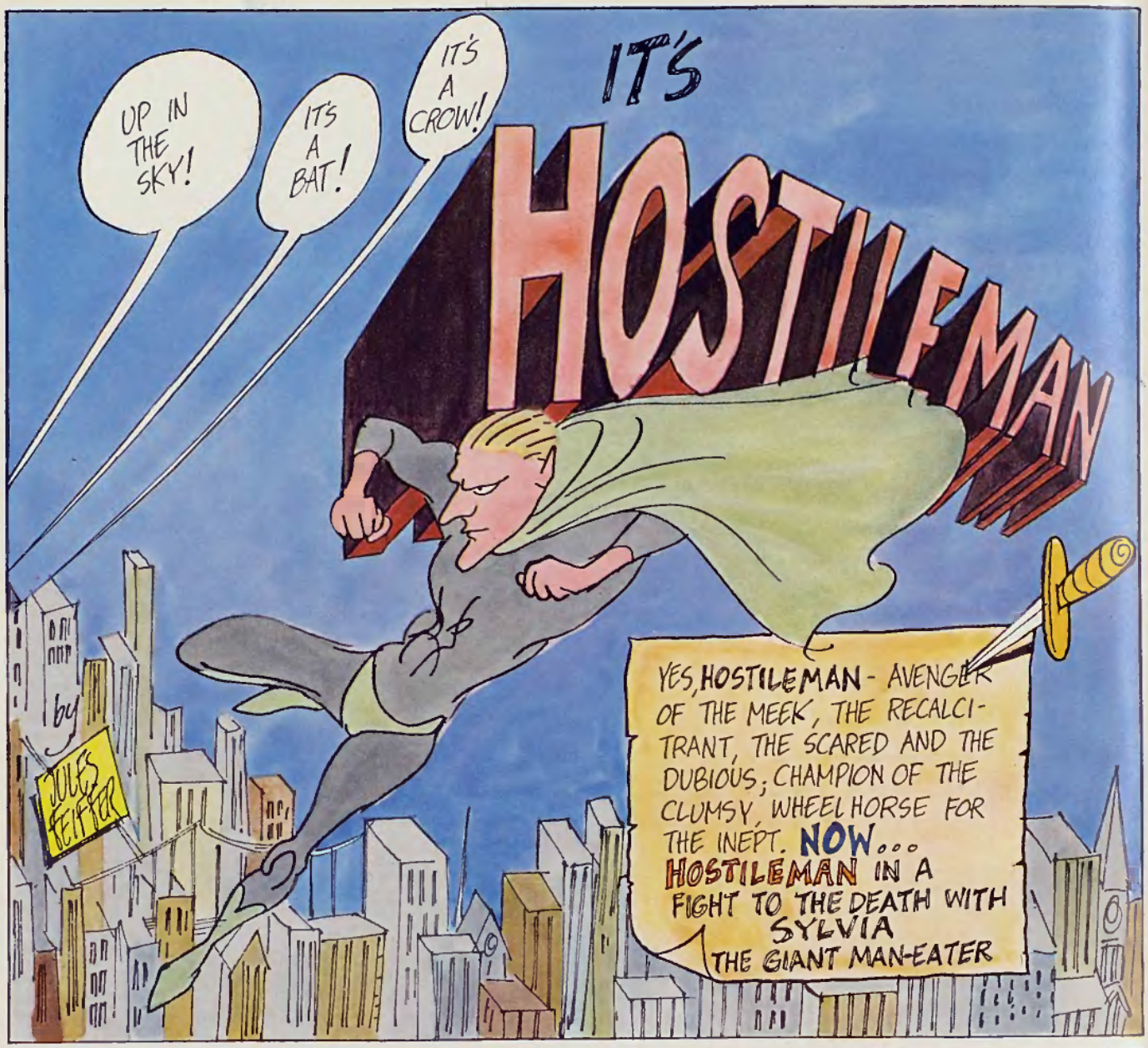
In his teens Manuel took part in small-town bullfights, amateur scrambles held in village squares behind improvised barricades. He hitchhiked to famous ranches and gate-crashed *tientas*, the trials that breeders hold in private arenas to test the courage and staying power of yearling animals. In both Madrid and Barcelona (how he got there God knows) he was an *espontáneo*, which means a young fanatic who leaps into the ring from a cheap seat with a smuggled muleta and gets in as many passes as he can before being gored or dragged off to jail. Between exploits like this he worked on a building site in Madrid and taught himself to read. In a recent interview he said: "I'm not afraid of the bulls. Of *life*, yes . . ." Given his background, the statement rings true.

In August 1959, with scant success, he made his first appearance in the suit of lights. A month later he and Manuel Gomez, a fellow *novillero*, faced seven-year-old bulls in a village called Loeches. Both were wounded and sent to hospital in Madrid, where they occupied adjoining beds. During the night Gomez died. It was not until the next season that the new star began to rise; he met and acquired as manager a paunchy publicist named El Pipo, who persuaded him to call himself "El Cordobés" and fixed a fight for him in Córdoba. The local critics adored his crazy, carefree valor, and by the end of the year he had killed 72 bulls, cutting 90 ears, 31 tails and 13 hoofs. In 1961 he began to conquer the big *ferias*; Valencia, where he was twice badly gored, especially warmed to him; and his tally for the summer was 67 *novilladas*, from which—tackling the usual quota of two bulls per engagement—he garnered 111 ears, 27 tails and 13 hoofs. (To average more than one ear per fight is a feat that only the best achieve.) The unique, unprecedented year was 1962, in which the Cordobán broke all records by fighting 111 times—more than anyone else had ever fought in a single season—and bagging a total of 167 ears and 28 tails. (It was also the year in which the cutting of hoofs was officially prohibited.) In May 1963, to hysterical acclamation, he took his *alternativa* in Córdoba, and that winter he paid his first visit to Mexico, where the big money is. He swept it into his souvenir collection, along with 60 ears and 7 tails. It was hereabouts that he changed managers, switching from El Pipo, who owned only bullfighters, to Chopera, who owned bull rings as well.

He had still not appeared in Madrid, where a single disaster can tarnish a hundred golden afternoons elsewhere. He took the crucial plunge on May 20, 1964, getting himself gored (as Orson Welles predicted) and cutting an undeserved ear. But he returned to face the Madrid public a month later at an annual charity fight that is always attended by Franco (who hates the bulls) and the serious *aficionados*. The day before the event he was interviewed by a bullfight weekly. The reporter spoke with awe of his almond-colored eyes, his schoolboy laugh, his armies of friends and the single red rose that is delivered to his apartment every day by an unknown admirer. How did he feel when facing the bulls? "For me," the Cordobán said, "the bull is pure joy, like a wine that fills my heart and makes me drunk. You don't know what it's like to have a triumph in the bull ring. It is delirium. You can't learn bullfighting. When you are before the bull, it's as if already in another world someone had taught you to fight it." Next day he drove to the big ring; the handkerchiefs waved like a snowstorm and won him two ears. As always, he stood with his feet together and wound the bull's charge around his body like a tourniquet; these circular passes look highly impressive until you study them and realize that as soon as the horns have passed the thighs the danger ceases. "His muleta was like a magnet!" exulted the mayor of his home town, who had come to Madrid for the occasion. Antonio Diaz-Cañabate, the leading bullfight critic, was less enthusiastic: "With the feet together, you cannot fight bulls, you can merely simulate passes. Only the body as a whole, not the wrist alone, can control a bull. And without control there cannot be a good pass." He added that the applause for the Cordobán "verged on the supernatural—something never before seen or heard."

(concluded on page 176)

"Well, Senator, I think it's time we investigated the State Department again."

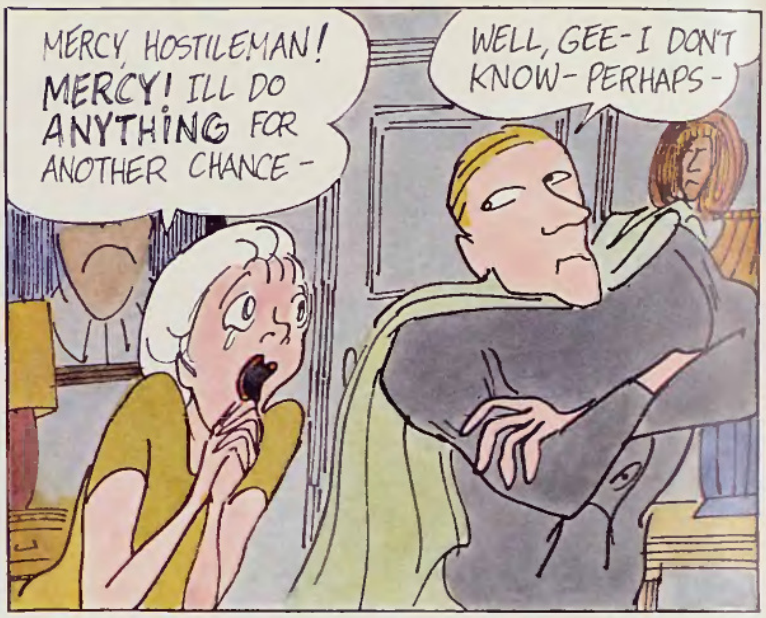

UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BAT!
IT'S A CROW!
IT'S HOSTILEMAN
by JULES FEIFFER
YES, HOSTILEMAN - AVENGER OF THE MEEK, THE RECALCITRANT, THE SCARED AND THE DUBIOUS; CHAMPION OF THE CLUMSY, WHEELHORSE FOR THE INEPT. NOW... HOSTILEMAN IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH SYLVIA THE GIANT MAN-EATER

AT A FASHIONABLE, SWANK, UPPER-MIDTOWN COCKTAIL PARTY, WE ENCOUNTER HANGDOG, MAN-ABOUT-TOWN BERNARD MERGENDEILER, AT THE MOMENT BEING REJECTED BY BEAUTEOUS BETTY BOUNTY, GIRL WINNER...
I'M SORRY, BERNARD, I'M A WINNER, YOU'RE A LOSER. YOU'RE NOT MY STYLE.

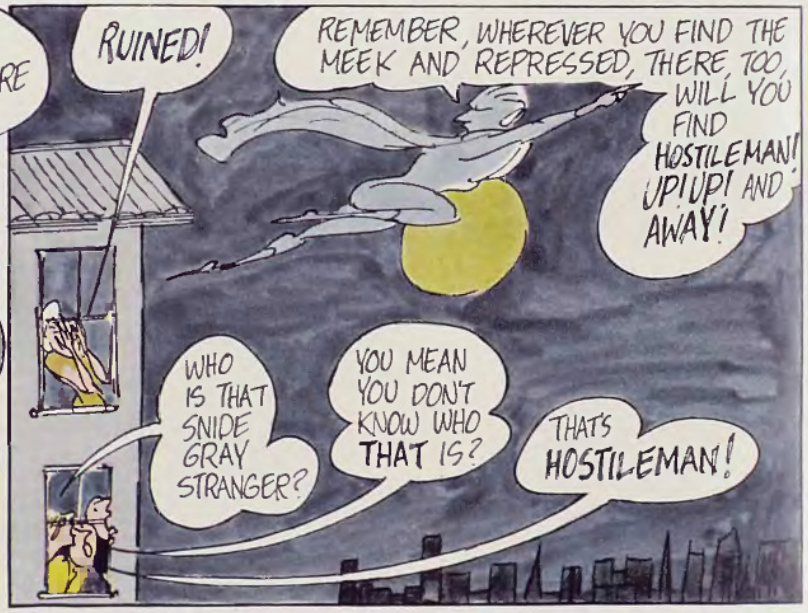
BUT BETTY - I LOVE YOU -
HOLD MY PURSE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO COMB MY HAIR.

AFTER BETTY COMBS HER HAIR, SHY-SEEMING BERNARD RETIRES TO THE BATHROOM...
QUICKLY-OFF WITH MY TIGHT-FITTING STREET CLOTHES AND MY QUIET UNASSUMING PERSONALITY!
"HURT"
...WITH THE UTTERANCE OF THE MAGIC WORD, ABRUPTLY...
NOW OUT OF THE BATH-ROOM TO REVEAL MYSELF IN MY TRUE IDENTITY!
BIFFF!
HOSTILEMAN!
CAN IT BE?
YES IT IS!
WHAT TH'-
HOSTILEMAN!
HOSTILEMAN, I'M BETTY BOUNTY, I'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU!
SO YOU ARE BETTY BOUNTY WHO OVER-THREW YOUNG BERNARD!
DON'T BE HOSTILE, HOSTILE-MAN.
BETTY BOUNTY, I'M GETTING YOU FIRED FROM YOUR JOB AS A HIGH-FASHION MODEL!
GOOD LORD! NO!
YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN, BETTY BOUNTY! YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR SHOW-BUSINESS FRIENDS!

MY LIFE! MY CAREER!
OVER, BETTY BOUNTY! HA! HA! HOW DOES IT FEEL?


MERCY, HOSTILEMAN! MERCY! I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR ANOTHER CHANCE -
WELL, GEE - I DON'T KNOW - PERHAPS -

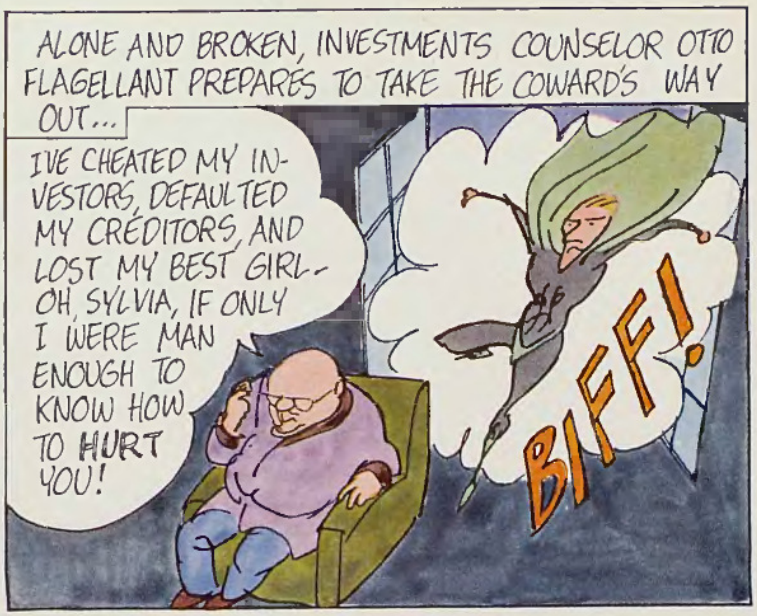
OH, THANK YOU, HOSTILEMAN! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
NYAH! NYAH! I FOOLED YOU! THERE ARE NO SECOND CHANCES WITH HOSTILEMAN!

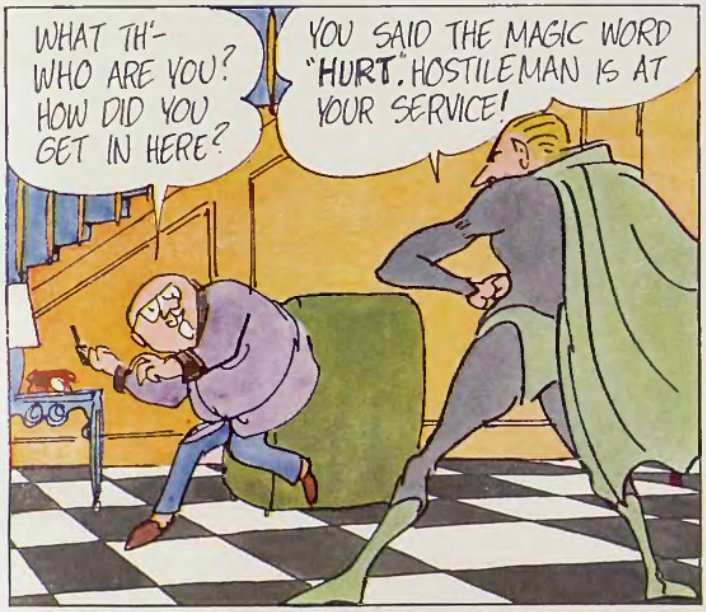

RUINED!
REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU FIND THE MEEK AND REPRESSED, THERE, TOO, WILL YOU FIND HOSTILEMAN! UP! UP! AND AWAY!
WHO IS THAT SNIDE GRAY STRANGER?
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS?
THAT'S HOSTILEMAN!

MEANWHILE... A RECHERCHÉ PENTHOUSE ACROSS TOWN...
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SYLVIA. YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT, OTTO. NOW, GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY.

HERE IT IS, SYLVIA. I JUST DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A WILL ANYMORE - NOT SINCE I MET YOU.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU KNOW I'M SMARTER AND BETTER AND STRONGER THAN YOU ARE, OTTO - AND YOU NEED ME DESPERATELY.

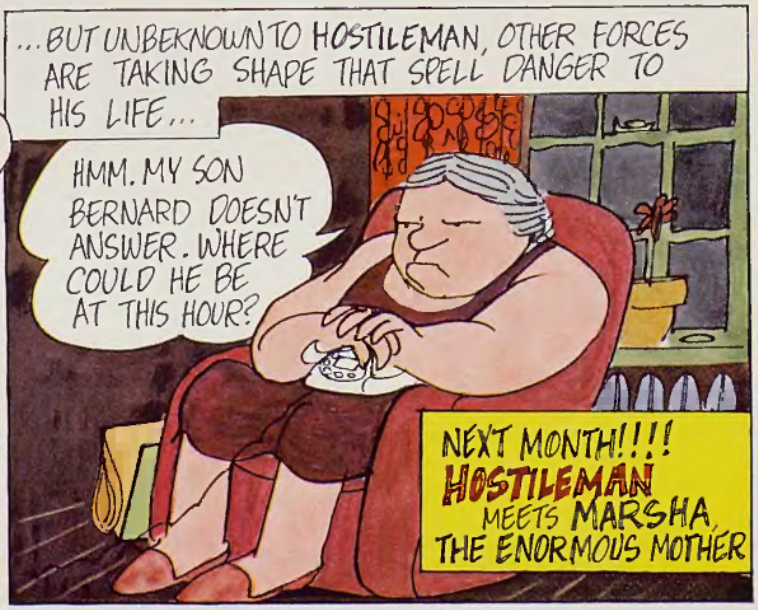
YES, THAT'S TRUE. I'D DIE IF YOU LEFT ME, SYLVIA.
I'M LEAVING YOU, OTTO.


ALONE AND BROKEN, INVESTMENTS COUNSELOR OTTO FLAGELLANT PREPARES TO TAKE THE COWARD'S WAY OUT...
I'VE CHEATED MY INVESTORS, DEFAULTED MY CREDITORS, AND LOST MY BEST GIRL-- OH, SYLVIA, IF ONLY I WERE MAN ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO HURT YOU!
BIFF!


WHAT TH'- WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
YOU SAID THE MAGIC WORD "HURT." HOSTILEMAN IS AT YOUR SERVICE!

GET OUT, YOU FOOL! I USED TO BE MEGALOMANIACAL, EGOCENTRIC, AND SELF-ASSURED. IF SYLVIA DID THIS TO ME, WHAT WILL SHE DO TO YOU?
SO MY ARCH-FOE SYLVIA RE-ENTERS MY LIFE!

I WARN YOU, HOSTILEMAN- SHE'S NOT TO BE TOYED WITH!
SAVE YOUR FEARS, FLAGELLANT! MORAL RIGIDITY IS ON MY SIDE. NO ONE CAN OVERCOME THE MAN OF HOSTILITY! UP, UP AND AWAY!


...BUT UNBEKNOWN TO HOSTILEMAN, OTHER FORCES ARE TAKING SHAPE THAT SPELL DANGER TO HIS LIFE...
HMM. MY SON BERNARD DOESN'T ANSWER. WHERE COULD HE BE AT THIS HOUR?
NEXT MONTH!!!! HOSTILEMAN MEETS MARSHA, THE ENORMOUS MOTHER

BULL RING *(continued from page 171)*

That was a month before Valencia. Since Madrid (Chopera told me) El Cordobés had flown to Mexico, where a special summer season of *corridas* had been staged for his benefit. After Valencia, he had 31 contracts already signed for August—a fight a day, involving 8000 miles of travel by car and plane. During the winter of 1964–1965 he would appear in Peru, Venezuela, Ecuador, Colombia and again Mexico; in all of these countries he would be ritually mobbed. I asked Chopera whether the Cordobán phenomenon could be compared in any way with the Beatles. "I suppose there's a connection," he said. "Manolo's hair is quite long and he causes sensations wherever he goes. And I expect he's heard their records, although he's never seen them in person. But there's one big difference. When Manolo performs, there's always the possibility of death."

I went upstairs to meet the maestro. It was 90 minutes before he was due to walk into the Valencian ring. The hotel lobby was jammed and the street outside impassable. "*Madre de Dios!*" said the elevator man, "the end of the world will be like this." Chopera showed me into a still-darkened bedroom: El Cordobés had fought in France the day before, and it had taken a plane trip and an overnight journey by car to get him to Valencia that morning. He sat grinning on the unmade bed, naked except for a jockstrap and a gold medallion around his neck. I learned afterward that it was reversible, with a Spanish Virgin on one side and a Mexican Virgin on the other, thus usefully combining supernatural propitiation with good Hispano-American relations. He was chattering noisily to two other journalists, and laughing a lot—a derisive urchin's laugh, full of mischief and complicity. In the background his dresser was laying out his costume.

There was talk about habits and hobbies. He said he drank wine with meals, smoked a little, sang a lot at his guitar, and went shooting when he wanted to be alone. He owned two Mercedes, a private plane, an estate near Córdoba, apartments in Madrid and Jaén, and he was about to buy a bull ranch. (Already Chopera hand-picks the bulls he fights, owns many of the plazas in which he fights them, and virtually dictates terms to the matadors who fight with him: When El Cordobés starts fighting his own bulls, the circle will be complete. M.C.A., I reflected, never had it so good.) Somebody asked whether he planned to marry. A wide smile and a vigorous headshake: He had met Geraldine Chaplin, Charlie's dancing daughter, and been photographed with her, but there was no romance. "But you're pestered by thousands of girls," said one of the journalists. "Haven't you a favorite?" "Yes," said El Cordobés, winking, "the bull." Then who was his favorite movie actor? "*El Cordobés!*" shouted El Cordobés, laughing like a monkey.

I now came nervously weaving in with somber traditional questions about the bulls. How had he formed his style? "It's personal," he said, jabbing at the two-faced medallion, "it comes from myself." What matadors had influenced him? "*Pues*"—a huge shrug—"Manolete." (Ask a traditional question and you get a traditional answer.) Had he ever seen Manolete fight? "No." Then how——? "He saw movies," said Chopera quickly. What were his best and worst days in the ring? "The best was my *alternativa* in Córdoba. The worst—that's still to come." I asked him what books he read, a question to which most matadors have two set answers: either "Comics and thrillers" or "The great works of Spanish literature and philosophy." El Cordobés came up with a third: "Nothing." Chopera added, probably with truth, that he sometimes consulted *Los Toros*, the four-volume standard work on tauromachy by José María de Cossío.

It was almost time for him to dress. He was still attentive, but infectiously restless, like a jazz drummer late for a set. Before leaving I put a final question, embarrassing myself by its portentousness. "Outside the bull ring," I said, "are you afraid of death?" He looked bewildered for a moment. "I never think of it," he said. Then, in a sudden outburst of glee: "I shall live forever!"

That afternoon—Friday, July 24, 1964—six bulls from the ranch of Samuel Flores were killed in the Valencian ring. The *corrida* was televised throughout Spain, and thousands of people started work at five in the morning in order to be free to switch on their sets at 6:30 P.M. They got their labor's worth. With the sixth bull—having failed with the third—El Cordobés had the greatest triumph not only of his life, but conceivably (I am choosing my words with care) of bullfight history. I speak in terms of audience reaction, not of art. "Collective madness," said one critic next day; another wrote that under the Cordobán spell, "eccentric unorthodoxy was miraculously converted into a fundamental source of artistic creation." A typical review summed up the occasion:

> During his *faena* with the last bull of Don Samuel Flores, the general paroxysm exceeded all limits. Cushions by the hundred, articles of clothing, and screams mingled with rapturous ovations filled the ring and the air. All Spain saw him kneeling before the bull, as if he were buried in the sand; saw him linking passes with the left hand, and passes with the right; rotating from the waist upward, but never moving his feet as the bull went by in thunderous proximity. Circular passes, with effortless flexure of arms and legs; long, rhythmical *naturales*—all of these he performed in his own casual manner, the new orthodoxy from Córdoba. Repose, presence, perfect timing with the arm, complete dominion with the wrist: These are qualities inherent in the style of Manuel Benítez. And if he lacks artistic grace, he has the inexplicable gift of authority over the masses—the gift called empathy. When he killed with a single stroke, closing his eyes to administer it, hundreds of spectators poured into the ring to carry him shoulder-high. They flung themselves upon him, so that a squad of policemen had to be summoned to protect him from the explosion of enthusiasm. Only with their aid was he able to receive the ears and tail of his dead enemy, to make a triumphal circuit of the ring, and to get back to his hotel, which he quitted an hour later to fight next day on the other side of the country he had conquered . . .

And what was the fight really like? Intensely exciting, but totally unmoving: plenty of risk, but little artistry; an apotheosis of the comic bullfights you can see at night in provincial plazas, with clown matadors dressed like Chaplin's tramp. It was no more, in essence, than a superlative circus turn. But it marked a revolution, even a *coup d'état*. After Valencia, it was clear beyond denying that the art of bullfighting had surrendered to the cult of personality, and that El Cordobés was its absolute emperor. The revolution also extended to audience behavior. Before Valencia, spectators threw cushions only to indicate violent disgust, and police protection was reserved for matadors in serious danger of being lynched. El Cordobés changed all that in a single afternoon.

When at last he escaped to the Hotel Astoria, thousands of fans gathered in the square outside, many of them chanting his name. Eventually he appeared on a balcony, beaming beneath a vast sombrero, and flung into the crowd handful after handful of big, coarse 1000-peseta bank notes, each of them worth more than $17. It was a stupefying sight: the monarch of commercial bullfighting repaying his investors.

The following day, those who attended the bullfight in Valencia were handed a printed slip as they entered the plaza. It bore an admonition in several languages. The English version read: "To throw the seat cushions into the bull ring is not correck. Please to abandon oneself in the seat." The authorities needn't have worried. Not a cushion was flung, and nobody abandoned himself. The Cordobán was fighting 300 miles away.

AGE OF OVERBREED *(continued from page 106)*

countries like England—agriculture, defense, atomic and hydroelectric power, roads, industry, recreation, housing, aerodromes and amenity all compete for the diminishing remnant of land surface available. Our green belts are being nibbled away, our countryside built over, our landscape dotted with pylons and cooling towers, filling stations and motels.

Recreation and wildlife, natural beauty and unspoiled coasts are especially pressed upon. Britain has a relatively long coastline; yet if every British man, woman and child were to go to the seaside on the same day, they would have little more than one yard of coastline apiece. The coasts of all Europe are being speedily filled up by the army of holidaymakers. Even in the U. S., with the world's finest National Park system, some of the parks are becoming "overvisited." The National Parks of eastern Africa, with their unique and splendid spectacle of great animals in freedom, seem safe for the moment: but land-hungry African populations are likely to double well before 2000 A.D. and when it becomes a question of land for Africans or for animals, however splendid and however profitable these parks may be as a source of tourist revenue, the Africans are likely to win.

Then there are the sites of modern pilgrimage—Venice, Oxford, Heidelberg, Florence, New York, Delphi and the rest. Already the abundance of sightseers is making it increasingly difficult to enjoy or even to see the sights. What such places will be like in 20 years if economic prosperity continues, one shudders to think. The only positive suggestion I have seen is to build duplicates, complete replicas of these cities; but clearly this will not be easy.

Pressure grows also on solitude. In the U. S. it is increasingly difficult to keep wilderness areas from being exploited commercially. For most countries the idea of wilderness as an asset has not dawned. But solitude *is* precious. Recently I saw a photograph of Jones Beach with a couple of hundred thousand people on it: in the foreground a young couple had made themselves a little solitude by digging a deep hole in the populous sand. And a not inconsiderable minority longs for periods of escape from the multitude into the solitude of the mountains or the deserts.

Population, coupled with reckless exploitation for immediate profit, is pressing hard on the world's material resources. The fossil fuels that took millions of years to accumulate are being exhausted in a few ticks of evolution's clock: oil cannot last more than a few more decades, coal more than a few centuries. As Professor Harrison Brown and others have abundantly documented, high-grade mineral ores are being used up, so we are having to resort to lower and lower grades, which means more labor and more expense. We may even have to undertake the still more elaborate and expensive business of transmuting more abundant elements into those we need.

We build bigger and better dams to provide hydroelectric energy. But dams inevitably silt up: We can visualize the world a few thousand years hence dotted with dam sites in every suitable location, but all full of silt instead of water. Eventually we shall have to rely more and more on atomic power and similar new sources of energy. But this, too, will be expensive. It will also be productive of unpleasant radiation risks, which in their turn will be difficult and costly to deal with: Think of the thousands upon thousands of lead containers full of atomic waste, accumulating in the deeps of the sea (and, by the way, where are we going to find enough lead?).

Population is pressing on the world's soils and forests. Forests are protectors of watersheds, preventers of floods, guardians against erosion. Yet since the dawn of history man has been treating them as enemies to be hacked down or sources of raw material to be burned or built with. Greece and Yugoslavia, Syria and Jordan, have been deforested and eroded, often to bare bones of rock, robbed of fertility. North Africa was one of the great granaries of Imperial Rome, and from its forests came the swarms of lions and wild boars, antelopes and elephants for the arena: now the forests are no more, save in patches on the high ground, the big animals have vanished, soil has been scoured away and productivity reduced. Wrong land use, like the overgrazing of brittle marginal lands with cattle, sheep and, finally, goats, has reduced huge tracts of once fertile land to semidesert. I have traveled through the once game-rich area south of Nairobi in Kenya; 12 years of overgrazing have converted it into wretched semidesert, and 12 years more will turn it into full desert.

Meanwhile, thousands of square miles of north temperate conifer forest are cut down every year, largely for newsprint, and not always replanted; The Araucaria forests of Chile are being converted into match-sticks, the Giant Redwoods of California are threatened, and the gorilla forests of the Kivu volcanoes are being eaten into by local cattle-herders.

Wrong cultivation also brings erosion. In the Tennessee Valley in 1934 I was shown a stretch of bare rock which some men still living remembered with five

"Before I thank you, Mr. Blathers, I want you to know that I'm just the kind of girl you think I am!"

"Three guesses what Santa would like for Christmas!"

feet of good soil over it: that was when the Tennessee River ran clear blue instead of turbid yellow. Today, however, contour plowing has largely checked the erosion. Wrong cultivation produced the horrible Dust Bowl years, when the accumulated fertility of millennia was dissipated on the dust-laden winds.

We can repair much of the losses and forestall much future damage by reforestation and better methods of cultivation. But it will be costly and hard, and restoration will take a very long time; and meanwhile population-pressure is bringing more marginal land into wrong use, with deterioration the inevitable result.

Population is also pressing hard on city life—civilization in the original sense of the word. Increase in the total population of a country inevitably brings about an increase in the size and the number of big cities. But cities are growing just about twice as fast as population as a whole, so that their increase is disproportionate. It would be an illuminating exercise in geography to compare the number of cities with over a million people in 1900 and today. As regards maximum size, 200 years ago 1,000,000 was near the limit; 50 years ago, 5,000,000; but now there are cities (in the modern sense of conurbations) of 10,000,000—Tokyo, New York and London.

It is biologically impossible to have an efficient land animal of more than a certain size: Above elephant bulk, efficiency goes rapidly down toward zero. So, too, it seems humanly impossible to have a really efficient city of more than 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 people: above that level, efficiency, it seems, begins to go down, and 10,000,000 must be close to the limit. Certainly the modern megalopolis is ceasing to function as a true city, a center of fully civilized life, and is inflicting ever more frustration on ever more of its inhabitants—more congestion, more noise, more commuting, less contact with nature, less civilized fulfillment. As Max Nicholson has well said, the megacity is reducing its inhabitants to minicitizens.

If the overlarge city is in an underdeveloped country, it will become a home of squalor and a hotbed of disease, like Calcutta today. If it is in a developed country it will cease to be a city and merge into a vast unorganized urban sprawl, as is already happening in southern California, and much of the United States' eastern seaboard. The only way for cities to become once again organs of civilization is for them to become smaller and more dispersed: and this can only happen if population-increase slows down. Meanwhile, vast sums will have to be spent in making overlarge cities humanly habitable.

Next, there is the pressure of population on jobs. Why has China recently reembarked on a policy of birth-control, after proclaiming for years that strength and prosperity depend on numbers? We can be pretty sure that the main reason was the difficulty of finding 13,000,000 new jobs every year. In India, there is almost universal under-employment, with serious white-collar and proletarian unemployment. In places like Malta and the Caribbean islands the situation is even graver.

But the worst shock is coming from the combined pressure of population and automation. This is already obvious in the U. S., but will become apparent in other countries as automation inexorably invades them. The effect is first and foremost on the young. The general unemployment rate in the U. S. is high by European standards—over 5 percent; but for teenagers trying to enter the labor market it is about 15 percent, and for Negro teenagers 30 percent.

This is already a highly explosive situation, but will inevitably grow worse. As the authors of the *Report on the Triple Revolution* put it, there is increasing competition for jobs between men and machines, with the machines steadily winning. Without some pretty drastic changes in its social and economic system, the U. S. will be split into two nations, the employed minority with real jobs, nice incomes and a sense of significance, and the unemployed majority, scraping along on public assistance, jobless and unwanted. The alternative is for the machines to do most of what we now call work, while the men get on with the immense job of learning and teaching how to live more fully, helping human beings everywhere to find the right kinds of fulfillment.

Population is pressing very hard on education. At least two thirds of existing humanity are badly under-educated. Nearly half the world's population over 15 years of age—over 700,000,000—are illiterate, and the absolute number of illiterates is increasing by 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 a year. In most underdeveloped countries there is a passionate demand for education and a belief that it will somehow solve all their problems: But there is an appalling shortage of classrooms and furniture, books and teaching aids and, above all, of competent teachers, while the flood of babies is making things more difficult every year. The pressure is equally acute in the developed countries, though here mainly on higher education. In the U. S. the number of college entrants is destined to increase from 4.2 million to over 7 million by 1970—a 90 percent increase in 6 years. How is any country to cope with such a flood without lowering standards?

Population is pressing on man's psychological stability and satisfactions. Experimental studies have shown that overcrowding in animals produces acute stress syndromes. Their endocrine balance and their whole behavior system becomes deranged. They are more susceptible to infection and to arteriosclerosis, they become aggressive and their reproductive behavior becomes abnormal. Similar situations, such as concentration camps, produce similar effects in human beings; and there can be no reasonable doubt that much contemporary physical illness, neurosis, frustration and delinquency springs from the same basic fact of overcrowding in a restrictive environment.

Finally there are the political effects of population excess. Population is pressing on peace. Demands for lebensraum can readily lead to war, as we know with pre-War Germany. China's population-pressure was surely at the base of her campaign in Tibet, and may well lead to other expansionist violence. In East Africa, it will be hard to prevent conflict between the rapidly multiplying agricultural land-hungry Kikuyu and the land-rich nomadic Masai.

Population is also pressing on freedom. As populations grow and technology advances, social life has to be more efficiently planned and regulated. But regulation can readily turn into regimentation, planning can become rigid and bureaucratic, and the whole social system can slide over into totalitarianism: and totalitarian nations are readier for military adventure.

• • •

In general, then, the quantitative pressure of population, combined with that of mass-production, is exerting pressure on the quality and diversity of existence. Human expansion and economic exploitation are reducing the variety and beauty of our environment and its plant and animal inhabitants. Low-quality mass-produced objects are flooding the world's markets. Drab uniformity is threatening rich cultural diversity, both between and within nations. Egalitarian democracy, mass education and social pressures are imposing conformism and discouraging varied excellence. Evaluation in the quantitative terms of profitability and efficiency is pressing on originality and aesthetic quality. Machine-minding and automation are robbing industrial jobs of human interest and pride. Multiplicity of objects and outlets is dissipating man's spiritual and moral potential. The vast anonymous forces of quantity-minded industrial technology and bureaucratic administration are robbing human beings of their sense of personal significance, and reducing them to the merely quantitative status of units in a huge social machine.

This adds up to a very gloomy prospect. Whatever we do today, the world at the turn of the century will be a much more unpleasant and frustrating place to live in. But if we do nothing, the prospect for our grandchildren and indeed for the future of civilized human life, will be disastrous.

We must, of course, do our utmost

to increase food-production, raise the standard of living, step up education, abolish waste, reduce frustration and prevent destructive violence. But all this, though necessary as a brake on man's disaster course, can do no more than alleviate symptoms. The only cure is birth-control, aimed in the first instance at bringing down the world's present unmanageable rate of increase to manageable proportions as fast as possible, and eventually at achieving a balance between population and resources.

And the obstacles in the way are tremendous—ignorance and refusal to face facts, long-established traditions, national, tribal and class jealousies, moral prejudice, ideological and religious dogma. (It is a grave scandal that the World Health Organization has twice been prevented by Roman Catholic pressure—aided, I regret to say, by Anglo-Saxon apathy—from even considering population as a factor in world health.)

However, the prospect is not all gloom. Since 1914, the idea of population-control has gained increasing acceptance, and in the last few years has explosively broken through the crust of ignorance and prejudice to become a matter of high public importance.

Let me recall that half a century ago Margaret Sanger was jailed in New York for advocating birth-control: In 1959 in the same city she was publicly honored by an international banquet.

In the late Twenties, I myself was rebuked by the Director-General of the B.B.C., Sir John, now Lord, Reith, for having polluted the British ether by a demand for birth-control: Today the B.B.C., in common with many other radio and TV corporations, regularly stages talks and discussions on the subject.

In the U.S.A., birth-control has in the last five years shaken off the old taboos, and has become a topic of general discussion and official concern. It was abundantly discussed during the last Presidential election, and has been the subject of important official reports—Senatorial, Presidential and scientific. The most important was the report prepared by the National Academy of Sciences which, after surveying the question from every angle, pressed strongly for much more research on human reproduction and its control, for making its results freely available, and for meeting the requests of other nations for help with their population problems.

Meanwhile, research is progressing, and has produced valuable (though not yet ideal or foolproof) new devices like the pill, or oral contraceptive, and the plastic coil. Male sterilization (without loss of normal sexual powers) is being used in India as a useful supplement to other methods of bringing down the birth-rate. And recent approaches by way of immunizing ova against fertilization, of causing failure of implantation, and of manipulating the endocrine system to prevent ovulation, are opening new hopes. But if only one tenth of one percent of the vast sums of money and disproportionate numbers of first-class brains allocated to nuclear research, weaponry and the race to the moon (miscalled space research) had been devoted to this central problem of human reproduction, we should undoubtedly have well and truly cracked it before now.

Another hopeful sign is the eroding of Roman Catholic intransigence on the subject. Catholic doctors like John Rock help in discovering the pill and write books on the urgency of the population explosion: high ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church dispute publicly about the permissibility of "artificial" birth-control; younger lay Catholics disregard its prohibition, and speak of responsible parenthood in this world rather than unlimited production of souls to be saved in the next. A Catholic country like Chile adopts an official policy of population-control; and the Vatican, it seems, is in travail destined to bring forth some modernized or at least modified doctrine. Equally hopeful is the ending of the United Nations' ostrich-like refusal to admit the existence of population as a problem. In December 1962 the UN General Assembly approved *nemine contradicente* a resolution emphasizing the importance of the question. Unfortunately, its teeth were extracted: the clause empowering the UN to give technical assistance for programs of population-control on request from governments was rejected, through the negative votes of most Catholic countries, and the abstention of the Communist bloc (as well as of the U.S. and Canada). I sometimes wonder what Roman Catholics feel about this fellow-traveling with Communism on one of the world's major issues.

• • •

In spite of all this, however, the prospect remains gloomily urgent and the practical question clamors for an answer—what must we do, and how should we do it?

In the long term we have to think out a new kind of cultural, social and economic system for the human species. The population explosion has forced us to ask anew the fundamental question, "What are people for?": and the only answer that seems relevant in the contemporary world is fulfillment in the widest sense—greater personal fulfillment for more individual human beings, and more fulfilling achievements by more human societies.

Accordingly, we must first set ourselves to discover what fulfillment really means, what it involves in different regions and for different types of people, and then start planning for a Fulfillment Society. In particular, we must try to make education provide as much fulfillment as possible, and must rethink the whole problem of jobs, employment and leisure.

On the practical side, we must try to utilize the world's resources, material and non-material, environmental and human, to the best advantage. This means making ecology our central science. Ecology is the science of relations—relations between organisms (including man) with their environment (including other organisms). Applied ecology is aimed at achieving an optimum relation between man and his environment, with a balanced pattern of land use and proper conservation of resources of every kind. Everywhere, but perhaps most urgently in developing countries, children should be introduced to science, not by way of physics and chemistry, mechanics and technology, but by way of physiology and ecology, health and conservation.

We must rethink the relation between the haves and the have-nots, the developed and the underdeveloped countries. The very concept of aid and assistance, with its underlying idea of the rich dispensing a little charity to the world's unfortunate poor, has become out of date. We have now to think in the positive terms of joint participation in the overall task of world development. This is in the interest of all. If the gap between rich and poor is not narrowed, the revolution of expectation in the have-not countries will turn sour, and will lead to anti-Western envy, local violence and political upheaval, with the likelihood of authoritarian take-over—military, Communist or other—and the possibility of revolution or even war.

Population is a key factor in aided development, for aid can readily be swallowed up by its too rapid increase. Bankers very properly look into the credit-worthiness of applicants for loans. I am confident that in the quite near future, aid-giving agencies, whether international, regional, national or private, will look into what I may call the demographic credit-worthiness of applicants for aid. If they consider that its benefits will be washed down the drain by an excessive flood of births, they will try to persuade the applicant to adopt a strong program of population-control, and will channel some of the aid into its execution—through special advisors, training projects, research facilities, and money for contraceptive devices.

The various UN agencies, particularly the World Health Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization, but also Unesco and the International Labor Organization, should take population and its problems fully into their cognizance, and the UN itself should boldly enunciate a global population policy. I would hope that this would in-

clude large-scale research on human reproduction and methods for its control: in any case, the most highly developed countries, notably the U. S. A. and Britain, should certainly be encouraged to undertake such research, and should make the results freely available to all nations.

The Population Division of the UN should be further strengthened, and member states should be encouraged to ask for specialist surveys of their particular population problems.

When birth-control servicing has been adopted, as here and there in Britain and the U. S., it proves highly profitable to the local community by cutting the cost of welfare services, reducing illegitimacy and abortion, besides lifting heavy loads of misery and frustration from the shoulders of unfortunate mothers and their overlarge families. And on a national scale, as in Japan, it has transformed the prospects of the whole country.

Population-control is just as essential in developed as in underdeveloped countries, notably in overcrowded ones like Britain or Holland, and overmechanized and overproducing ones with a high birth-rate like the U. S. At anything like the present rate of increase, the U. S. will become an almost intolerable habitat within a century.

In all countries, the obvious urgency is to incorporate family planning and birth-control advice into the official medical and health systems in every field —research, teaching, training, administration, publicity, education—and at every level from local to national. Only so will it reach those who need it most—the poor, the deprived and the ignorant.

Every important country or region should set up some high-level institution for studying and advising on population problems and collaborating in tackling them. It could be an official Demographic Institute, or a government-aided university department, or a privately supported center attached to a university, like the splendid Center for Population Studies just set up in Harvard: The important thing is that it should be the fountainhead of scientific information and unbiased opinion on population problems of every kind.

In addition, there is need for unofficial bodies capable both of giving advice and of exerting pressure on authority in regard to population policy, besides educating public opinion.

If practical family planning and birth-control are incorporated into government services, perhaps the International Planned Parenthood Federation could add another P to its title and become the Planned Parenthood and Population Federation—or even, since Parenthood is included in Population, proclaim its goal simply as Planned Population. But in any case, a body of this sort, with branches in every country, is badly needed, and the I.P.P.F. should certainly help in setting it up.

At the moment, a sense of urgency is what is most essential—and pressure to overcome the deliberate counter-pressures of Roman Catholicism and Russian Marxism, of competitive profit-hungry business and competitive power-hungry nationalism, and the non-deliberate but equally powerful resistances of tradition and vested interest, of ignorance and stupidity. Pressure on local government bodies and city administrations, on institutions, on trade unions and medical associations, on religious and humanist bodies, on national governments, on international associations and the UN itself. One of the main jobs of a Planned Population Association would be to plan campaigns as necessary, and enlist the cooperation of as many groups and organizations as possible in executing them —religious and humanist, social and educational, commercial and professional, trade-union and employer, UN associations and, I would hope, political parties.

But these are matters of debatable detail. Let me get back to the core of the matter. The population explosion has led to a very real crisis, a turning point in human affairs. It has provided a good example of the Marxist thesis that change in quantity can turn into change in quality. Increase in the quantity of population is bringing about a decrease in the quality of human existence.

During all the millennia of man's life on this earth up to the present, it has been essentially right for him to obey the allegedly divine injunction to increase and multiply: Today it has become wrong to do so. It has become wrong and indeed immoral to put obstacles in the way of bringing the rate of increase down, as Roman Catholics, puritans, fundamentalists, Marxists, and other frightened, dogmatic or reactionary groups have been doing. It is immoral because it is condemning millions of human beings to a continuance and a worsening of avoidable misery, poverty, ignorance and frustration. It has become wrong—ethically and socially, nationally and internationally wrong—for any family, class, tribe or nation to have a high birth-rate. Population-control has become linked with our duty and our destiny, our compassion and our hope.

It all boils down to one insistent question: Do you, we, mankind, want more people at a lower level of existence and a higher risk of disaster, or fewer people at a higher level, with more opportunities for fulfillment? Do we want man's possibilities smothered or cherished? Do we want mere quantity of human units—or better quality of life?

ON THE SCENE

SOICHIRO HONDA *wheel of fortune*

INDUSTRIAL PUNDITS have long anticipated the new records that would be set when Japan's superb imitative talents were turned to an original creation. But it would have taken uncanny foresight to predict that Soichiro Honda, a poorly educated mechanic with a reputation for youthful profligacy and a string of pre-War business failures, would be the first to turn the trick. This is how a British manufacturer incredulously described a disassembled Honda motorcycle: "It was made like a watch and it wasn't a copy of anything." Indeed, the enormous Honda manufacturing concern, comprising four factories and employing more than 7000 workers, produces a precision mechanism that is setting the pace for the motorcycle industry of the world. In 1961 and 1962, Honda bikes virtually swept all the *grand prix* contests. (Since then, factory teams have been withdrawn from competition.) Last year, Honda gobbled up 60 percent of motorcycle sales in Japan, 65 percent in the United States, and an incredible 30 percent of the world market. Boss-man Honda, born 59 years ago on the wrong side of the rice paddy, attended school for only eight years before quitting to become a mechanic. At 22, he opened his own garage, but lavished the first year's profits ($80) on fast cars and fast women. Although he held an auto-racing speed record, Honda gave up the sport at 31 after a severe accident smashed his face. Drifting from shop to shop until the War, he opened a piston-ring foundry, which weathered several financial crises, only to be blown to oblivion by Allied bombers. Honda's turning point, after a session at night school helped him rise from mechanic to technician, came in 1948. Putting together a company out of old parts and a meager capitalization of $2777, he ingeniously adapted a storehouse full of War-surplus motors to ordinary bicycles, thus providing cheap transportation for a population that needed it desperately. By 1952, he was able to market his first bona fide motorcycle. The Honda product of today, inexpensive, well designed and simple to operate, has cultivated a new breed of cyclist: gray-flanneled businessmen, pretty girls in pretty sports clothes, clean-cut teenagers—all eschewing the black-leather-jacket image of *The Wild One*. This year, Honda, not content to rest on his two-wheeled laurels, will enter a recently developed Formula I racing car in the *grand prix* circuit, and he'll export a perky, chain-driven sports car to the U. S. A. "Women's bodies are beautiful," he says. "I tried to make these cars like that." Honda's inspired inspirations should garner even greater sales and speed records.

SYD CRAIKER

PIERLUIGI

VITTORIO GASSMAN *comic casanova*

THE STAR OF *The Easy Life*, *Big Deal on Madonna Street* and *Let's Talk About Women* is as replete with ingredients as a pot of *minestrone*. Vittorio Gassman is an idealist persistent in the portrayal of comic scoundrels, a Hollywood sex symbol who hates Hollywood (although not necessarily Hollywood sex), a man who has nimbly changed his image from screen heavy to comedian. Last year he was proclaimed by his nation's film critics as the finest actor in Italy, yet he wants to be a writer. Like the raffish, hearty, *ragazza*-happy hero of *The Easy Life*, Gassman likes high speed, big parties, women—all the faucets of *la dolce vita* turned wide open. Yet, essentially he is quiet, introspective, self-effacing. He rarely argues ("Not even with critics"), almost never pulls the fine Italian trigger of his temper. Born in Genoa, September 1, 1922, Gassman at first aimed at a law career, then boxed as an amateur, toured Europe with a basketball team, finally turned to Shakespeare. A graduate of the Italian Academy of Dramatic Arts, he played in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Othello* in Rome, Milan, Florence and Siena. In Italian films he starred in *Bitter Rice* and *The Wolf of Sila*, soon became a part of the affluent, energetic, amoral world of post-War Rome. Eventually he was absorbed into the maw of Hollywood by Dore Schary, who signed him to the inevitable seven-year contract ("It is like a chronic skin rash") at MGM. His first American films were of dubious distinction, and Gassman, portraying for the most part a series of oily and villainous lovers, was something less than a sensation himself. Then came several eye-popping and odious spectaculars and, *mamma mia!* soon Vittorio was back on the Via Veneto sipping *grappa*. He was rescued from limbo by his performances in *Big Deal on Madonna Street* (he played a cabbageheaded, third-rate second-story man) and *The Easy Life* ("*Tom Jones* with jetaway," wrote *Time* magazine) and international fame hit him at last. Married twice (to Eleanora Ricci and Shelley Winters) and twice divorced, he firmly vows he shall wed no more. "When I meet one with that look on the face," he has said, "I merely mutter *a rivederci*."

RICHARD SAUNDERS

EDWIN D. ETHERINGTON *number two's number one*

THREE YEARS AGO, the biggest securities scandal since the Thirties shook the American Stock Exchange. A report by the Securities and Exchange Commission declared the ASE guilty of "manifold and prolonged abuses" and Wall Street veterans promptly predicted that the Curb market (so called because until 1921 its business was conducted on a street corner, by traders standing on the curb signaling bids to windows above) would either have to shape up in a hurry or wash out. Clearly, it has shaped up, under the able leadership of Edwin Deacon Etherington, personable ex-lawyer whom the Curb's board of governors picked—from a field of over 70—to head up the exchange in the wake of the SEC report. Educated at Lawrenceville and Wesleyan (where he graduated Phi Beta Kappa), Etherington taught college English for a year, went on to Yale for a law degree, then entered the austere Wall Street law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hope and Hadley, counsel to the New York Stock Exchange. He was soon named secretary to the big board, then vice-president, and in 1961 he joined Pershing and Company, a brokerage firm, as a full partner, the position he held when the ASE called him to the helm. As its $80,000-a-year president, Etherington (who turned 40 on Christmas Day) has transformed the Curb from an oak-paneled old-men's club, in which a limited number of members indulged in shoptalk, speculative excesses and occasional fraud, to a dynamic, well-controlled market with an ebullient enthusiasm that reflects Etherington's own. Though the Curb may never match its rival New York Stock Exchange in volume, it can provide a regular market for shares in smaller companies, and for more volatile growth stocks; it also serves as a training ground for the big board, more than 40 percent of whose companies are Curb graduates. As Etherington says: "Some people confuse being second biggest with being second best. We want to turn in the best performance we can, and let people draw their own conclusions." The conclusions drawn so far—from both Etherington's performance and that of his exchange—have been virtually unanimously favorable.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 51)*

ecutive Director of the Association, specifically asked the convening medical authorities for their opinions on the effectiveness of penicillin as a syphilis cure: The agreement was unanimous that penicillin is a definite cure for the disease.

The fact that the incidence of syphilis is actually increasing in the U. S.—even though we have the necessary medical knowledge to literally stamp out the disease as a significant health problem in society—is just one more painful penalty that we pay for our sexual ignorance, guilt and shame.

SEX IN SWEDEN

In addition to the philosophy of Mr. Hefner, I'd like to let your readers know a Swedish girl's philosophy. As one of many European readers of PLAYBOY, I would like to express my thanks for a high-ranking magazine. I have noticed that you haven't published many letters from female readers. This makes me wonder if it is only the American *man* who reads PLAYBOY. I can assure you that here in Europe the magazine is read by a lot of women as well. I personally think PLAYBOY is the only magazine for men that has the right, sophisticated air.

Too many foreign reporters come to Sweden to write an article about the Swedish way of love with a prefixed attitude. They stay for a couple of days, take some photos of our teenage criminals and their gangs, then consider their mission completed and return home to write a front-page story telling their readers how awful love is the way it is practiced in Sweden. Now, may I point out that most of what has been said about Scandinavian free love applies only to a minor group of people. There *are* young girls in Sweden who think it doesn't matter with whom they make love, but they are rare.

The rest of the girls make love only with men they are in love with. If the Swedish girl meets a man to whom she is attracted and with whom she falls in love, she finds it only natural to make love with him. The Swedish girl feels she should give everything to the man she loves, and what can be worth more than herself? And what is more beautiful than two people loving each other?

If the man and his woman after some time realize they perhaps are not right for each other, they part—friends. Now, that is definitely better than realizing the same thing after a few years of marriage. Two people have to be somewhat fit for each other in sexual matters before their marriage can be a complete success, and that is something they'll have to find out together. Not only I say this, but also the great Freud—and he should have known what he was talking about.

Anyway, I think the Swedish way of loving is preferable to other ways I have seen practiced in other countries, including the U. S. A. I worked in your country for some months and had excellent opportunities to study the American way of making love. I have seen young kids "go parking," having sex orgies, and so on. But it was all kept secret and was considered dirty. Love isn't dirty unless people's attitude toward love is dirty. Love in itself is something wonderful and beautiful.

When young girls of 15 years quit school to get married because they dashed off into something they couldn't handle, there must be something wrong. I don't say that our way of loving is the only right one, but at least we have managed to retain our respect for love, and to know our feelings openly. And most Swedish girls are mature enough to handle the responsibilities that come with free love.

One more thing before I finish. Why do Americans dislike unmarried mothers? I know American girls who have given their babies up for adoption, not because they wanted to, but because they were forced to by the unwritten rules of a cruel and implacable society. Why not show the unmarried mothers respect, and try to help them? They deserve that, because any girl who has the guts to bring up her child alone and face the difficulties involved is worth all our respect and admiration.

Nina Lindberg
Katrineholm, Sweden

We are charmed by your letter and your "Swedish girl's philosophy" and can only concur with your observations on the deplorable American attitudes toward the sexual freedom of our young men and women, and toward unwed mothers. There is something wrong with a society that considers sex dirty, that forces teenagers into premature marriages, and that stigmatizes unmarried mothers. The underlying cause of these attitudes in American society is a puritanical fear of sex which is rooted in the past, but which still manifests itself as an emotional tyranny in the second half of the 20th Century.

"Are you hurt?"

BECKER BACKER BOMBS

Following your advice in a recent *Forum*, I wrote to two Congressmen in hopes of arousing them to vote against the Becker Amendment. They are enti-

tled to my opinion as well as theirs—at any rate, it ended in a one-all split. Senator George A. Smathers assured me he is a "firm believer in freedom of religion and the concept of separation of church and state."

Of greater interest, I think, are the two letters which I received several days apart from the Honorable Charles E. Bennett of the House of Representatives. Briefly, in my letter to Mr. Bennett, I said the Becker Amendment would be an adulteration of the First Amendment and suggested he take a long, careful look at this bill.

His first letter:

> Thank you for your thoughtful August 21 letter concerning the Becker Amendment to permit Bible reading and prayer in our public schools. As you may know, I am deeply opposed to the Supreme Court decision on this matter, and have signed the Discharge Petition to bring the proposed Constitutional Amendment before the floor of the House. I have also appeared before the House Judiciary Committee in support of this amendment, and have urged the committee to take prompt and favorable action in its behalf.
>
> You can be sure that I will continue my efforts in this field, and your encouragement is deeply appreciated.
>
> With kindest regards, I am
> Sincerely,
> Charles E. Bennett

This reply disturbed me; I hadn't been ambiguous: "Adulteration" is about as negative as one can be. I had the impression that whenever an official receives a letter concerning Becker or school prayer, he hurriedly assumes in his scanning of the mail that the individual opposes the Supreme Court decision. Another's views don't disturb me, only the possibility that I may be forced to assimilate his views. All I expect is a little sanity, a little rationality. I say this furtively, almost under my breath, because it really has nothing to do with Mr. Bennett's second letter. I have no commentary. He has his views. I think *Forum* readers will find the paragraph below interesting in that the views expressed therein are not unlike those of many other officials scattered throughout the country.

> In further response to your letter of August 21, I must say that the letter sent to you on August 29 was sent when I was out of the office, and my secretary inappropriately replied thereto, because she did not make reference to the fact that you oppose the Becker Amendment and assumed that you favor it. The letter which I sent to you did not deal with this difference of opinion. As I indicated in my letter of August 29, I favor bringing the Becker Amendment or some other type of amendment to the floor for prompt consideration. I do so because I feel that there was nothing wrong about the situation in our country prior . . . to that decision. The Becker Amendment may not be perfect in its present form, but I believe it can be perfected to bring our situation back to precisely what it was at the time just prior to the Supreme Court decision, which I think is preferable to the situation today. I realize that this may not be in accord with your views, but I believe that you have a right to have my frank opinion upon it, and I regret that the letter that was previously sent to you did not come to grips with the fact that you have been of the opinion that the Becker Amendment may not be capable of being put in such shape as to do the mild thing of putting us back to where we were prior to the Supreme Court decision. Church opposition to the Becker Amendment has in fact killed it for 1964 at least.
>
> Sincerely,
> Charles E. Bennett

"The preceding has been an unpaid political announcement."

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Concerning the Supreme Court's school-prayer decision, no one has pointed out the obvious: We agnostics and atheists don't wish to impose on the public our belief that there is no God, any more than we wish others to impose on us the belief that there is. To force atheism on others, the Supreme Court would have had to decree that schools are required to teach that there is no God; this would be the true parallel of school-board dicta to read Bible verses or say prayers in schools.

The only moral, democratic law, therefore, is one which keeps all religion out of public institutions. The Constitution guarantees us the freedom to believe and to proselytize—on our own time, through our own efforts, with our own money, and in our own homes and churches.

Mrs. Norma Palmer
Toledo, Ohio

We agree.

L. A. Campbell
Jacksonville, Florida

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PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY *(continued from page 62)*

Protestant person here this evening has been this guy from Chicago.

TANENBAUM: A strong Protestant ethos, yes.

GARY: So, as a consequence, the corporate ethic in Protestantism—if there is such a thing—is essentially the individual ethic. Is this not so?

SINGLE SEX

GARY: I'm afraid I've gone around to the back door in expressing this . . .

O'CONNOR: Yes, hurry and get in there.

GARY: Well, I would like to suggest that each one of us—that is, those of us who represent an institutional point of view—now attempt to express our own religion's position on this subject. I think we are here as representatives of major religious groups and, as such, we have to speak for our churches in this problem and not simply for ourselves.

TANENBAUM: Do you want to begin with a statement of what your community's position is?

GARY: Well, I just thought I'd put it on Father O'Connor first.

O'CONNOR: I suppose, in a way, a statement of this sort is probably the easiest for me to make, in the sense that the position on it is most clearly established.

First of all, I would say that sexuality for a Roman Catholic is a wholesome, good thing—and that's been validated both from revelation in the Old and New Testaments, and from the aspect of a rational and reasonable approach to it. Secondly, we hold that the treasure of sexuality is of such great importance and value that it should have its normal function within the status of matrimony and the sacrament of marriage. And the leading up to this, and the preparedness for it, should make sexuality an attractive, wholesome, fine thing, with a feeling of security about it.

GARY: Let me see if I can express a Protestant position on this, in necessarily general terms. Our sexuality begins in a love relationship between two adults—presumably in a marriage relationship—and it extends to the care for our children, and the cultivation of the family life. It extends beyond that point to our concern about stability within the society in which we live and we . . . well, this is my hidden agenda when I talk about this. I can't just talk about how I happen personally to feel about it. I have to talk about it in terms of my wife, my children, my community. It involves what kind of standards I think are important—not only for my own marriage, but for my children and for the community in which I live. It involves the interplay which is always there between the religious institutions: I'm concerned with the feeling of the Roman Catholic Church about sexual morality, about family life, about stability in this community; similarly, I'm concerned with the feeling of the other Protestant Churches, too. And we're all gravely concerned about the moral climate here in the city—as it affects families particularly, and as it affects the city itself. So when I talk about this, I think, this is the context within which I would speak; and, I suspect, it is not too different from your own.

HEFNER: These are positive statements as far as they go, gentlemen, but they're oriented, almost exclusively, to marriage and the family—and the real problem has been left out, has been ignored, it seems to me. What about those members of society who are not married—the single adults, and the adolescents, too, who are physically but not yet emotionally mature? Does anyone any longer believe that religion is coping with the problem with a "Thou shalt not," and a looking the other way?

TANENBAUM: I think that is part of the crisis we face. Our tradition—certainly the Jewish tradition—has been family oriented.

GARY: That's true.

TANENBAUM: In a sense, the normative Jewish position would simply be an echo of what Norman O'Connor and Dick Gary have just expressed. The locus of the whole sexual morality in the Jewish tradition really centers on family morality, and I don't think we have really geared ourselves for a society in which there is this great preponderance of individuals for whom there has to be a clearly defined morality.

If you are not defined in terms of a family, you are out of luck, if you have any religious conscience. But what happens to the people who are bachelors? What happens in a society where you have more women than men, the probable outcome of which is that you will have a surplus of women who will never marry? What do these people do with their sexual needs? What kind of morality do you have for these people?

HEFNER: And this is not to suggest that religion should cease to focus on the importance, and primary importance, of the family, as a context for sex in society. But by not paying attention to the other part of society—to the unmarried part of society—by simply saying that sex for all these people is wrong, is taboo, in truth, religion has not satis-

"Nighty-night, son. Are you sure there's nothing else you'd like?"

factorily come to grips with the problem as it exists.

GARY: I think that's it. Hugh has put his finger on a real point here. Because of our preoccupation with the family, as the focal point in society, we have not addressed ourselves to the problem of the single adult.

TANENBAUM: This is true.

BURNETT: Excuse me, Father Gary, but speaking as a layman, I would think —certainly my impression was that all churches, whether Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, frowned on sexual relations among unmarried adults. It was my impression that all churches take the position that it is wrong.

HEFNER: I think it would be correct to say that this was once true, but it is not so positively and certainly true today as in the past.

BURNETT: Well, it's true from Father O'Connor's point of view. Correct? Would it be true from yours, Father Gary?

GARY: Well, it depends on how far you want to generalize it. In my own parish, I have performed more marriages where the girl was pregnant than I have where the girl was not pregnant. Now, this is an unusual parish . . .

O'CONNOR: It sure is!

GARY: I grant you that, but this is actually the case.

O'CONNOR: You've got a lot of work to do.

GARY: And a lot of work I'm not doing. (*Laughter*)

But we, as institutions, haven't really addressed ourselves to the problem of the single adult in this society. You know, I'm waiting for the Roman Catholic Church to come out with a statement on this, or the American Jewish Committee, before I say anything . . . and they're waiting for me . . . and so on . . .

TANENBAUM: Meanwhile, the American Jewish Committee is waiting for the New York Board of Rabbis to come out with a statement.

GARY: And we've all got a problem here, because the general condition that exists in this city—regarding sexual deviates, for example—is a real morass. And we haven't even considered them—except as exceptions. A while ago, I was going to mention that in my own ministry there are a great many exceptions to the general rule of what would be regarded as normal sexuality, and these I counsel privately. But I don't have any set standard to apply in such cases, except Christian charity. There simply isn't any sort of public position for this.

O'CONNOR: I think part of the difficulty here is that it's only in recent times that we've developed, with the existential philosophers, the notion of the love relationship—in its full concomitance—in the complete body-spirit concept.

"Hey George — there's a wild party over at Harry's!"

I think, too, that we have failed to grapple with the problems of sex in the bad marriage; and in the unhappy marriage, which is unhappy because of factors other than the purely sexual or erotic side of the relationship. And there is the single young man or single young girl who finds his life, or her life, completely unsatisfying and consequently, then, sex becomes an outlet which is the only charming place, or romantic place, in which to live.

As a result, what the churches have got to do is rebuild the city, so to speak, so that our energies can function in a way that makes the city a happy, wholesome place in which to live. And so that sex will find its proper place, or role, in what maybe we would consider our tradition.

GARY: Amen to that.

TANENBAUM: I think the growth of the interaction between religion and psychiatry, and the great emphasis on pastoral counseling do indicate the recognition of the problem on the part of religious communities. But it really is just a beginning step, in many ways.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner covers the third of these four religious round-table discussions, in which the panelists exchange views on sex as sin and PLAYBOY*'s promoting of premarital play.*

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments one through seven and eight through twelve, are available at $1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY*, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

NOT·SO·CLASSIC *(continued from page 126)*

Mann tells us bluntly in the foreword that he is going to deal with the story in considerable detail. "We do not fear being called meticulous," he says, "inclining as we do to the view that only the exhaustive can be truly interesting." The question for the reader is whether this long, "meticulous" and exhaustive account of the spiritual journey of the hero, Hans Castorp, is worth the toil it takes to follow it—whether, indeed, the exhaustive is "truly interesting." As far as I am concerned, it is not worth it, and, for me, the exhaustive is fatiguing.

In the first place, the book does not have much of a story in the usual sense—a plot woven out of overt incidents, problems and development. It is essentially static; it does not move, or rather, moves at a glacial pace. The essential action of the novel is the struggle between health and sickness in the mind of Hans Castorp—a spiritual action. This could be a very interesting subject for a novel. Dostoievsky wrote a series of fascinating fictions concerned with spiritual struggles in his leading characters. And Dante's story in the *Divine Comedy* is one of spiritual development.

But, despite many fascinating passages—for instance, the conversations between Settembrini, the optimistic humanist, and Naphta, the pessimistic irrationalist; or the romance between Hans and the alluring Clavdia Chauchat—it is hard to maintain interest in Mann's "masterpiece." One reason for the flagging of attention is the exceedingly long and detailed descriptions of mood and thought, and the giant clumps of nonfictional material that bestrew the story. The result is soporific, and the reader is put to sleep, from which he is awakened at the end of the book (if he has persevered that long), as Hans Castorp is—by the outbreak of the First World War. Like Hans, the reader, too, may feel oppressed and well-nigh asphyxiated by the "high altitudes" of speculation. Pages and pages—in a chapter fittingly entitled "Research"—are filled with paragraphs such as this one:

> What was life? No one knew. It was undoubtedly aware of itself, so soon as it was life; but it did not know what it was. Consciousness, as exhibited by susceptibility to stimulus, was undoubtedly, to a certain degree, present in the lowest, most undeveloped stages of life; it was impossible to fix the first appearance of conscious processes at any point in the history of the individual or the race; impossible to make consciousness contingent upon, say, the presence of a nervous system. The lowest animal forms had no nervous systems, still less a cerebrum; yet no one would venture to deny them the capacity for responding to stimuli. One could suspend life; not merely particular sense organs, not only nervous reactions, but life itself. One could temporarily suspend the irritability to sensation of every form of living matter in the plant as well as in the animal kingdom; one could narcotize ova and spermatozoa with chloroform, chloral hydrate, or morphine. Consciousness, then, was simply a function of matter organized into life; a function that in higher manifestations turned upon its avatar and became an effort to explore and explain the phenomenon it displayed—a hopeful-hopeless project of life to achieve self-knowledge, nature in recoil—and vainly, in the event, since she cannot be resolved in knowledge, nor life, when all is said, listen to itself.

There then follows lengthy and detailed information and speculation on biological, anatomical and psychological matters, drawn from various scientific works which Hans and, no doubt, his creator have just been reading. All this is summoned up to prove a speculative point that, just as disease is a perversion of life, life itself is a disease of matter. I am not quite sure just how profound this sort of thing is, nor whether it belongs, and at such length, in a novel. Nor does it seem satisfactory to skip such material, as I have advised doing with the older classics such as *Moby Dick*, since it's all bound in with the unfolding of the main theme and with the development of Hans Castorp's consciousness.

Probably another reason for the reader's flagging of attention is the thick web of symbolism which pervades the book. *The Magic Mountain* is a philosophical allegory as well as the story of Hans Castorp's spiritual development. The title itself suggests the high, airless, speculative realm above ordinary life and experience; and the sanitorium may be taken as a microcosm of European civilization before World War I. The various characters represent various cultural tendencies or universal human impulses—Settembrini for rational humanism, Naphta for irrational intuitionism, Krokowski for psychoanalytical probing into the inner diseased depths, Behrens for detached and amoral science, and Clavdia for the erotic or the eternal feminine.

I don't know why I should find Mann's symbolism so tedious when I accept and enjoy Dante's allegorical telling of a tale. Mann's characters are certainly not mere sticks on which he hangs his symbols. On the contrary, they are masterfully rendered down to their most idiosyncratic characteristics. Yet there is something unsatisfactory and frustrating about Mann's symbolism. It is vaguer and more dreamlike than Dante's and it lacks the clear, hard, objective quality of the allegory in the *Divine Comedy*, which is conveyed mainly through concrete events and things. Mann's symbolism is a heavy, misty, Germanic sort of thing, which distracts us from what is essential—the story itself, which he assures us in the foreword is "highly worth telling."

Mention of tedious allegories reminds me inevitably of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, to which I award the palm as the most boring of all allegorical tales. Here again is a book which has been called a "classic," a "masterpiece" and, damn their eyes! a "great book," too. Moreover, it is supposed to have won acclaim and lasted so long in our literature because of its interesting and even exciting story. Well, all I can say is that I find the story utterly dull and unreadable, and the allegory as crude and corny as can be. The characters bear such names as Christian, Mr. Money-Love, Little-Faith, Lord Hate-Good and Mr. Greatheart. (Bunyan also wrote a humdinger called *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*.) Our hero flees the City of Destruction and traipses past such oddly named spots as the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation and the Delectable Mountains on his way to Zion, the City of God.

Literary historians tell us that this story was welcomed enthusiastically among English Puritans when it was published because such sinful literary fare as novels and plays were forbidden to them. Perhaps my lack of response to the story which these good people in 17th Century England found so exciting is simply due to the fact that I am not as hard up as they were literarily. Lord Macaulay once remarked that "the *Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the only book about which the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people." If indeed they have, I think they were ill-advised and I find their reasons mysterious. When I want stories of sin, damnation and redemption I prefer to go to such works as Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* among the great books of the past, or to the novels of Graham Greene among the fictions of the latter-day sinners.

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I find famous works on the saving of human society as boring as I do such works as Bunyan's on the saving of men's souls. It makes no difference to me how influential the work in question may have been upon the development of social and political thought. If it bores me, it bores me, no matter how "influential" it may have been or what its "historical significance." If I have to read such a work for a research project, then of course I do it, but that does not make it any the less boring.

A good example of this type of work is

Thomas More's *Utopia*. It is over 400 years old, a germinal work in social thought, a "classic" that is on every respectable list of important political writings—and it bores me. Why am I bored with More's book, but not with Plato's *Republic*, which also presents an ideal human community as the answer to the search for justice and the good life? Perhaps it is because Plato deals with ideas rather than with the bare facts of communal living, and sets his perfect state within the framework of eternal values. Nothing could be duller than More's deadpan description of life in Utopia. It is as flat and unvaried in tone as an accountant's report. As between Plato and More, there certainly is no contest as to literary vitality and skill, not to speak of profundity of thought.

More is reputed to have been quite a gay person, with a delicious sense of humor, and to have demonstrated his masterful wit—his "merriness"—in this work on Utopian society. Erasmus advised a friend to read it "whenever you wish to be amused," as well as for serious social analysis. But I, unfortunately, do not get the joke. I am not amused. More, for me, rhymes with "bore."

An example closer to our time of eminently influential and utterly boring works of social thought may be taken from any of the works of Thorstein Veblen. He is reputed by respectable scholars to have been one of the most dynamic and seminal influences on the development of economic theory in this century, particularly in the United States. He is also credited with having expressed his economic theses in an intricate, highly ironic style; indeed, Veblen himself once modestly referred to the "consummate diction" of one of his works. Nevertheless, despite my awareness of these high recommendations, I must confess that I find it painful to get through any of Veblen's works. As for his famous style, I find it frightful as well as tedious—it is leadenly didactic, with a lugubrious professorial irony and the symptomatic inhibition against saying anything in a direct, human fashion.

The so-called irony is of the type that uses words like "eleemosynary" instead of "nonprofit," "charitable" or "free." This sort of thing may draw a smile if it is used sparingly, but when it is done for 300 to 400 pages, it's no joke. Veblen's satirical coinages consist of such gems as "pecuniary emulation," "conspicuous consumption," "hedonistic equilibration" and "noninvidious interest." Whole books are filled with such phrases as the "emulative process of accumulation by the quasi-predatory methods of the pecuniary occupations." The use of such barbaric jargon apparently gives a ritualistic satisfaction to many persons who work in the social sciences, and who apparently think they are not being scientific or intellectual unless they write in this ugly and inhuman manner. At the same time it is supposed to be mordantly humorous.

Joseph Dorfman, who wrote the definitive account of Veblen's life and work, gave the dubious accolade to *The Theory of the Leisure Class* that "from a literary standpoint the book is doubtless worthy of Ph. D. dissertations in English literature," and went on to point out Veblen's rich store of literary devices, "including etymological precision, foggy language and sharp comparisons and contrasts ever changing in order." This suggests that the academic coinages and ungainliness are deliberate and that we have to do with an elaborate spoof, a great professorial joke—at the expense of professorial jokes and academic economists, anthropologists, etc. But somehow this grandiose feint, if it is one, is lost on me. I fail to find the book amusing, and I find its language incomprehensible and painful to read.

H. L. Mencken, a homemade scholar and literary critic, assessed Veblen's style correctly, in my opinion. He said that Veblen wrote as if he thought "in some unearthly foreign language—say Swahili, Sumerian or Old Bulgarian—and then painfully [put] his thoughts into a copious but uncertain and book-learned English." The results, he says rightly, are "singularly laborious and muggy . . . incomparably tangled and unintelligible works," written in a "clumsy, affected, opaque, bombastic, windy, empty" style. In short, Veblen is another Cicero.

Mencken also noticed what I consider to be the main reason for the tediousness of Veblen's works, their prolixity and repetitiveness. A book of Veblen's will take a simple theme (such as, that the profit motive frustrates economic efficiency, or that we irrationally value nonproductive over productive activity) and repeat it again and again, without any logical development that justifies its presentation running from 300 to 400 pages. Works such as *The Theory of the Leisure Class* or *The Theory of Business Enterprise* have enough idea content to fill an essay, perhaps a long essay of up to 100 pages, but no more. Veblen, however, is one of those writers—not all of whom are professors—who think they are saying more if they use 300 pages to say what can be said well in 30.

There is an old Latin tag about repetition being the mother of learning. Certainly repetition may be a useful device for a teacher with a classroom full of students at various levels of attention and comprehension. However, to have to suffer through the incessant repetition of the same theme through hundreds of pages of text is like having to learn the same lesson day after day.

There are other old sayings that are even more relevant than the one just mentioned. For instance, "In repetition, there is no fruition," or better yet, Juvenal's observation, which we may take as applying to the pitiable reader:

> Like warmed-up cabbage served at each repast,
> The repetition kills the wretch at last.

Veblen's malady—prolixity and repetition—is common to a whole slew of present-day works in various fields of study. Think for a moment of how many well-known serious works you have read in recent years which you found tedious, not because of a lack of interest in the theme, but because the author couldn't stop when he was ahead, because he didn't have the grace to leave us asking for more instead of making us feel stuffed to the gills.

• • •

Shocking as it may seem, or shameful

"It's a good wine—but not a great wine."

to admit, even sex can be boring in its literary delineation. Books that are famous for their tales of sexual encounters (although they may include a good deal else), and yet which have proved quite tedious to me, include such "classics" as Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the *Arabian Nights*. I wonder how many other readers have picked up these works, expecting a rousing good time, and been thoroughly disappointed. And I ask myself why I find the *Decameron* a bore, but not Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*, which is also made up of stories told by a group of characters within the main narrative. The literary device is the same, but the effect is far different.

The reason for the greater interest and enjoyment in Chaucer's work is quite obvious: Chaucer is a better storyteller. His characters and the stories they tell fit together, and so do the incidents and conversation between the stories. The main prologue, the prologues to the tales, and the joining pieces are interesting and enjoyable in themselves. Indeed, the main prologue, setting the stage and introducing the characters—soldiers, clergymen, businessmen, craftsmen, farmers and housewives of 14th Century England—is perhaps the best story of all. Second to it, if not its equal, is the prologue to the Wife of Bath's tale, the autobiography of this hearty, juicy woman, well versed in "the old, old dance" of love since the age of 12, the redoubtable housewife who has had "five churched husbands . . . / Not counting other company in youth." And all the interchanges, conflicts and agreements among the characters before and after they tell their stories make the main setting more than a mere mechanical device.

There is nothing like this in the *Decameron*. The ten young people holed up in a country estate in refuge from the plague, who while away their time in telling stories, only serve as a device on which to hang the stories. There is no significant interchange among them. And this is so despite the fact that the group is composed of seven young ladies and three young men, who are supposed to be wooers of at least some of the ladies. Nothing, as they say, "happens" between them, not even on the level of conversation, despite the plethora of tales of lusty and lustful erotic combinations. Moreover, the characters who tell the stories are for the most part of little individual interest in themselves and have no special relation to the stories they tell.

As for the stories, those told in *The Canterbury Tales* are far more artful and varied (even when they have been cribbed from the *Decameron*), and this is true also of the group of bawdy stories in each case. A good many of the nonsexual stories are rather banal and pointless, the sort of tale that people not gifted in telling stories would narrate to a captive audience, but not the stuff one wants to read through page after page. As for what are commonly called the "dirty" stories, granted that such tales are a joy to hear when they are well constructed and have a witty or humorous turn, still there can be too much of a good thing. The first story or two about the priest and the girl, or the wife's deception, or similar hanky-panky may have a jolly effect, but the same thing again and again gets tedious.

No doubt there are some wonderful stories in the *Decameron*, lovely and enjoyable pieces that earn Boccaccio his place among the great writers of the Italian Renaissance. But it is a dreadful chore to have to go through hundreds and hundreds of pages of boring stuff to find them. In this case, it might be better to have someone else do the work for us, and give us "the best of the *Decameron*."

What I have said of the *Decameron* is doubly true of the *Arabian Nights*. The same old thing night after night! If I had been the Caliph, Scheherazade would have insured, instead of delayed, her execution by telling these tedious, mechanical, pointless stories. It would have been me or her—my death by boredom or hers by the sword. Besides, I don't like stories that do not pause for paragraphs. These paragraphless stories, in Burton's famous translation, intensify the tediousness and the soporific effect.

No account of boring accounts of sexual action would be complete in the present age if it excluded James G. Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*. The most masterly job of exposing the lugubriousness, clumsiness and tediousness of the book was done by Dwight Macdonald in an article for *Commentary* (later included in his book *Against the American Grain*). I would like here, if I may, to add my own note of dispraise.

The style of *By Love Possessed* is simply overwhelming. It is as if Thorstein Veblen had tried to write a novel. And this muggy, convoluted, pretentious style is used to convey rather simple things which are best said simply. The verbal acrobatics add no color, depth or tone, as the chorus of admiring reviewers damnably quoted by Macdonald would have us believe. This, for instance, is an account of the embarrassing effect of prolonged necking upon a young man courting a proper young lady:

> . . . Due to that blameless neglect of Hope's to call the halt she (the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she!) had no need to call; and to her partner in petting's reluctance to leave, since he was free to remain, there had been awkward occasions when the animal (disregarded by the hour and teased too far) reacted of a sudden, put to the shilly-shally so long imposed its own unpreventable end.

And this is the account of the mating of a man and his mistress:

> . . . At his advance, a patent fury, a torment, of inner vellications that would not admit of delay made her encounter of him instant. Hardly down on the mattress, the mucid encompassment took place, he was invested by her. To the multisonous harsh music of stretched springs, she, seized of him, hied him on, forcing a pace (she usually in the lead) which must, with something of her fury got into him, in some impetus, some plunge of venereal urgence long unfelt—no; never felt!—soon terminate the violent to-and-fro, let the giving springs be still, leave the prostrated mattress-mates spent, exhausted of motion. That was all—for the time being.

Naturally, the author prefers the word "vellications" here to the term "twitchings," for the latter is too clear and direct.

The trouble with Cozzens' book is that the attitude of the main character, Arthur Winner, toward sex is one of distaste. For him, if not for his author, it is something messy and disgusting. His adulterous coupling with his friend's wife is merely a matter of being the "he-half" of "the beast of two backs." Intercourse is simply a momentary spurt. Listen to this lyrical tribute to the mating of a man and a woman:

> The little life span of the beast soon sped, its death was died. At the she-half's flings-about in her extremity, the he-half's spoonful of phrenetic sensation was tweaked to spend itself—and, there! There was the buy, the bargain, the prize, the pearl of price!

And so on. It is hard to make interesting and enjoyable what is regarded as loathsome and distasteful.

It should also be noted that, even if one enjoyed Cozzens' clinical and involuted accounts of the sexual act, most of the 570 pages of the book are concerned with other things—and the story is simply not very interesting. Despite all its pretensions to offering us a serious view of the human situation, it is about on the level of women's magazine fiction—perhaps even the sex passages could be printed in the ladies' literary companions in this age of Henry Miller, Genet and Beckett. Jessamyn West, one of the book's admirers, has cued us on what to expect. "You may come away with a certain feeling of tiredness," she says.

It is that certain tired feeling that I do not want to have when I read a book, no matter how much coupling it may describe.

REMEMBRANCES *(continued from page 102)*

Does he wish to be tested for strength and courage? Space will test and grow him hard and pull him tall. Does he doubt his virility? He need doubt no more; space will see to that. Does he wish to be destroyed in a just cause? Space is that cause, which will annihilate many men so that the race itself can survive.

Here indeed is an enemy greater, more unknown, more terrible, than ever encountered in the lists of old battles. Here indeed is the evil giant waiting on the immense beanstalk that must be climbed.

For our enemy is everywhere. He is all of the deeps that know no warmth. He is the great winter of time that would snow us to sleep forever. All that has never lived, all that has never loved, confronts us.

So the great war, the best war, the one worth declaring and fighting, still lies ahead. We gird ourselves in rocket armors to struggle with idiot cold and the untaught stars which must learn our ways.

So even as our priests and parsons look to the sky, so must our makers and implementers of war.

Where now Pope and military general and political planner of national purpose meet on common ground, or rather star-filled, tenuous, but common air.

We have saved national purpose until last, as must be obvious, because it must begin to echo more and more strongly this new image of God and the peaceful militarism similarly informed and dedicated to the preservation of the Godhead by doing rightful combat in space against the very essence of annihilation itself. We are the Host, which the military must protect in rockets, and which the religions of the world must help carry upward away from our seedbed earth.

So the cycle begins.

What is now national purpose becomes international, what was international becomes planetary, and what was planetary becomes interplanetary, and finally, at the end of the long corridor of eternity, interstellar.

It is a long way for small frail man to look, to try to make out, to comprehend. But the vague fumbling rare strange starts at comprehension must be made in our time, here, now, this day. We are privileged to be among the few who first make metal that will nail together the shoes that will tread us across the new wilderness of stars.

True, we have not as yet solved all our problems of race, color, overpopulation, disease, starvation and strife upon this earth. These must be tended to. These will be solved. But solved, again, to what purpose? Now is not too early to pose such questions and begin the multitudinous answerings.

The human race should be our national purpose, ourselves discovered to be God our new religion, and the elimination of war through dedication to space our first order of the day to insure the race and thus insure God.

These labels will one day be meaningless. They are all, in sum, one thing.

If reaching for immortality is our purpose, if we are God wishing to live forever on out through and past the coalsack nebulae, then our national purpose is indeed international and beyond. We plan for the one single race of men upon this world. We plan for Him.

God stirs in His long sleep. We have found Him wakening in ourselves. He has found us stirring in the mineral deaths. We have found each other. We are one.

Now, looking to the sky, our intelligence must warn us how to travel in radioactive emptiness. Our passion must inform us with desire to keep us in ceaseless motion. For if we fail, pause, stop, we are no better than alkaline dusts and mindless seas of brine that move only by the gravitational pull of dead moons.

We are more than water, we are more than earth, we are more than sun. We are God giving Himself a reason for being.

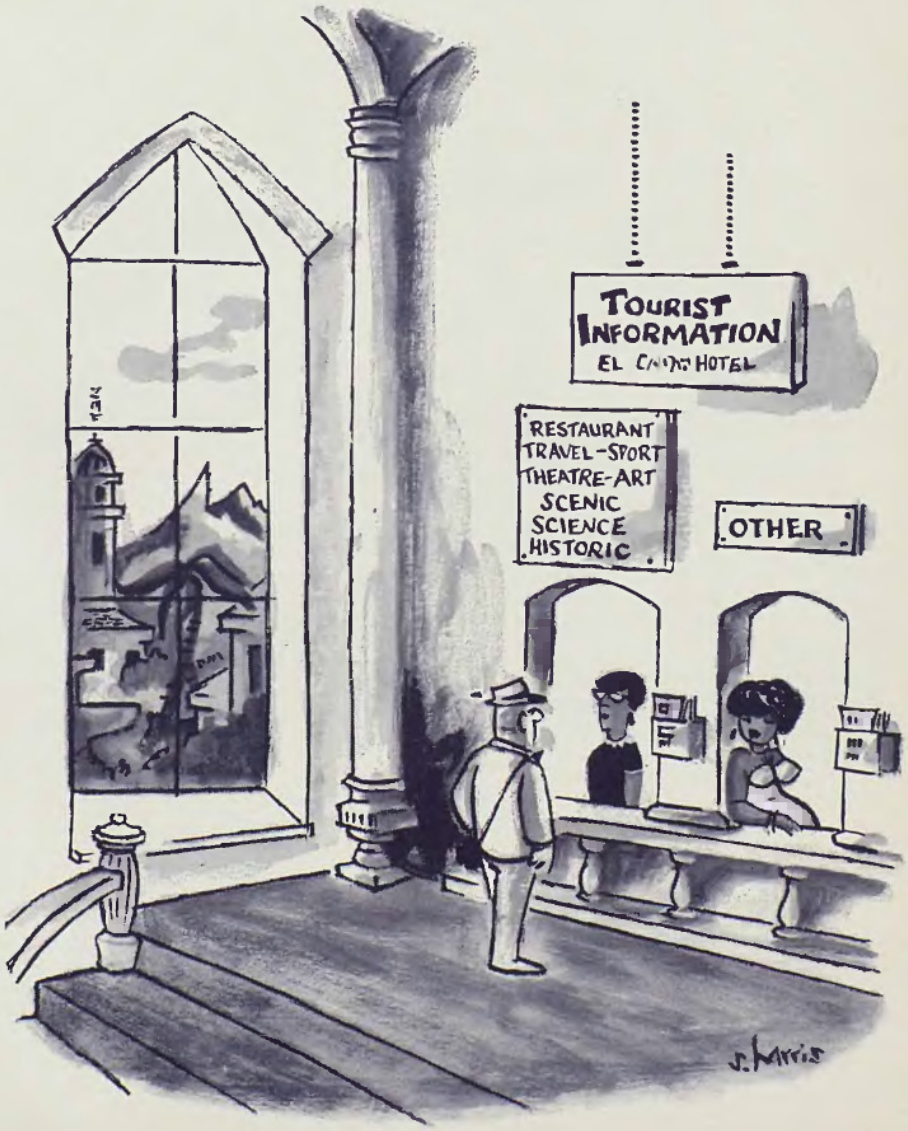
So shape our next one hundred American years.

So shape the thousand years ahead for man on earth. So shape ten thousand years of men gone strange in space. So shape ten million years, on to a billion.

God says He wishes this.

We hear.

And, one flesh go to make it so.



SEEING IS BELIEVING

(continued from page 95)

in their business suits, shaking their heads in dazed obtuse weariness at the brash young blue-jeaned directors, the unshaven writers, hippy producers in shirt sleeves and shades—all young winners high-jiving one another incomprehensibly about "Peeping Tom," the "new eroticism," "*cinéma vérité*," and so on. Film making, in short, is now wide open.

The fact that movies have entered a radically creative phase is having a profound interaction on dramatic prose in general, and on the art of the novel in particular—the scope and format of which have become comparable to those of a film story. Very few novels appearing these days are as engaging as the best of current films. When one considers the exceptions—such as *Naked Lunch*, *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* and *Candy*—their common strength becomes apparent—namely, that they are each *beyond* present cinematic techniques or practices. That is their justification, and that is their worth; there is simply no longer any aesthetic excuse for a novel that could have been created as a film. Going back to the chef analogy, it is like voluntarily cooking on the plate warmer instead of the front burner. What this means in terms of the future of the novel is that the hard-core stylists, the weak-kneed pornos, the soft-shell satirists and the no-blowers in general will just have to step down—because no one in his right mind can be expected to lay out a five-dollar bill for the kind of experience he can get for 95 cents at the corner Bijou.

The publishers—except for those with isolated emancipating experiences (Putnam's with *Lolita*, *Fanny Hill* and *Candy*; and, of course, the unique Grove Press with its perennial stable of "bad mothers")—have been much slower to feel the press of events than have the film makers, because they were farther removed from the TV catalyst. In short, publishers could not react until the film makers had reacted. Now that they have reacted, we may look forward to a literary era during which daring new standards will be formed—an intensification of the kind of novel writing that goes far beyond anything previously attempted—and, even more important, beyond anything previously acceptable to the general reader, but which he shall now *demand*.

GOOD BLONDE

(continued from page 140)

like me, what I say is best for him . . . but for a beautiful girl like you I guess what you're doing is best." I wasn't going to say get thee to a nunnery, she was too gone, too pretty too, besides she wouldn't have done it by a long shot, she just didn't care. In no time at all we were way up north of Los Alamos and coming into a little bumper to bumper traffic outside Santa Maria where she pulled up at a gas station and said:

"Say do you happen to have a little change?"

"About a dollar and a half."

"Hmmmm . . . I want to call longdistance to South City and tell my man I'll be in at eight or so."

"Call him collect if he's your man."

"Now you're talkin like a man" she said and went trottin barefoot to the phone booth in the driveway and got in and made a call with a dime. I got out of the car to stretch out, high and dizzy and pale and sweating and excited from the Benzedrine, I could see she was the same way in the phone booth, chewing vigorously on a wad of gum. She got her call and talked while I picked up an orange from the ground and wound up and did the pitcher-on-the-mound bit to stretch my muscles. I felt good. A cool wind was blowing across Santa Maria, with a smell of the sea in it somehow. The palm trees waved in a cooler wind than the one in Barbara and L.A. Tonight it would be the cool fogs of Frisco again! After all these years! She came out and we got in.

"Who's the guy."

"He's my man, Joey King, he runs a bar in South City . . . on Main Street."

"Say I used to be a yardclerk in the yards there and I'd go to some of those bars on Main Street for a beer . . . with a little cocktail glass neon in front, with a stick in it?"

"All the bars have that around here" she laughed and gunned on up the road fast. Pretty soon, yakking happily about jazz and even singing a lot of jazz, we got to San Luis Obispo, went through town, and started up the pass to Santa Margarita.

"There you see it," I said, "see where the railroad track winds around to go up the pass, I was a brakeman on that for years, on drizzly nights I'd be squattin under lumber boards ridin up that pass and when I'd go through the tunnels I'd hold my bandanna over my nose not to suffocate."

"Why were you riding on the outside of the engine."

"Because I was the guy assigned to puttin pops up and down, air valves, for mountain brakes, all that crap . . . I don't think it would interest you."

"Sure, my brother's a brakeman in Texas. He's about your age."

"I'm thirty-three."

"Well he's a little younger but his eyes are greener than yours, yours are blue."

"Yours are green."

"No, mine are hazel."

"Well that's what green-eyed girls always say."

"What do hazel-eyed girls always say?"

"They say, hey now." We were (as you see) talking like two kids and completely unself-conscious and by this time I'd quite forgotten the lurking thought of us sexing together in some bushes by the side of the road, though I kept smelling her, the Benny sweat, which is abundant, and perfumy in the way it works, it filled the car with a sweet perfume, mingled with my own sweat, in our noses if not in our minds there was a thought of sweating love . . . at least in my mind. Sometimes I felt the urge to just lay my head in her lap as she drove but then I got mad and thought "Ah hell it's all a dream including beauty, leave the Angel Alone you dirty old foney Duluoz" which I did. To this day I never know what she wanted, I mean, what she really secretly thought of me, of picking me up, and she got so high on the Benny she drove all the way anyway, or perhaps she woulda drove all the way anyway, I don't know. She balled up over the pass in the gathering late afternoon golden shadows of California and came out on the flats of the Margarita plateau, where we stopped for gas, where in the rather cool mountain wind she got out and ran to the ladies room and the gas attendant said to me:

"Where'd you pick her up?" thinking the car was mine.

"She picked *me* up, pops."

"Well I oughta be glad if I was you."

"I ain't unglad."

"Sure is a nice little bundle."

"She's been wearing that bathingsuit clear from Texas."

"Geez." She came out and we went up the Salinas valley as it got dark slowly with old orange sunsets behind the rim where I'd seen bears as a brakeman, at night, standing by the track as we'd in the Diesel ball by with a hundred-car freight behind us, and one time a cougar. Wild country. And the floor of the dry Salinas riverbottom is all clean white sand and bushes, ideal for bhikkuing (outdoor camping where nobody bothers you) because you can hide good and hide your campfire and the only people to bother you are cattle, and snakes I guess, and beautiful dry climate with stars, even now at dusk, I could see flashing in the pale plank of heaven, like bhaghavat nails. I told Pretty about it:

"Someday I'm gonna bring my pack and a month's essential groceries right down to that riverbottom and build a little shelter with twigs and stuff and a tarpaulin or a poncho and lay up and do nothing for a month."

"I think he's picked up a splinter."

"What you wanta do that for? There's no fun in that."

"Sure there is."

"Well I can't figure all this out but . . . it's all right I guess." At times I didn't like her, at one point I definitely didn't like her because there was something so cold and yawny distant about her, I felt that in her secret bedroom she probably yawned a lot and didn't know what to do with herself and to compensate for that had a lot of boyfriends who bought her expensive presents (just because she was beautiful, which compensated not for her inside unbeautiful feeling), and going to restaurants and bars and jazz clubs and yooking it up because there was nothing else inside. And I thought: "Truly, I'm better off *without* a doll like this . . . out there in that riverbottom, pure and free, what immensities I'd have, in real riches . . . alone, in old clothes, cooking my own food, finding my own peace . . . instead of sniffin around her ankles day in day out wonderin whether in some mean mood she's going to throw me out anyway and then I would have to clap her one or something and all of it a crock for sure ——" I didn't dare tell her all this, besides the point being she wouldn't have been interested in the least. It got dark, we flew on, soon we saw the sealike flats of Salinas valley stretching on both sides of us, with occasional brown farmlamps, the stars overhead, a vast storm cloud gathering in the night sky in the east and the radio announcer predicting rain for the night, then finally far up ahead the jeweled cluster of Salinas the city and airport lights. Outside Salinas on the four lane, about five miles, suddenly she said "The car's run out of gas, Oho" and she began wobbling the car from side to side in a graceful dance.

"What you doin that for?"

"That's to splash what's left of the gas into the carburetor . . . I can do this for a few miles, let's pray we see a station or we don't get to South City by eight." She swayed and wobbled along, grinning faintly over her wheel, and in the cuddly dark and little emergency of the night, I began to love her again and thought "Ah well and what a strong sweet angel to spend the rest of your life with, though, damn." Pretty soon the wobbles were wider and the speed slower and she finally pulled over by the side of the road and parked and said "That's that, we're out of gas."

"I'll go out and hail a car."

"While you're doing that I'll go in the backseat and put something over my bathingsuit, it's getting cold," which it was. I unsuccessfully tried to hail down cars for five minutes or so, they were all zipping at a steady 70, and I said:

"Say when you're ready come on out, when they see *you* they'll stop." She came out and we joked a bit in the dark dancing and showing our legs at the cars and finally a big truck stopped and I ran after it to talk to him. It was a big burly guy eager to help, he'd seen the blonde. He got out a chain and tied her car on and off we went at about 15 miles per hour to the gas station three miles down. He had airbrakes and she was worried about ramming him and hoped he wouldn't go too fast. He went perfect. In

the gas station driveway he got out to admire her some more.

"Boy, that's a little bit of sumptin" he said to me as she went to the toilet.

"She picked me up in Santa Barbara, she's been driving all the way from Texas alone."

"Well, well, you're a luck hitchhiker." He undid the chain. She came out and stood around chatting with the big truckdriver and the attendant. Now she was clad in tightfitting black slacks and a neat keen throwover of some kind, and sandals, in which she padded like a little tightfit Indian. I felt humble and foolish with the two men staring at her and me waiting by the car for my poor world ride. She came back and off we went, getting through Salinas and out on the dark road and now finally we found some real fine jazz from San Francisco, the Pat Henry show or some other show, and we didn't speak much anymore but just sang with the music and kept our eyes glued on the headlamp swatch and the inwinding kiss-in of the white line in the road where it again became a two-laner. Soon we were going through Watsonville, a little behind schedule.

"Here's where I did most of my work as a brakeman . . . insteada sleeping in the railroad dormitory I'd go out to the sandbottom of that river, the Pajaro, and cook woodfires and eat hotdogs like last night and sleep in the sand . . ."

"You're always in some riverbottom or other." The music on the radio got louder and louder as we began to approach San Jose and the City. The storm to the east hadn't formed yet. It was exciting to be coming into the City now. On Bayshore we really felt it, all the cars flashing by both ways in the lanes, the lights, the roadside restaurants, the antennas, nothing had looked like that all day, the big city, "The Apple," I said, "the Apple of California but have you ever been to *the* Apple, New York!" to which she replied: "Yeah man."

"But nothing wrong with this little old town, it's got everything . . . isn't it . . . don't you feel a funny feeling in your belly coming into the City."

"Yeah man I always do." We agreed on that and talked about it, and soon we were coming into South San Francisco where I suddenly realized she was going to let me out in only a few minutes and I hadn't anticipated parting from her ever, somehow. She pulled up right smack in front of the little station where I'd worked as a yardclerk and there were the same old tracks, I knew every number and name of them, and the same old overpass, and the spurs leading off to the slaughterhouses Armour and Swift east, the same sad lamps and sad dim red switchlights in the darkness. The car stopped, our bodies were still vibrating as we sat in the stillness, the radio booming.

"Well I'll get out and let you get home," I said, "and I needn't tell you how great it was and how glad I am you gave me this great ride."

"Oh man, nothing, it was fun."

"Why don't you give me your phone, I'll call you and we'll go down and hear Brue Moore, I hear he's in town."

"O he's my favorite tenor, I've seen him . . . OK, I'll give you my address, I haven't got a phone in yet."

"OK." She wrote out the address in my little breastpocket notebook and I could see she was anxious to get on home to her man so I said "OK, here I go," and got my bag and went out and stuck my hand in to shake and off she went, up Main Street, probably to her pad to take a shower and dress up and go down to her man's bar. And I put my bag on my back and walked down the same old homey familiar rail and felt glad . . . probably gladder than she did, but who knows? It almost brought tears to my eyes to see my old railyards again, as though I'd been brought up to them on a magic carpet just to see them and remember, the whole trip had been so ephemeral and easy and fast, in fact the whole trip from Mexico City 4000 gory miles away . . . as though some ruling God in the sky had said "Jack I want you to cry when you remember your past life, and to accomplish this, I'm going to shoot you to that spot" and there I was, walking numbly on the same old railside cinders and there across the way the long sorrowful pink neon saying BETHLEHEM WEST COAST STEEL about five long blocks of it and I used to take down the numbers of boxcars and gons in drags that were even longer than that and measure their length by the length of the huge neon: beyond which you could hear frogs croaking in the airport marsh, where mountains of tin scrap soaked in scum water, and rats scurried, and occasional pure Chinese birds sailed around (at night, bats). I went into the old station (actually a brand new little station still fresh with new bricks) and consulted the timetable and saw that I had a train to the City in five minutes, everything perfect. As of yore, to celebrate, I stuck a nickel in my old candy machine and got out a Pay Day and munched on that on the platform, stole a newspaper from the rack, and it was just like old times 11:15 going home with work done. But the train had changed, it came being pulled by a new type of small engine I'd never seen (electric) and the cars were doubledeckers with commuters sitting up and below like dolls in the bright lights of the new ceilings. "Too new, too fancy" I thought, regretting it, and got on and got my ticket punched by a conductor whose face I vaguely remembered from the trainmen's lockers at Third and Townsend. On we went to the City. Bayshore Yards appeared after a while, with the old redbrick 1890 roundhouse gloomy like *Out Our Way* cartoons of 1930 factories in the night, smoke of steampots beyond, the distant marvel and visible miracle of Oakland suddenly seen casting its infinitesimal and as-if-innumerable lights on the far bay waters, and then swosh into the tunnel, coming out right smack in the City with white tenements and houses on grassy cliffs by the side of the dug-in rail canyon, and then the long slow curve, the long slow appearance of the skyscrapers of downtown San Francisco, so sad, so reddish, so mysterious and Chinese, and the general purple brownness of the yards, red and green switchlights, funny switchmen at the crossings and the train slowing down as it comes into the station to the dead-end blocks to stop.

Everybody got up and got out. I went slowly to savor everything. The smell of San Francisco was great, it is always the same, at night, a compoundment of sea, fog, cinders, coalsmoke, taffy and dust. And somehow the smell of wine, maybe from all the broken bottles on Third Street. Now I was really exhausted and headed up Third Street, after a slow nostalgic survey of the Third and Townsend station, looking desultorily if there was anybody I knew, like maybe Cody, or Mal. I went straight to the little old Cameo Hotel on the corner of Harrison and Third, where for 75 cents a night you could always get a clean room with no bedbugs and nice soft mattresses with soft old clean sheets, clean enough, not snow-white Fab by any means but better, and nice quilts, and old frayed carpets and quiet sleep: that's the main thing. The clerk in the cage was the same Hindu I'd known there in 1954, he didn't remember me or the night he'd told me the long story of his boyhood in India and his father who owned 700 camels and the time he'd peeked at a woman's religious ritual where he claimed there were some virgins and barren women walking around a stone phallus and sitting on it. I didn't bring it up but followed him up the stairs and down the sad old hall to my door, and the room. I took all my clothes off and got in the cool smooth sheets and said "Now I'll just lay like this for fifteen minutes in the dark and rest and then I'll get up, dress and go down to Chinatown and have a nice feed: I'll have sweet and sour prawn and cold broiled duck, yessir, I'll splurge a dollar and a half on that" and I uncapped my little poorboy of tokay wine I'd bought in the store downstairs and took a swig and in fifteen minutes, after three swigs and dreamy thoughts with a serene smile realizing I was at last back in my beloved San Francisco and surely must have a lot of crazy adventures ahead of me, I was asleep. And slept the sleep of the justified.

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"It's twelve o'clock, folks—Happy New Year!"

JOE *(continued from page 152)*

"And you should have seen that private car," Joe went on. "All specially decorated for the girls. There were cases and cases of champagne stacked up in the back end of the car. And plenty of good kosher salami, too. Y'know, the Dollys were Hungarians, just like me. And how they loved their salami!" Joe brooded for a bit on this vanished splendor. "Do you know something," he said. "I'd give every dime I've got in the world just to be back once more with the Dollys." He blew his nose again. "I think I'm going home to Cleveland."

"You mean leave the show?" I asked.

"Yes," said Joe. "I'm going to have my mother take care of me."

"Will your mother know what to do?"

"Don't worry about my mother," said Joe. "My mother knows about everything."

And he did go home to his mother, something difficult to imagine anyone else doing in similar circumstances, excepting possibly Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Sigmund Freud.

• • •

Joe had taken his oath on a Saturday night. And I will say this for him: He showed not the slightest sign of deviating from it until late the following Tuesday afternoon, when he brought a copy of the *New York World-Telegram* into my office. Jabbing a finger in the lower left-hand corner of the page, he said, "Look at the price of the winner of the second race."

Although I have forgotten the name of the filly, I can still remember the price—$66.40.

"I have been following that goddamn hoor for a whole year. I know the people who own her. The least I would have had on her today was a twenty-dollar bill." He whipped out a little pocket notebook and peered down his bifocals. "At this moment," said Joe, "she owes me exactly three hundred and fifty dollars, so I would have been even and a little ahead."

"It's too bad, Joe," I said. "I'm sorry to hear it."

"Well," said Joe philosophically, "I've made my bed and I guess I've got to lay in it."

"If you lay," I said, "it may be fun."

"With my luck it would probably be pure agony," he said.

On the following Thursday a friend invited Joe to the track. Like an obedient child, he came to me for guidance.

"Do you think I should go, Jed?" he asked innocently.

"Why not? Except that I understand it isn't much fun when you're not betting."

"I was thinking the same thing," said Joe thoughtfully.

Joe was waiting for me to say something, but I seemed to be absorbed in a manuscript I had been reading.

"Jed, would you consider doing me a great favor? There are two horses running this afternoon that I know like I know my own name. I might be able to make a fantastic parlay."

"Well, I don't see how you can, Joe," I said, "in the light of your oath."

"That's what I mean," said Joe. "Would you, as a special favor, let me off my oath?"

"I'm sorry, Joe," I said, "but you know I can't do that. You remember I promised you, as a pal, that I would never let you off."

"Well, you know I was upset at the time," said Joe.

I undertook to look severe. "Are you going to run out on your oath?"

"Oh no," said Joe.

"Are you going to claim that you made it at a time when you were drunk, or not in your right mind, or under duress?"

"Oh no! No! No! Of course I wouldn't do anything like that. But you saw how upset I was."

"How many times have you told me you were a lifetime loser? Didn't you say you figured you had blown about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the horses?"

"I admit it," said Joe miserably. "I don't deny it."

"Do you want to go back and buck guys like Fuchs who can make a living at the track out of pure ignorance of form?"

"Every time I think of it I want to shoot myself." Joe gave a deep groan. "You're absolutely right," he said. He stood there, brooding for a moment. "You really think I shouldn't go to the track, huh?"

"Well, you know the temptation, Joe," I said, "and you know what your mother means to you."

Joe nodded sadly and went back to his office. That was at 10:30. About three quarters of an hour later Joe came back in his topcoat. "I think I'll go down to the track after all," he said mildly.

I said, "OK. I hope you will have as good a time as you can under the circumstances."

"Jed," said Joe, "would you reconsider?"

"What?" I said.

"Letting me off my oath . . . You know damn well if I should make a bet today and anything happened to my mother—well, I don't have to tell you that that would just be the end of me."

"I know, Joe," I said.

"And how will you feel about that?" said Joe. "You'll feel bad, too."

"Not as bad as you will."

"Jed, I'm begging you. Please take me off the hook."

I gave a fair, but I think only a fair, performance of being judicious. What I suppose I would have liked to do at that moment was to get up and put my arms around Joe. And that was the only moment I remembered, tearfully, as I looked at Joe, not quite ten years afterward, lying in his coffin at the Riverside Memorial Chapel, during an otherwise hilarious funeral.

"All right, Joe," I said, "I'm taking you off your oath. But only for the sake of your mother."

It was Joe who threw his arms around me and kissed me.

From that time on I had a sinister power over Joe. After all, I had saved his mother's life.

• • •

Someone, I forget who, is supposed to have said that inside every fat man there is a skinny man screaming to get out. Something of the sort can also be said with justice of Joe Glick. Inside him there was a lexicographer of sorts, a connoisseur of a very rare kind, and a most ambivalent faddist.

Joe's relationship with the English language was for a long time one of my minor preoccupations. It was a rather neurotic affair and, like an uneasy marriage, touched with mutual suspicion. But in every exchange between them, the language somehow always managed to gain something from Joe.

"After they made Damon," he once said, with reference to one of the two writers he most revered, "they broke the mole."

"Will you be sure to meet me tonight at seven-fifteen?" I said to Joe one afternoon.

"Definally," said Joe.

Once when I asked him what Lee Shubert had to say about the availability of the Morosco Theater for a production I was planning, Joe replied, "Well, Mr. Lee thinks that in a few weeks——"

"Joe," I said, "I don't want to know what Mr. Lee thinks. Just tell me what he said."

Joe looked hurt and said, "Do I have to tell you pacifically?"

Joe almost always found words, like winning horses at the track, in short supply and he often called upon me to furnish missing parts of sentences. One of his dearest friends was a lawyer with whom he enjoyed "ribbing" matches late in the afternoon over the telephone. When I came into the office one day, I found Joe already on the telephone. He quickly put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Tell me something I can call Munroe."

"Ask him when he last committed barratry with a girl."

"Wait a minute," said Joe guardedly, "is that all right to say over the telephone?"

"The telephone happens to be in my name," I said. "And don't be so in-

nocent about barratry. I'm sure you have committed it many times with girls."

"Never!" said Joe, raising his right hand. "I'm one hundred percent normal. The natural way is good enough for me."

"Hypocrite," I said.

Joe lowered his voice. "When is the last time you committed barratry with a woman?" he said into the telephone, and then looked up at me triumphantly. "Munroe is hysterical," he whispered. I could hear his friend screaming with laughter, and then I heard Joe's voice, "Don't worry about me. I know all about barratry, and not from experience the way you do."

If Joe had a single passion it was that of a collector. Not of coins, nor of matchbox covers; not of silver tankards, nor Meissen ware, nor tropical butterflies. Joe was a connoisseur of doctors.

Like most bachelors of a certain age, Joe treasured all sorts of ailments, most of them of a very obscure nature indeed. He would reach his hand behind his back and indicate an area under his shoulder blade. "I've got a little nerve there," Joe would say, "that's killing me and no doctor in the world seems to know what it is. I don't know how many times it has been X-rayed," he would say, "but they can't find a thing."

"What you need," I said one day to Joe, "is a wife."

Joe snorted, "Didn't you tell me some historical character once said, 'Better to marry than burn'? Well," said Joe, "that wouldn't be my choice."

One day Joe walked into my office. "Have you ever heard of a Dr. Dorian Glockenspiel?" he said. I shook my head. "There," said Joe, "is the greatest doctor I ever met in my life. I tell you, the guy is terrific."

"Has he been treating you?"

"I only met him last night at a party. You know the pain I was telling you about in my back, the little nerve—well, I no more than shook hands with the guy when the pain disappeared. I mean, it actually disappeared the minute we touched hands! That's the kind of doctor he is. Well, after we had a few drinks, he invited me over to his office. You ought to see it. Pipes, machines, wires running in every direction. He's got violet rays, X rays, blue rays, who knows? The place looks like one of those Rube Goldberg cartoons. And instead of taking a taxi, I walked back to my hotel —fifteen blocks. You know, I haven't been able to do a thing like that for almost ten years."

Then, for the next few weeks all I heard from Joe was where he and Doc had had dinner, and what Doc was doing for him, and how he felt he was beginning a new life.

Then one morning he walked into my office, his face black with fury. "What do you think of that son of a bitch?" he said, flinging a piece of paper on my desk.

"Who?" I said.

"That goddamn Glockenspiel!"

What he had thrown down on my desk was a bill for treatment in the amount of $85. "Why, Joe," I said, "that looks cheap to me, if the doctor has done all you said he had done for you."

"But we're pals!" cried Joe. "Why should he send me a bill?"

"Well, Joe," I said, "all that Rube Goldberg machinery he showed you must have cost a fortune, and then think of all that poor Dorian must have had to go through. College, medical school, internship, and in all probability he had to marry some awful-looking dame to get the money to get started with."

"Yeah," said Joe sourly, "she is certainly an ugly dame."

"See?"

"I don't know how many times I've had him to dinner and taken him to the theater." Joe seemed to be genuinely disappointed.

Months passed and I heard no more of Dr. Glockenspiel. Then one day Joe said, "Have you ever heard of a Dr. Naphtali Zilberbush?"

"The name is familiar," I said. "Is he related to the Zilberbush Jessel tells such funny stories about?"

"Who the hell cares about Jessel?" said Joe impatiently. "This Zilberbush, in my opinion, is one of the outstanding specialists in the world."

"But what about Dr. Glockenspiel?"

"I'll tell you," said Joe as if he had weighed the matter seriously. "I started to lose confidence in Glockenspiel."

It was only natural that Joe, being susceptible to quackery, should be addicted from time to time to diets of one kind or another. For weeks at a time he would have an early dinner of hay, vinegar and chopped nuts at a health-food restaurant on 48th Street. After that he sometimes joined me at Moore's or Frankie and Johnnie's, where I would be enjoying a steak or a slice of rare roast beef.

"How can you put that stuff into your system?" Joe would say. "Do you realize you are eating dead animals?"

"The animals I eat," I said, "are all dead circus animals, so after all, I'm not betraying show business. I feel I am eating old friends. I'm what you call anthropophagous, Joe."

"I'm not surprised," said Joe. "It probably comes from committing so much barratry."

I was puzzled but nevertheless impressed by Joe's loyalty to his Spartan diet. It was not like Joe to deny himself any of the pleasures of the table for the sake of mere good health. But one day his friend Benny Stein revealed the secret of Joe's iron self-discipline.

"Right this minute, Joe's got a whole Stage Delicatessen salami stashed away in the closet of his room in the St. Moritz," said Benny. "And do you know what the son of a bitch does after he finishes his oats at the health-food joint? He hustles up to his hotel in a taxi, breaks into his cache, and puts away a good six inches of salami. I caught him at it one night. Then he brushes his teeth, gargles his mouthwash and comes to the theater looking as if he was Mahatma Gandhi." Needless to say, I never betrayed Benny's confidence.

• • •

Like most New Yorkers of my acquaintance, Joe came from the Middle West. I was, therefore, not surprised that he refused my invitation to go sailing with me. He would stamp his patent-leather-shod foot lightly on the ground and say, "Little old New York is good enough for me. I have no interest in anything wet unless it's Scotch."

But one day he astonished me by saying, "How come you never invite me out on your yacht anymore?"

"Because I learned how to take no for an answer."

"Aren't you going off on a cruise with Eddie Chodorov?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Well, suppose I was to say yes," said Joe.

"Fine," I said. "Now, Joe, be sure and leave all your fancy wardrobe at home. Put a few things in a duffel bag, or, if you haven't got a duffel bag, a big paper bag will do. All you need to bring besides the clothes on your back is an extra T-shirt and a pair of sneakers. Don't bring suitcases. There's no room for them."

Early the following Saturday morning, and a fearfully hot morning it was, even at eight o'clock, Chodorov and I were on the dock in Stamford, unloading crates full of groceries and supplies that we would need for our cruise. The tide was low and the hull of the vessel, which was a lovely Alden-designed schooner called the Antares, lay far below the level of the dock. Just then a taxi drew up, and there was Joe, in heavy cordovan sport shoes, fawn-colored slacks and a quite rich-looking sports jacket. And, as I should have expected, there were also two large suitcases, one of them mysteriously heavy.

"Joe," I said, "why the hell did you bring all this junk with you?"

"Where is the boat?" asked Joe, observing nothing more than two masts sticking up from the edge of the dock.

I pointed down. Joe peered cautiously over the edge of the dock. He looked horrified. "Is that the boat?" he asked.

"What's the matter with it?" I said.

Joe's voice was grief-stricken. "Oh, I thought it was more like a . . ." and he held up his hands as though he were driving a racing car.

"I'm sorry, Joe," I said, "this is not a motorboat."

Joe looked around wildly. I think if he could have found some way to get himself out of the whole business, he would have bolted. "Where is all that stuff going?" he said nervously as I passed the crates on down to Chodorov, who was on deck relaying them to an old Yankee sailor, whose hands could be seen reaching up from a hatch up forward.

"Oh, there's a lot of space down there, Joe," I said. All the supplies and gear had now been loaded. "How the hell are we going to get you and your gear down there?" The deck lay almost six feet below the dock. "Maybe we'll have to get a crane."

Chodorov was startled by the weight of Joe's bags. "What have you got in there, Joe?" asked Eddie. "Ingots?"

Somehow, I don't remember quite how, we managed to lower Joe and his belongings onto the vessel without employing block and tackle. We started the auxiliary engine and cast off immediately. As the ship made its way down the river, Joe was sitting, the picture of misery, on the polished mahogany rail near the cockpit, his immaculate trousers carefully drawn up and exposing his clocked silk socks. He looked a little like Peter Ibbetson, trying to hypnotize himself into thinking he was somewhere else.

As we came out into Long Island Sound, we headed up into a sweet little southwesterly and began to haul up the sails. Joe, for the first time, seemed to show some interest in what was going on. Now, as we brought the ship about and switched off the engine, Joe gazed with astonishment as the sails filled and the ship moved forward smartly.

As the breeze freshened, the Antares seemed to take to her heels. Joe looked up, incredulity in every feature, "Well, I'll be a son of a bitch," he said. "What will they think of next?"

By the time we dropped anchor in New London late that afternoon, Joe was a changed man. "Ah," he said, "when I think of all the aggravation there is in show business. Do you know something? Everybody ought to have a boat like this and get away from it all." Joe had taken to the sea.

We had some drinks and a very good dinner. Forgotten were quacks, diets and all the costly witchcraft of city life. Joe ate heartily. "I have never in my life had such an appetite," said Joe.

As so often happens at the end of the first day of a cruise, the air and the sun had left us all in a pleasant state of weariness and we decided to go to bed early, as we intended to spend the following day making Hyannis Port, on Cape Cod. Chodorov and I had a short bathe in the sea. By the time we had dried ourselves and arranged our berths in the main cabin, Joe was carefully emptying his bags of a vast collection of slacks and jackets, and crowding them into the locker of his stateroom. There was a single stateroom amidships, and this we had ceded to Joe, as an additional deluxe feature of his voyage.

"As far as I'm concerned, his publicity value is wearing a little thin!"

Joe now hoisted the bag which Chodorov had speculated about, and out of it he drew an astonishing number of brushes, bottles, boxes, tins, syringes and assorted toilet articles. There were surely enough of them to have provided a toilette for Madame du Barry. While Chodorov and I brushed our teeth and flung ourselves onto our berths, Joe spent the next three quarters of an hour preparing himself for his night's rest. We were convulsed as we watched Joe grasp his military brushes and give his hair a good workout. This was followed by a collyrium bath for his eyes. Then, as if by magic, six-inch-long Q-tips appeared as Joe fastidiously gouged his ears and nostrils. By this time Chodorov and I were on the verge of hysteria. Joe then went into the head, brushed his teeth and gargled his mouthwash long and luxuriously. When he washed his face and neck, it sounded as though a school of porpoises were at play in a pool. But all this was a mere prelude to his elaborate toiletry.

Now Joe filed his nails and then buffed them lightly. Chodorov was definitely in bad shape. He could no longer laugh. He could only moan. It seemed likely that he would suffer a heart attack. But my own ribs were so sore from laughing that I could not concern myself about Chodorov's condition.

"The trouble with you sons of bitches," said Joe, "is that you have never had the chance to watch a gentleman prepare himself for bed. Let this be an education for you."

Now Joe opened a large tin box, tipped some powder onto the lid, fitted the lid back onto the box. Then he lit a match and set it to the powder. We watched in wonder as aromatic smoke came up. Now Joe stuck his big nose right over it and took deep breaths.

"Joe," I said, "what the hell is that?"

"That, my ignorant friend," said Joe, "is asthma powder."

Chodorov could only sob helplessly. "But Joe," he gasped, risking his life with each word, "you . . . haven't . . . got asthma."

"You bet I haven't," said Joe, "and I don't intend to get it either."

Joe managed to avoid asthma, but, as he often said after a trying afternoon at the races, "You can't beat the system."

• • •

So Joe found himself, on his last day on earth, on a raised platform below the pulpit of the Riverside Memorial Chapel, in an impressive coffin where he lay, in his dinner jacket, his upper body exposed, his solid features the color of wood violets, as though he had been made up by a drunken barber or by a staff cosmetologist trained in high-fashion interior decoration.

Joe had died at three o'clock the previous morning after an almost perfect day: He had won a good bet at the track and he had consumed the choicest part of what he at one time would have called a "dead animal" for dinner. And from all I could gather he had finished up the evening with a handsome Scan-

dinavian friend, his Swede as he called her, although he occasionally referred to her as the Finn. Joe was not basically an anthropologist, so everybody knew whom he meant. In addition to this, according to the assistant hotel manager, a not quite completely consumed portion of salami was found on Joe's night table.

As Joe's two closest friends, Mike Todd and I were the chief pallbearers. The occasion was the fulfillment of a desire Mike had expressed the very first time I had ever met him. It was shortly after I had produced a comedy called *Dark Eyes*.

"Why don't we do a show together?" asked Todd.

A few days later he called me up and asked if we could have lunch together. I asked, "Where?"

"At one o'clock on the Philadelphia Express."

"You're just afraid to go to Philadelphia alone," I said.

"No," said Mike, "I want to talk to you about a very important matter. I have about a half hour's business to do in Philadelphia. I will be finished by three-thirty and we will be on the four-o'clock train and back in New York at six. What do you say?"

In the dining car, Mike reached into his pocket, pulled something out and shoved it at me under the table.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Take it, it's for you."

I reached under the table and found a thick roll of paper money in my hand. I couldn't help smiling.

"This is strictly under the table," said Mike. "You don't have to report it, just take it and forget it."

They were all hundred-dollar bills. "How many of these are there?" I asked.

"Fifty," said Mike.

"But what's it for?"

"I want you to do a play with me."

I could hardly stop laughing.

"What's funny?" said Mike.

"You are," I said. "The way to get me interested in a play is to let me read it."

I shoved the money back at him, but Mike pushed my hand away. "Don't worry, I'll give it to you to read."

"What is the play, Mike?"

"I don't think you know this play."

"I'll have to know sooner or later, so you might as well tell me."

He mentioned the name of the play. I looked at the money thoughtfully and said, "Mike, is it possible for you to lay your hands on a thousand of these?"

Mike let out a howl of rage. "Jesus Christ," he cried, "I always heard you were impossible to deal with, but this is the absolute limit. There isn't another guy in the world who would have the gall to ask a hundred thousand dollars to do a show."

"Well," I said, "I have heard things about you, too, Mike. I heard that you were bright, but evidently that was just hearsay. Let me put it to you straight. I feel it's far beneath me to turn down a mere five thousand dollars for a show like that. But to turn down a hundred thousand—that would be a little more worthy of my style."

"Oh," said Mike, "you mean you don't like the play?"

"That's the idea, Mike," I said.

Mike, as I gathered from Joe, was something of a plunger at the race track. I knew that Joe, who was managing Mike's production of *Star and Garter*, was taking huge advances from the theater brokers to cover Mike's losses.

"I never know from time to time," said Joe, "whether I will be able to pay off my bills. But every once in a while Mike will come breezing in with twenty or thirty grand in cash and say, 'Joe, stick half of this away in the vault, will you?' "

"Do you share a vault with Mike?"

"Well, not exactly," said Joe somewhat mysteriously.

Now Mike and I were collaborating on our first and last production, and without false modesty I must say it was a great success. The place was packed and everybody in show business seemed to have turned up. And as I stood there in the formal attitude of a chief pallbearer on one side of the chapel, with Mike in a beautifully cut cashmere suit occupying the other side, I could only regret that Joe could not see the immense crowd that had come to honor him.

After the eulogies Rabbi Bernstein of the actors' synagogue appeared. I had always had the warmest feeling for the rabbi. The first time I ever saw him was when I came to his synagogue to say the Kaddish for my father. My father had often said, "I know you will never say Kaddish for me." So I had been saying it ever since, no doubt to spite him. At any rate, on that beautiful October morning I found the synagogue full of the toughest-looking characters I had ever seen on Broadway. They looked like the sort of men who, at a given signal, would throw off their skullcaps and prayer shawls, murder the rabbi and pillage the synagogue. Rabbi Bernstein's sermon began with these words: "In my life I have been asked by a son to pray for a father, by a husband to pray for a wife, by a brother to pray for a sister." Here the rabbi paused impressively. "But today," he continued, "for the first time since I became the rabbi of this synagogue, I have been asked to pray for the Brooklyn Dodgers." Now I suddenly realized that those tough-looking characters were vaguely familiar to me. They were really the top bookmakers on Broadway.

And now, as Rabbi Bernstein began to intone the 23rd Psalm, the voice of a blonde in the second row on the right could be heard moaning, "Oh, Joe, Joe!" Then, a few seconds later the voice of another blonde sitting in the sixth row on the left side floated out into the air with all the authority of a prima coloratura: "Joe!" she cried, "my darling Joe!"

There was a stir among the mourners as the blonde in the second row rose to stare in the direction of the blonde in the sixth row.

As Rabbi Bernstein was saying, "He liddeth me besides the steel wawder," the two ladies exchanged a brief, telling glance, that glance which is the secret nightmare of every gentleman who has ever played both ends against the middle.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Todd's eyes rolled in my direction. A great oceanic wave of laughter rose all the way up from my guts, hammering violently at my throat. I was terrified. If I ever began to laugh now, the funeral would become a shambles and I would be disgraced for life. I clamped my teeth over my lower lip and held on grimly.

But at last the business was over and Mike and I were in the street making our way into a bar.

"You didn't know that the Finn and the Swede were two different dames," said Mike.

"No," I said, "and I pray that the Almighty forgives me for having considered Joe too ignorant to know the difference between them."

"Well, this is one time he won't have to square himself," said Mike. And then we both began to laugh. But Mike, I thought, laughed longer and harder than I did.

"You're really hysterical, Mike," I said. "Why don't you swallow your shot and pull yourself together?"

Mike wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. "How much do you think Joe's estate is going to amount to?"

I said, "I have no idea."

"I thought you would know," said Mike. "You were the one person in the world he was really close to."

"I assume he was in good shape," I said. "When I came to town to do *Dark Eyes* he came over to my hotel and said, 'Anything you need in the way of money I can give you. Just ask for it.' "

"Well," said Mike, "whatever he had, the minute he conked out he was twenty-five thousand dollars richer than he was before." Mike began to laugh again as he saw the look of puzzlement on my face. "Joe had twenty-five grand of mine in cash in his vault and I can't claim a penny of it. Isn't that beautiful?" he said.

So on his last day on earth, Joe won a good bet at the track, enjoyed a choice of blondes and had his last supper of salami. And then, to top it off, he deftly and effortlessly picked up a bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars. Let us hope that we can all go that way.

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY

BLUE BOY *By Jim Beaman*

WAG DOGS TALES *(continued from page 144)*

general, "is one of the few times anybody around here has set a president!"

In the McCarthy era, when everybody in public life had to be careful watching his appease and accuse, two young men named Roy Cohn and David Schine kicked up a mighty ruckus in the State Department. A Washington savant suggested that a horse named Harvest Moon be presented to Mr. Schine. "I can see him now, seated astride his new steed," said the savant dreamily. "The caption under the photograph in the newspapers, of course, will be 'Schine on Harvest Moon.' "

It was in Washington, too, that pundit Clifton Fadiman, steering a party of friends to a little Italian restaurant he had praised to the skies, discovered that he had misplaced the proprietor's card. "We'll have to eat elsewhere," mourned Fadiman. "I seem to have lost my Spaghettysburg Address."

Aficionados of the pun divide their favorites roughly into two categories: the "quickies"—just a sentence or two—and the involved, long-drawn-out sagas where the premise is usually even more ridiculous than the punch line. The mere build-up of one of these complicated fragments of calculated nonsense is enough to make an unimaginative listener end up with the heebie jeebies. One Harvard graduate I know, in fact, sought help from the police. The man he wanted was a Phi Beta Copper.

There is a great deal to be said for both abbreviated puns and the intricate ones—and I intend to say it. I propose to line up for you, in fact, the stars of a dozen "quickies" whom I recall with pleasure:

1. The firemen who answered a call from a lingerie shop, but found when they arrived that there had been no fire. Their official report read, "Falsie alarm."

2. The crow who perched himself on a telephone wire. He wanted to make a long-distance caw.

3. The jealous broker who asked his partner, "Who was that cute little blonde I saw you outwit last night?"

4. The shrewd starlet who married an 80-year-old duke who owned 14 sumptuous English country homes. She explained demurely, "I love him for his charming manors."

5. The promoter of a big flower show in Philadelphia who had to postpone the opening because the exhibits couldn't be installed in time. He admitted, "They caught us with our plants down."

6. The wife who reported to her husband, "It says in the paper that a man on the next block throttled his mother-in-law yesterday." "Hm-m-m," mused the husband. "Sounds like a practical choker."

7. The long-bearded prospector who marched into an assayer's office in the gold-rush days and planted two whopping nuggets on the counter. The clerk registered amazement. "Well," rasped the prospector angrily, "don't just stand there. Assay something!"

8. International beauty Zsa Zsa Horntoot, who got some vinegar in her ear. Now she suffers from pickled hearing.

9. Chief Crazy Horse, who asked his favorite squaw, "What do you yearn for, my treasure, to give you relief from that persistent sniffle?" Answered the squaw, " 'Tis but a linen cloth for which I hanker, Chief."

10. The superb chef from Calcutta who unwittingly brought about his own downfall. He was always favoring curry.

11. The beautiful young lady who tugged constantly at her dress and wiggled uncomfortably. Obviously, a chafing dish.

12. The Peruvian gallant who fished a beautiful maiden out of a lake and made her his before the Inca was dry.

And now, for Exhibit B, I have assembled 12 examples of the pun-in-depth—the kind with the preposterous premise. The punographers who originated several of them, incidentally, have long since been drawn—and quoted:

1. Proud as Philadelphians are of William Penn, few know that he boasted a couple of aunts named Natalie and Ellie who were past mistresses in the art of whipping up a mince pie or an apple strudel. When Quakertown bakers formed a combine and tripled the price of their pastries overnight, Aunt Natalie and Aunt Ellie decided to teach the greedy fellows a lesson. They put *their* delectable concoctions on the market at bare cost—and then proceeded to reduce the price five cents a day.

In no time flat, the good citizens of Quakertown were discussing only one topic: the pie rates of Penn's aunts.

2. A 12-year-old nisei lad was a persistent and passionate collector of stamps until the kid next door bought an album and began a collection of his own. "He buys every stamp I do," the 12-year-old complained to his father, "and has taken all the fun out of it for me. I'm quitting." "Don't be a fool, my boy," counseled the father. "Lemember honolable adage: Imitation is the sincelest of philately."

3. The first astronaut to reach the moon had barely climbed out of his rocket ship when a host of peculiar-looking men descended upon him. They had faces made of green tin with eyes that looked like the headlights of a Manhattan subway train. "Who are you?" gasped the astronaut. "We are the Furries," explained the little men. "This part of the moon is our domain." "Good enough," nodded the astronaut. "Now please take me to your leader." It developed that the leader looked just like all the other Furries—with one additional feature: Out of the top of his head grew a large hypodermic needle. "What do they call *you?*" stammered the astronaut. "I," answered the leader modestly, "am the Furry with the syringe on top."

4. A butcher in St. Louis got along swimmingly with every tenant in his building except a mysterious swami who occupied the third-floor rear. How that butcher and swami loathed each other!

One evening, however, the swami suffered severe pangs of hunger and in desperation staggered downstairs to patronize his enemy's shop. "Give me a pound of liver," he commanded a clerk. The butcher summoned the clerk to the rear of his establishment. "Here's our chance to put one over on that no-good," he exulted. Pointing to his clerk's thumb, he warbled, "Weigh down upon the swami's liver."

5. On the very eve of a recent Miss America pageant in Atlantic City, the operators of a boardwalk beauty shop went out on strike. The owner managed to keep his temper as long as the girls assigned to picketing his premises were pulchritudinous, but rebelled when he discovered that one babe who was parading back and forth in front of his entrance had been a victim of smallpox. He called union headquarters and roared, "This time you're going too far. My picket has been pocked!"

6. In the lobby of a posh hotel in San Francisco, a gaggle of chess players had formed the habit of staging daily contests, with a growing crowd of kibitzers cheering their efforts. The manager of the hotel, noticing that the lot of them were producing not one cent of revenue for the hotel, ordered them cleared out one afternoon. At the height of the resultant hullabaloo, a lady asked, "What's going on here?" That's when a fellow guest, in a punsive mood, contributed this double-barreled classic: "It's nothing, ma'am: just the manager pulling his chess nuts out of the foyer."

7. On a pleasant street in Madrid lived a lovely little Spanish girl named Carmen Cohen. Her mother called her Carmen, of course, but her father, for reasons that he kept to himself, always hailed her by her last name, Cohen. As a result, by the time the unfortunate girl had reached the age of 12, she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

8. There was a fellow out in Chicago whose name was Joe Kissinger. He never did like the name Kissinger, so one day he moseyed down to court and had it changed officially to Susskind. Two months later he wearied of Susskind and had it changed to Hefner. Then he decided that didn't fit his personality either and had it changed a third time to Spectorsky. By this time all his friends,

Club Exotica
POLIC
POLICE
Jaffe

naturally confused, were asking themselves, "I wonder who's Kissinger now."

9. One day the learned members of Barcelona's most exclusive historical society decided they should sponsor some kind of fete that would make their fellow citizens more aware of their existence—"Something," as their corresponding secretary put it, "that will be grist for our quills." So they settled upon a fete to honor the memory of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Unfortunately, the impresario engaged to make it a fete accompli discovered that while he had 1200 beautiful maidens available, only 600 dashing *caballeros* could be rounded up in all Barcelona. It was the mayor who remedied the situation. Mounting his faithful Arabian steed, he galloped to the home of his great, good friend, the mayor of the neighboring city of Tarragona. "I need your help," he announced bluntly. "How are you fixed for blades?"

10. Outside the theater in which the *What's My Line?* program is televised, panel moderator John Charles Daly was wont to pause each Sunday evening to pat traffic cop O'Reilly's horse Brownie and feed it a doughnut. That horse sure loved doughnuts! Came one Sunday, however, when the horse not only refused Daly's doughnut, but took a sizable nip out of Daly's left forearm. "What's wrong with Brownie this evening, O'Reilly?" asked the puzzled Daly. To which O'Reilly replied, "Oh, this isn't Brownie, Mr. D. This is a horse of a different cruller."

11. Orphaned at an early age, two brothers and their little sister scattered to far corners of the globe. The sister settled in far-off Tibet, where, one day, she smelled something burning. Rushing to the barn, she wailed, "Oh, my bakin' yak!" The older brother became a bell ringer in a Scottish church. There, one Sunday morning, he got tangled up in his rope, and tolled himself off. The younger brother became a member of the Waukegan sanitation department. When he married, he was asked where he had discovered his bride. Softly he hummed, "'Twas on the pile of debris that I found her."

12. As the pun sinks slowly in the golden West, let us consider for a lingering moment the saga of a mighty Soviet commissar named Rudolf Mozoltoff. Rudolf was walking down a Moscow street one day with two friends—a man and his wife—when a drop of moisture settled on his shirt. "It's raining," he announced through his beard. "You're wrong," contradicted the wife. "It's snowing." "No, no," insisted her husband. "Rudolf, the Red, knows rain, dear."

Now but a single question remains: Are you still conscious? My sincere concern brings to mind a day when one of Random House's most elegant authoresses swept out into Madison Avenue and was almost upended by a bemused pedestrian. He apologized profusely, but she froze him with a look and muttered, "How gauche!" "Simply fine, lady," answered the pedestrian, then added solicitously, "how gauche it with you?"

". . . And now, sir, the specialty of the house."

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

(continued from page 112)

WILD RICE WITH MUSHROOMS

3 15-oz. cans wild rice
2 3-oz. cans mushrooms, pieces and stems
2 tablespoons minced shallots or scallions
1 small clove garlic, very finely minced
2 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper

Drain rice well. Drain mushrooms. Sauté shallots and garlic in butter until shallots turn yellow. Avoid browning. Add wild rice and mushrooms. Heat over low flame, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste.

GREEN PEAS, CRÈME DE MENTHE

3 10-oz. pkgs. frozen peas
1 cup milk
½ cup light cream
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons dried mint
2 tablespoons white crème de menthe
Salt, pepper

Cook peas, following directions on package. Drain. In a small saucepan heat milk and cream together until bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Remove from flame. In another saucepan melt butter. Remove pan from flame and slowly stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly add hot milk and cream, stirring constantly with wire whip. Return to low flame and simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Place dried mint on cutting board and with heavy French knife cut into fine-size pieces. Add dried mint, crème de menthe and peas to sauce. Simmer 3 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. If sauce seems too thick after standing, thin with additional milk.

COUPE WITH WILD STRAWBERRY CREPES

6 eggs
1 cup milk
½ cup cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup melted butter
6 3-oz. jars wild strawberry jam
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
¼ cup cognac
1 cup wild strawberry or strawberry liqueur
2 quarts vanilla ice cream

For best results use the imported French Bar le Duc wild strawberry jam. Put eggs, milk, water, salt and flour into electric blender. Blend until smooth, stopping blender and scraping sides if necessary to combine all dry ingredients with liquids. In frying pan, 4½ to 5 in. across bottom (or 2 pans of this size to

PLAYBOY Playmate, Lynn Karrol, with a Blackstone man.

Blackstone has the shape you like best!

Here's man-size enjoyment. Look at the shape — perfect. Now light up. Get true smoking pleasure with a Blackstone cigar.

How do you like your pleasure? Slim and trim? Ask the man for Lord Blackstone with its distinctive tip. Prefer a full bodied relaxation cigar? Choose a Blackstone Golden Corona or Blackstone King. There's even a red tipped Lady Blackstone for your playmate!

Swingers are swinging to Blackstone — they shape up to more enjoyment.

BLACKSTONE Cigars *... the smoke you can live it up with!*

"Are you the gentleman who called to complain about the noise upstairs?"

speed up production), heat 1 teaspoon melted butter. Tilt pan so that butter covers pan evenly. Pour off any excess butter. Do not permit butter to brown. Pour in enough batter for one pancake, about 3 tablespoons. Quickly tilt pan to cover bottom completely. Brown lightly one one side. Turn pancake and brown lightly on other side. Remove crepe, and again starting with a teaspoon butter, add batter and continue to make crepes until all batter is used. Adjust flame from time to time as necessary. Spread each crepe with about 2 teaspoons jam. Roll up crepes and set aside. Store covered in refrigerator until needed. Beat heavy cream until whipped. Add sugar. Keep covered in refrigerator. Just before serving, heat 4 tablespoons butter in 2 large chafing dishes or crepe suzette pans, 2 tablespoons in each dish. Place crepes side by side in a single layer in pans. Heat slowly, turning if necessary, until crepes are warmed. Pour cognac and strawberry liqueur into pans. When liquors are hot, set aflame. Do not heat indefinitely or alcohol will evaporate and blazing will be impossible. In each of 10 glass dessert dishes put a scoop of ice cream. Top with whipped cream. Spoon crepes and liquors alongside ice cream.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH CUMIN

1¼ lbs. chicken livers
1 tablespoon salad oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 medium-size onion, finely minced
1 medium-size clove garlic, very finely minced
2 teaspoons cumin
3 tablespoons cognac
16-oz. can plum tomatoes, coarsely chopped
2 teaspoons beef extract
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

Cut each chicken liver into two pieces. Wash livers and drain well. Heat oil and butter in saucepan over a moderate flame. Sauté livers until browned. Add onion, garlic and cumin, mixing well. Sauté 3 minutes longer. Add cognac and set aflame. When flames subside, add tomatoes, beef extract and parsley. Season generously with salt and pepper. Add a generous dash of cayenne pepper. Simmer 5 minutes. Keep warm in chafing dish. Serve garnish portions with scrambled eggs, fried eggs or omelets.

Once the anchor man of your culinary quintet has seen to it that his charges have food-and-drink matters well in hand, a felicitous rehash of the long night's journey into day usually ensues. And it's at this point that the seeds for next year's bigger and better progressive dinner party are enthusiastically sown.

BINGO BANS THE BOMB

(continued from page 93)

bluer. He told himself that he had not really hoped, for Mr. Purkiss notoriously belonged to the slow-with-a-buck or Jack Benny school of thought and no one had ever found it easy to induce him to loosen up, but nevertheless the disappointment was bitter. And what set the seal on his depression was that Mrs. Bingo was not available to console him. He yearned to go and cry on her shoulder, but she was unfortunately not among those present. She had left for Brighton with Mrs. Purkiss that morning to join in the Founders' Day celebrations at the seminary where they had both been educated, and would not be back till tomorrow.

It seemed to him that all he could do was go to the Drones Club for a bite of dinner, possibly take in a movie after the meal and then return to his lonely home and so to bed, and he was passing with bowed head through Trafalgar Square en route for Dover Street, where the club was situated, when he heard a soprano voice exclaim "Lord love a duck!" and, looking up, saw that what had interrupted his reverie was a red-haired girl of singular beauty who had that indefinable air of being ready to raise hell at the drop of a hat which red-haired girls so often have.

"Oh, hullo," he said, speaking with the touch of awkwardness customary in young husbands accosted by red-haired girls when their wives are away. He had had no difficulty in recognizing her. Her name was Mabel Murgatroyd, and they had met some months previously in a water barrel in somebody's garden on the occasion when the police had raided the gambling club they were attending and it had been necessary to seek whatever shelter the neighborhood could provide. It was plain that the incident was green in Miss Murgatroyd's memory also, for she said:

"Well, if it isn't my old roommate Bingo Little! Fancy meeting you again. Been in any interesting water barrels lately?"

"No, not lately."

"Nor me. I don't know how it is with you, but I've sort of lost my taste for them. When you've seen one, I often say, you've seen them all. I'm going in more for politics these days. A bunch of boys and girls, including me, have decided to ban the bomb."

"What bomb would that be?"

"The one that's going to knock us all cross-eyed unless steps are taken through the proper channels. We're protesting against it. Every now and then we march from Aldermaston, protesting like a ton of bricks. We also sit."

"Sit?"

"That's right."

"Sit where?"

"Wherever we happen to be. Here, to

take an instance at random."

"What, in the middle of Trafalgar Square? Don't the cops object?"

"You bet they do. They scoop us in and the papers feature it next morning and that helps the cause. Ah, here comes a rozzer now, just when we need him. Down with you," said Mabel Murgatroyd, and seizing Bingo by the wrist she drew him with her to the ground, causing 16 taxicabs, 3 omnibuses and 11 private cars to halt in their tracks, their drivers what-the-hell-ing in no uncertain terms.

It was a moment fraught with discomfort for Bingo. Apart from the fact that all this was doing his trousers no good, he had the feeling that he was making himself conspicuous, a thing he greatly disliked. But these minor qualms were overshadowed by the graver dysphoria occasioned by the arrival of the government employee to whom his companion had alluded. He was about eight feet, seven in height, and his mood was plainly not sunny. For weeks he had been straining his back lifting debutantes and their escorts off London's roadways, and like so many of his colleagues he was sick of it. Without even saying "Ho" or "What's all this?" he attached himself to the persons of Bingo and Miss Murgatroyd and led them from the scene. And in next to no time Bingo found himself in one of Bosher Street's cozy prison cells, due to face the awful majesty of the law on the following morning.

It was not, of course, an entirely novel experience for him. In his bachelor days he had generally found himself in custody on boat-race night. But he was now a respectable married man and had said goodbye to all that, and it is not too much to say that he burned with shame and remorse. Nor did the morrow bring anything in the nature of a happy ending.

"Five pounds," said the Bosher Street magistrate, a man of few words. "Next case," and Bingo, though he felt that a wiser beak would have been content with a reprimand, paid the money to the clerk of the court and was allowed to depart.

Mr. Purkiss was not at the office of *Wee Tots* when he arrived, and he was consequently at leisure to review his position. Considering the vicissitudes through which he had passed, his morale was reasonably high. He had slept only fitfully on the plank bed provided for their customers by the authorities and he had had practically no breakfast, but he felt that the experience had made him a deeper, graver man, which is always a good thing. And what comforted him particularly was the thought that there was no chance of Mrs. Bingo finding out how he had been employing himself in her absence, for with great presence of mind he had given his name as Charles de Gaulle with an address in East Dulwich. He and Mrs. Bingo had always conducted their married life on strictly turtledove lines, but he was a shrewd enough student of the sex to know that you can push a turtledove just so far. Amiable though his Rosie's disposition was, he knew that if informed that he had been sitting in Trafalgar Square cheek by jowl, as it were, with red-haired girls of singular beauty she would explode with as loud a report as the bomb which he had been engaged in banning.

It was, accordingly, with the feeling that if this was not the best of all possible worlds, it would do till another came along that he addressed himself to the morning's correspondence, and he was reading a letter from Tommy Bootle (12) about his cat Tibbles, when the telephone rang and Mrs. Bingo's voice floated over the wire.

"Bingo?"

"Oh, hullo, light of my life. You back?"

"I am."

"How did everything go?"

"Quite satisfactorily."

"Did Mrs. Purkiss make a speech?"

"She did."

"Must have been nice for you meeting all the old college chums."

"Very."

"No doubt you swapped reminiscences of midnight feeds in the dormitory and what the games mistress said when she found Maud and Angela smoking reefers behind the gymnasium."

"Quite. Bingo, have you seen the *Mirror* this morning?"

"I have it on my desk, but I haven't looked at it yet."

"Turn to page eight," said Mrs. Bingo, and there was a click as she rang off.

Bingo did as directed, somewhat puzzled. Usually his mate's voice was soft and melodious, easily mistaken for silver bells ringing across a sunlit meadow in the springtime, but in the recent exchange of ideas he had seemed to sense in it a certain metallic note, and it perplexed him.

But not for long. Scarcely had his eye rested on page eight when all was made clear to him and the offices of *Wee Tots* did one of those *entrechats* which Nijinsky used to do in the Russian ballet. It was as if the bomb Miss Murgatroyd disliked so much had been touched off beneath his swivel chair.

Page eight was mostly pictures. There was one of the Prime Minister opening a bazaar, another of a resident of Chipping Norton who had just celebrated his hundredth birthday, a third of students rioting in Pernambuco or Mozambique or somewhere. But the one that interested him was the one at the foot of the page. It depicted a large policeman with

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a girl of singular beauty in one hand and in the other a young man whose features, though somewhat distorted, he was immediately able to recognize. Newspaper photographs tend occasionally to be blurred, but this one was a credit to the artist behind the camera.

It was captioned:

MISS "GINGER" MURGATROYD AND FRIENDS

and as he gazed at it there swept over him an intense desire for a couple of quick ones. Experience had taught him that there was nothing that so stimulated the thought processes as a drop of the right stuff, and seldom had his thought processes been in such need of stimulation as now. To grab his hat and hasten to the Drones Club was with him the work of an instant. There was no place in London where the stuff was righter than at the Drones, and there, it occurred to him, he might find someone who had something to suggest. And as luck would have it, the first person he ran into in the bar was Freddie Widgeon, not only one of the finest minds in the club, but a man who all his adult life had been thinking up ingenious ways of getting himself out of trouble with the other sex.

He related his story, and Freddie, listening sympathetically, said he had frequently been in the same sort of jam himself. There was, he said, only one thing to do, and Bingo said that one would be ample.

"I am assuming," said Freddie, "that you haven't the nerve to come the heavy he-man over the little woman? Look her in the eye, I mean, and make her wilt. Shove your chin out and say 'Oh, yeah?' and 'So what?' "

Bingo assured him that his assumption was correct.

"I thought not. Then you must have an accident."

"An accident?"

"You know the old gag about women becoming ministering angels when pain and anguish wring the brow. I can testify that it works. Her heart will melt if she sees you all bunged up with splints and bandages. The best thing would be to get knocked over by a taxicab."

"What's the next best thing?"

"I have sometimes obtained excellent results by falling down a coal hole and spraining an ankle, but it's not easy to find a good coal hole these days, so in your case I would advise returning to the office and dropping a typewriter on your foot."

"But I should break a toe."

"Exactly. You couldn't do better. Break two or even three. No sense in spoiling the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar."

Bingo shuddered visibly.

"I couldn't do it, Freddie old man," he said, and Freddie clicked his tongue censoriously.

"You're a difficult man to help, Bingo. Then the only thing I can suggest is that you have a double."

"I've already had one."

"I don't mean that sort of double. Tell Mrs. Bingo that there must be someone going about the place so like you that the keenest eye is deceived."

"By Jove, Freddie," said Bingo gratefully, "I believe you've hit it."

But, back at the office, he found his enthusiasm waning. Doubts began to creep in, and what he had supposed to be the scheme of a lifetime lost some of its pristine attractiveness. Mrs. Bingo wrote stories about girls who wanted to be loved for themselves alone and strong silent men who went out into the sunset with stiff upper lips, but she was not without a certain rude intelligence and it was more than possible, he felt, that she might fail to swallow an explanation which he could now see was difficult of ingestion.

In its broad general principles the idea was good, but his story, it was plain, would need propping up. Somebody must stiffen it with a bit of verisimilitude, and who better for this purpose than Miss Murgatroyd? Her word would be believed. If he could induce her to go to Mrs. Bingo and tell her that she had never set eyes on Richard ("Bingo") Little in her life and that her Trafalgar Square crony had been a cousin of hers of the name—say—of Ernest Maltravers, the home might yet be saved from the melting pot. She was, he knew, the daughter of Lord somebody . . . Blennerhassett, that was the name. He looked him up in the telephone book and was presently in communication with him.

"Oh, good morning, Lord Blennerhassett," he began.

"Who says it's good?" said the peer, who seemed to be ruffled about something.

"My name is Little."

"And mine is mud after what that ass of a daughter of mine did yesterday. I shan't be able to show my face at the club. The boys at the Athenaeum will kid the pants off me. Sitting on her fanny in the middle of Trafalgar Square and getting hauled in by the flatties! I don't know what girls are coming to these days. 'See what you've done, you blighted female,' I said to her when she rolled in from the police court. 'Blotted the escutcheon, that's what you've done.' I let her have it straight from the shoulder."

"Girls will be girls," said Bingo, hoping to soothe.

"Not while I have my health and strength they won't," said Lord Blennerhassett.

Bingo saw that nothing was to be gained by pursuing this line of thought. Mabel Murgatroyd's parent was plainly in no mood for abstract discussion of the modern girl. Even at this distance he could hear him gnashing his teeth. Unless it was an electric drill working in the street. He changed the subject.

"I wonder if I could speak to Miss Murgatroyd?"

"Stop wondering. You can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I've shipped her off to her aunt in Edinburgh with strict instructions to stay there till she gets some sense into her fat little head. Are you a reporter?"

"No, just a friend."

Bingo had never heard the howl of a timber wolf that had stubbed its toe on a rock while hurrying through a Canadian forest, but he thought it must closely resemble the sound that nearly cracked his eardrum.

"You are, are you? No doubt one of the friends who have led her astray and started her off on all this escutcheon-blotting. I'd like to skin the lot of you with a blunt knife. Bounders with beards! You have a beard, of course?"

"No, no beard."

"Don't try to fool me. All you ghastly outsiders are festooned with the fungus. You flaunt it. Why the devil don't you shave?"

"I shave every morning."

"Is that so? Then will you do me a personal favor?"

"Certainly, certainly."

"Did you shave today?"

"As a matter of fact, no. I hadn't time. I had rather a busy morning."

"Then go back to whatever germ-ridden den you inhabit and do it now. And don't use a safety razor, use one of the old-fashioned kind, because then there's a sporting chance that you may sever your blasted carotid artery, which would be what some writer fellow whose name I can't recall described as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Goodbye."

It was in thoughtful mood that Bingo replaced the receiver. He fancied that he had noticed a certain unfriendliness in Lord Blennerhassett's manner—guarded, perhaps, but nevertheless unmistakable unfriendliness—and he was conscious of that feeling of frustration that comes to those who fail to make friends and influence people: but that was not the main cause of his despondency. What was really worrying him was the realization that with Mabel Murgatroyd in Edinburgh he had lost his only chance of putting across that double thing and making it stick. It was, he now saw more clearly than ever, not at all the sort of story a young husband could expect to make convincing without the help of a strong supporting cast.

It really began to seem as if Freddie's typewriter-on-toe sequence was his only resource, and he stood for some time eying the substantial machine on which he was wont to write the *Uncle Joe to His*

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Chickabiddies page. He even lifted it and held it for a moment poised. But he could not bring himself to let it fall. He hesitated and delayed. If Shakespeare had happened to come by with Ben Jonson, he would have nudged the latter in the ribs and whispered, "See that chap, rare Ben? He illustrates exactly what I was driving at when I wrote that stuff about letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would' like the poor cat i' the adage."

Finally he gave up the unequal struggle. Replacing the machine, he flung himself into his chair and with his head in his hands uttered a hollow groan. As he did so, he got the impression that there was a curious echo in the room, but looking up he saw that he had been in error in attributing this to the acoustics. There had been two groans in all, and the second one had proceeded from the lips of H. C. Purkiss. The proprietor of *Wee Tots* was standing in the doorway of his private office, propping himself against the woodwork with an outstretched hand, and it was obvious at a glance that he was not the suave, dapper H. C. Purkiss of yesterday. There were dark circles under his eyes, and those eyes could have stepped straight onto any breakfast plate and passed without comment as poached eggs. His nervous system, too, was plainly far from being in midseason form, for when in the street outside an automobile backfired, he quivered in every limb and made what looked to Bingo like a spirited attempt to break the European record for the standing high jump.

"Ah, Mr. Little," he said huskily. "Busy at work, I see. Good, good. Anything of interest in the morning post bag?"

"Mostly the usual gibbering. Amazing how many of our young subscribers seem to have softening of the brain. There is a letter from Wilfred Waterson (seven) about his pet tortoise that would act as a passport into any but the most choosy lunatic asylum."

"Quite, quite. But we must not expect old heads on young shoulders. And speaking of heads, I wonder if you could oblige me with a couple of aspirins? Or a glass of tomato juice with a drop of Worcestershire sauce in it would do. You have none? Too bad. It might have brought a certain relief."

Illumination flashed upon Bingo.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Were you on a toot last night?"

Mr. Purkiss waved a deprecating hand, nearly overbalancing in the process.

"Toot is a harsh word, Mr. Little. I confess that in Mrs. Purkiss' absence I attempted to alleviate my loneliness by joining a group of friends of my bachelor days who wished to play poker. It was a lengthy session, concluding only an hour ago, and it is possible that in the course of the evening I may have exceeded—slightly—my customary intake of alcoholic refreshment. It seemed to be expected of me, and I did not like to spoil the party. But when you use the word 'toot' . . ."

"It sounds like a toot to me. Yes, I would say that it had all the earmarks of a . . . Gosh!" said Bingo, breaking off.

An idea of amazing brilliance had struck him. Twenty-four hours ago he would never have had the moral courage to suggest such a thing, but now that H. C. Purkiss had shown himself to be one of the boys—poker parties in the home and all that—he was convinced that if he, Bingo, begged him, Purkiss, to say that he, Bingo, had been with him, Purkiss, last night, he, Purkiss, would not have the inhumanity to refuse. And Mrs. Bingo would not dream of disbelieving a statement from such a source.

He had just opened his lips to speak, when Mr. Purkiss resumed his remarks.

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Little. Quite possibly toot may be the *mot juste*. One thing is certain, it has placed me in a position of the gravest peril. I am informed by my maidservant that Mrs. Purkiss made no fewer than three attempts to reach me on the telephone last night—at ten-thirty P.M., shortly after midnight and again at four o'clock in the morning, and I greatly fear that my failure to answer her calls will have occasioned her some concern. So——"

Bingo's heart sank like an oyster going down for the third time in an oyster stew. He would have reeled beneath the shock, had he not been seated. Impossible now to assure Mrs. Bingo that he had been with Mr. Purkiss during the hours he had spent in his Bosher Street cell. So poignant was his anguish that he uttered a piercing cry, and Mr. Purkiss leaped silently into the air, dislodging some plaster from the ceiling with the top of his head.

"So," Mr. Purkiss went on, having returned to terra firma, "I should be infinitely grateful to you, Mr. Little, if you would vouch for the fact that I was with you till an advanced hour at your home. It would, indeed, do no harm if you were to tell Mrs. Purkiss that we sat up so long discussing office matters that you allowed me to spend the night in your spare room."

Bingo drew a deep breath. It has been sufficiently established that the proprietor of *Wee Tots* was not easy on the eye as of even date, but to him he seemed a lovely spectacle. He could not have gazed on him with more appreciation if he had been the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

His manner, however, was austere. A voice had seemed to whisper in his ear that here, if he played his cards right, he could do himself a bit of good. There was, so he had learned from a reliable source, a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, led on to fortune.

"Am I to understand, Purkiss," he said, "that you are asking me to tell a deliberate falsehood?"

"You would be doing me a great kindness."

"I'm not so sure that I feel like doing you kindnesses. Yesterday I asked you for a raise of salary and you curtly refused."

"Not curtly."

"Well, fairly curtly."

"Yes, I remember. But I have been giving the matter thought, and I am now prepared to increase your stipend by—shall we say ten pounds a month."

"No, we jolly well shan't say anything of the ruddy sort. Make it fifty."

"Fifty!"

"Well, call it forty-five."

"You would not consider thirty?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well."

"You agree?"

"I do."

The telephone rang.

"Ah," said Bingo. "That is probably my wife again. Hullo?"

"Bingo?"

"Oh, hullo, moon of my delight. What became of you when we were talking before? Why did you buzz off like a jack rabbit?"

"I had to go and look after Mrs. Purkiss."

"Something wrong with her?"

"She kept fainting. She was distracted because Mr. Purkiss was not at home all night."

Bingo laughed a jolly laugh.

"Of course he wasn't. He was with me. We had office matters to discuss, and I took him home with me. We sat up so long that I put him in the spare room. He spent the night there."

There was a long silence at the other end of the wire. Then Mrs. Bingo spoke.

"But what about that photograph?"

"Which photograph? Oh, you mean the one in the paper. I think I know what is in your mind. It looked rather like me, didn't it? I was quite surprised. I'd often heard of this thing of fellows having doubles, but I'd never come across an instance of it before. Except in books, of course. I remember one by E. Phillips Oppenheim where there was an English bloke who looked just like a German bloke, and the English bloke posed as the German bloke or vice versa, I've forgotten which. I believe it caused some confusion. But, getting back to that photograph, obviously if I spent the night with Purkiss I couldn't have spent it in a dungeon cell, as my double presumably did. But perhaps you would care to have a word with Purkiss, who is here at my side. For you, Purkiss," said Bingo, handing him the receiver.

SOUND MANAGEMENT *(continued from page 134)*

dangerous precedent which could lead to all kinds of trouble and cause pilferage losses to soar if employees learned he'd gotten away with it. Since he was a valuable man, I did not want to fire him and relied on another applied-psychology stratagem to handle the situation. I sent the man a pleasantly worded memorandum, asking for a detailed inventory of the material he'd taken and saying I would have its appraised value charged against his salary. The inventory was prepared; the appraisal showed the total value to be about four dollars, and this sum was duly charged against his pay. I got the point across, not only to the executive concerned, but also to the thousands of Spartan employees, for the story made the rounds rapidly. We had remarkably little pilferage loss from then on. The workers, realizing that not even the "brass" could get away with appropriating company property, evidently took the lesson to heart themselves.

It should be obvious that the integrity of management personnel is a decisive factor in creating a sound management psychology that will work with subordinates, superiors, equals, customers and anyone else with whom executives or their company has contact. Executive integrity is a many-faceted thing. For example, the good executive who practices sound management psychology realizes he cannot bluff those with whom he deals, whether they be subordinates or superiors. Subordinates in particular can sense when the boss is bluffing, when he does not know the answer to a question or problem or has made a mistake and is trying to cover up. Nor should the executive resort to buck passing. Bluffing will only cause loss of respect, while a frank admission of error or ignorance will gain human respect. Buck passing will earn him nothing but the contempt of those who know he passed the buck and the mortal hatred of those to whom he passed it.

In dealing with employees, it is essential they be given recognition as human beings, as individuals. Nothing achieves this more effectively or establishes a healthier mental and emotional climate among workers than what has been termed "responsible participation."

Unquestionably, financial reward is the principal motivation that causes people to work. However, this is not the sole motivation. For the majority of people—even though they may not admit or even realize it—work satisfies a distinct psychological need. The need is most fully satisfied, and the worker is motivated to do his best, if he can feel, as Roger Falk puts it, "that he is participating responsibly, whether alone or in a group, in an enterprise the over-all objectives of which he can understand."

Yale's Professor E. W. Bakke states the proposition as a management responsibility to insure that an employee "understands the forces and factors at work in *his* world," in other words, in his own work environment. The employee who is told the whys and wherefores of the job he does, of the instructions that are given to him and the things that happen around him, is made to feel he is participating responsibly in the over-all operation, and is consequently a happier, more enthusiastic and better worker.

It is indeed sound management psychology to carry the process of making the worker feel he is participating responsibly several steps further. There is no more effective way of doing this than by letting the employee know his views are of interest to management. Where practicable, workers should be asked what they think of a problem, projected innovation or change. Not only will this produce a surprisingly large number of worth-while suggestions, but it will give the individual worker a sense of pride—a sense that he is participating, playing a significant role.

I have long been aware of the value—both intrinsic and morale-building—of

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consulting subordinates, asking their opinions and advice. More than a few times during my career, some grizzled driller, veteran machinist or alert secretary has hit upon simple solutions to problems that baffled me and my executives, or offered suggestions that proved of immense value.

It all adds up to this: The worker is not a brute animal or a robot that can only respond to command. Workers—at all levels—are thinking, feeling human beings. They derive psychological satisfaction from the knowledge that management is interested in their brains as well as their brawn and gives thought and consideration to their feelings.

Sound management psychology calls for continuing interest in all employee problems, even personal ones. This does not mean management should pry into any employee's private affairs. It does mean that management should lend a sympathetic ear—and, where reasonable, provide assistance—to an employee with personal problems.

This is done on a broad scale in many companies; there are employee-welfare programs, counseling services, credit bureaus and a host of similar facilities. Nonetheless, it is excellent psychology to carry this spirit through at all managerial levels. No, a department head should not be a father-confessor or a Dutch uncle to all his subordinates. On the other hand, if an executive is to achieve results through people, he must possess an element of compassion in his make-up, and must always bear in mind that every individual has his hopes, interests, problems and fears. If a worker respects his superior, it is human nature for him to seek the superior's counsel—and it is the soundest management psychology for the superior to hear him out and, if possible, help him.

Fairness is another major building block in the structure of sound management psychology. Management must be fair to its employees, stockholders, customers and suppliers. Executives should not play favorites among their subordinates or customers. Stockholders are entitled to somewhat more than an even break. Suppliers cannot be treated capriciously. Salaries and wages paid to workers should be fair and equitable; promotions should be made on the basis of merit. The psychological impact of unfairness is likely to be shattering on the individual; failure to be fair at all times means just that for management: failure.

Among other things, fairness to employees implies trust. The feeling that he is not being trusted damages—and frequently destroys—employee morale and performance. No worker can be contented and productive if he senses that management distrusts his competence or distrusts him personally.

In his book *The Naked Society*, Vance Packard quotes Yale University's Dr. Chris Argyris, whose researches into human behavior have shown that "one of the most powerful motivators of constructive human conduct is simple trust." Packard goes on to cite what Dr. Argyris describes as a "causal chain" of mistrust that develops in some companies:

1. The employee comes into the organization with honest, earnest motives.
2. He experiences the frustration that comes from a feeling of failure because he is given little feeling that he is trusted and little responsibility.
3. He reacts by feeling less responsibility for the well-being and success of the organization. He also may gradually respond to his feeling of failure in a number of active ways, including stealing. Partly he steals because it is a safe way to express his aggression. In a deeper sense "he steals from a company which has helped to alienate him from feeling responsibility, commitment and trust."
4. Once the stealing occurs, management tightens up the very factors that caused the original stealings.
5. Now the distrust of the workers is out in the open. They begin to feel "OK, if they think I cannot be trusted, I will act as if I cannot." Dr. Argyris has found in his studies that distrust is not confined to the lower-level employees. "In my opinion there is a lot of distrust at the upper levels," he states.

In discussing the psychology of sound management, one inevitably and invariably comes full circle, returning to the fact that business depends on people and cannot operate without them. It doesn't make much difference how much other knowledge or experience an executive possesses; if he is unable to achieve results *through people*, he is worthless as an executive.

The psychology of sound management must necessarily be human and humane, a psychology that vitalizes the concept of management as the art of directing human activity. Few executives are professional psychologists, but management personnel should grasp the fundamentals of human relations, of dealing with people and getting the best from them.

It is as the successful businessman whose remarks I quoted at the beginning of this article said—people are human beings and must be treated as such. And that, I suppose, is just about as concise and accurate a definition of sound management psychology as can be found anywhere.

DIAL "F" *(continued from page 148)*

before he could continue.

"Never heard them fly *that* low," Andrews grumbled. "Thought it was against regulations."

"So it is, but don't worry—London Airport Control will catch him."

"I doubt it," said Reyner. "That *was* London Airport, bringing in a Concorde on Ground Approach. But I've never heard one so low, either. Glad I wasn't aboard."

"Are we, or are we *not*, going to get on with this blasted discussion?" demanded Smith.

"You're right about the fifteen billion neurons in the human brain," continued Williams unabashed. "And *that's* the whole point. Fifteen billion sounds a large number, but it isn't. Round about the 1960s, there were more than that number of individual switches in the world's autoexchanges. Today, there are approximately five times as many."

"I see," said Reyner, very slowly. "And as of yesterday, they've all become capable of full interconnection, now that the satellite links have gone into service."

"Precisely."

There was silence for a moment, apart from the distant clanging of a fire-engine bell.

"Let me get this straight," said Smith. "Are you suggesting that the world telephone system is now a giant brain?"

"That's putting it crudely—anthropomorphically. I prefer to think of it in terms of critical size." Williams held his hands out in front of him, fingers partly closed.

"Here are two lumps of U 235; nothing happens as long as you keep them apart. But bring them together"—he suited the action to the words—"and you have something *very* different from one bigger lump of uranium. You have a hole half a mile across.

"It's the same with our telephone networks; until today they've been largely independent, autonomous. But now we've suddenly multiplied the connecting links—the networks have all merged together—and we've reached criticality."

"And just what does criticality mean in this case?" asked Smith.

"For want of a better word—consciousness."

"A weird sort of consciousness," said Reyner. "What would it use for sense organs?"

"Well, all the radio and TV stations in the world would be feeding information into it, through their landlines. *That* should give it something to think about! Then there would be all the data stored in all the computers; it would have access to that—and to the electronic libraries, the radar tracking systems, the telemetering in the automatic factories. Oh, it would have enough sense organs! We can't begin to imagine its picture of the world; but it would be infinitely richer and more complex than ours."

"Granted all this, because it's an entertaining idea," said Reyner, "what could it *do* except think? It couldn't go anywhere; it would have no limbs."

"Why should it want to travel? It would already be everywhere! And every piece of remotely controlled electrical equipment on the planet could act as a limb."

"Now I understand that time delay," interjected Andrews. "It was conceived at midnight, but it wasn't born until 1:50 this morning. The noise that woke us all up was—its birth cry."

His attempt to sound facetious was not altogether convincing, and nobody smiled. Overhead, the lights continued their annoying flicker, which seemed to be getting worse. Then there was an interruption from the front of the café, as Jim Small of Power Supplies made his usual boisterous entry.

"Look at this, fellows," he grinned, waving a piece of paper in front of his colleagues. "I'm rich. Ever seen a bank balance like *that*?"

Dr. Williams took the proffered statement, glanced down the columns, and read the balance aloud: "Credit £999,999,897.87."

"Nothing very odd about that," he continued, above the general amusement. "I'd say it means the computer's made a slight mistake. That sort of thing was happening all the time, just after the banks converted to the decimal system."

"I know, I know," said Jim, "but don't spoil my fun. I'm going to frame this statement—and what would happen if I drew a check for a few million, on the strength of this? Could I sue the bank if it bounced?"

"Not on your life," answered Reyner. "I'll take a bet that the banks thought of *that* years ago, and protected themselves somewhere down in the small print. But by the way—when did you get that statement?"

"In the noon delivery; it comes straight to the office, so that my wife doesn't have a chance of seeing it."

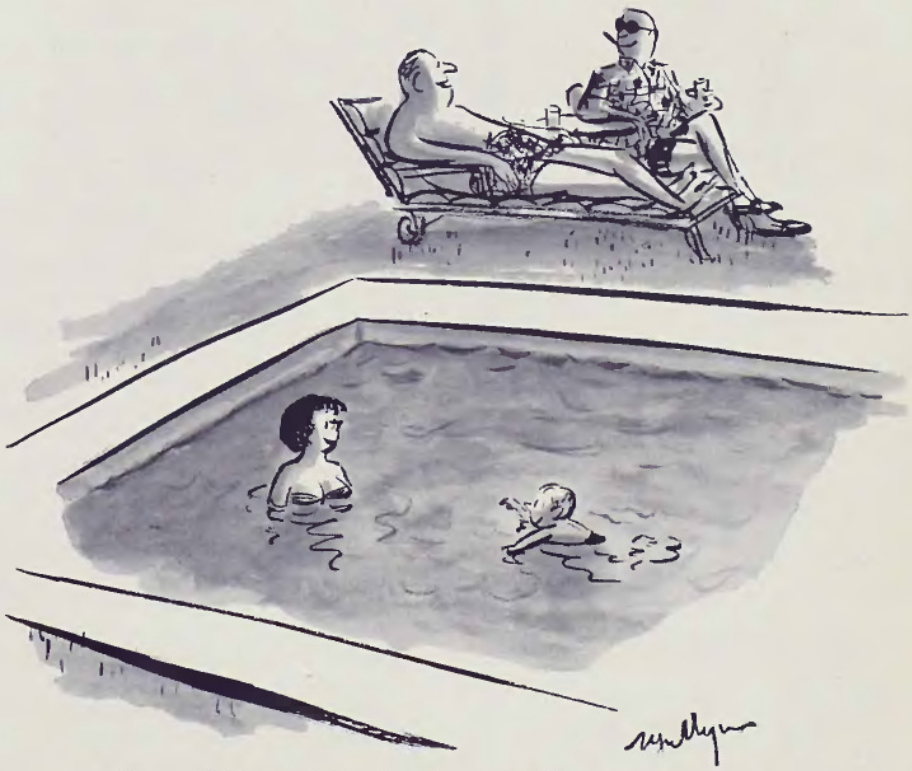
"Hmm—that means it was computed early this morning. Certainly after midnight . . ."

"What are you driving at? And why all the long faces?"

No one answered him; he had started a new hare, and the hounds were in full cry.

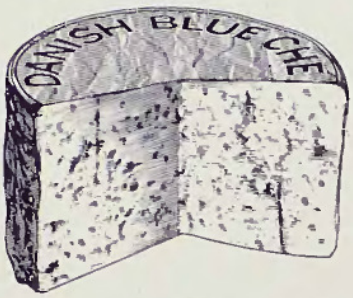
"Does anyone here know about automated banking systems?" asked Willy Smith. "How are they tied together?"

"Like everything else these days," said Bob Andrews. "They're all in the same network—the computers talk to one another all over the world. It's a point for you, John. If there *was* real trouble,



". . . Then right in the middle of construction we decided 'to hell with survival!' "

Like soft pearls
distilled diamonds
tiny gems
blue heaven &
green meadows.
Don't you believe it?
Try it.



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that's one of the first places I'd expect it. Besides the phone system itself, of course."

"No one answered the question I asked before Jim came in," complained Reyner. "What would this supermind actually *do*? Would it be friendly—hostile—indifferent? Would it even know that we exist, or would it consider the electronic signals it's handling to be the only reality?"

"I see you're beginning to believe me," said Williams with a certain grim satisfaction. "I can only answer your question by asking another. What does a newborn baby do? It starts looking for food." He glanced up at the flickering lights. "My God," he said slowly, as if a thought had just struck him. "There's only one food it would need—electricity."

"This nonsense has gone far enough," said Smith. "What the devil's happened to our lunch? We gave our orders twenty minutes ago."

Everyone ignored him.

"And then," said Reyner, taking up where Williams had left off, "it would start looking around, and stretching its limbs. In fact, it would start to play, like any growing baby."

"And babies *break* things," said someone, very softly.

"It would have enough toys, heaven knows. That Concorde that went over just now. The automated production lines. The traffic lights in our streets."

"Funny you should mention that," interjected Small. "Something's happened to the traffic outside—it's been stopped for the last ten minutes. Looks like a big jam."

"I guess there's a fire somewhere—I heard an engine."

"I've heard two—and what sounded like an explosion over toward the industrial estate. Hope it's nothing serious."

"Maisie!!! What about some candles? We can't see a thing!"

"I've just remembered—this place has an all-electric kitchen. We're going to get cold lunch, if we get any lunch at all."

"At least we can read the newspaper while we're waiting. Is that the latest edition you've got there, Jim?"

"Yes—haven't had time to look at it yet. Hmm—there *do* seem to have been a lot of odd accidents this morning—railway signals jammed—water main blown up through failure of relief valve—dozens of complaints about last night's wrong numbers——"

He turned the page, and became suddenly silent.

"What's the matter?"

Without a word, Small handed over the paper. Only the front page made sense. Throughout the interior, column after column was a mass of printer's pie—with, here and there, a few incongruous advertisements making islands of sanity in a sea of gibberish. They had obviously been set up as independent blocks, and had escaped the scrambling that had overtaken the text around them.

"So this is where long-distance typesetting and autodistribution have brought us," grumbled Andrews. "I'm afraid Fleet Street's been putting too many eggs in one electronic basket."

"So have we all, I'm afraid," said Williams, very solemnly. "So have we all."

"If I can get a word in edgeways, it's time to stop the mob hysteria which seems to be infecting this table," said Smith loudly and firmly, "I'd like to point out that there's nothing to worry about—even if John's ingenious fantasy is correct. We only have to switch off the satellites—and we'll be back where we were yesterday."

"Prefrontal lobotomy," muttered Williams. "I'd thought of that."

"Eh? Oh yes—cutting out slabs of the brain. That would certainly do the trick. Expensive, of course, and we'd have to go back to sending telegrams to each other. But civilization would survive."

From not too far away, there was a short, sharp explosion.

"I don't like this," said Andrews nervously. "Let's hear what the old B.B.C. has got to say—the one-o'clock news has just started."

He reached into his briefcase and pulled out a transistor radio.

"—unprecedented number of industrial accidents, as well as the unexplained launching of three salvos of guided missiles from military installations in the United States. Several airports have had to suspend operations owing to the erratic behavior of their radars, and the banks and stock exchanges have closed because their information-processing systems have become completely unreliable." ("You're telling me," muttered Small, while the others shushed him.) "One moment, please—there's a news flash coming through . . . Here it is. We have just been informed that all control over the newly installed communication satellites has been lost. They are no longer responding to commands from the ground. According to . . ."

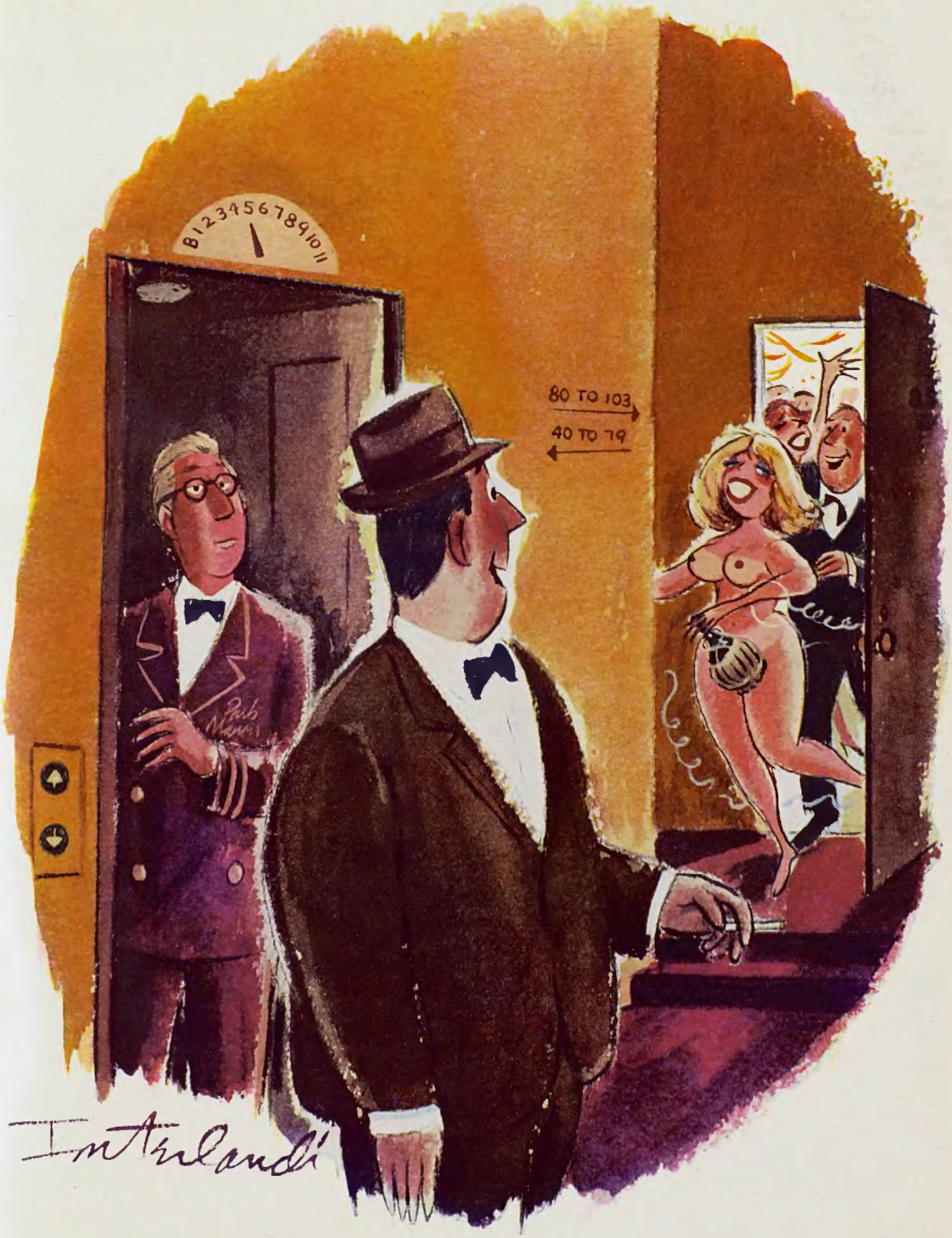
The B.B.C. went off the air; even the carrier wave died. Andrews reached for the tuning knob, and twisted it round the dial. Over the whole band, the ether was silent.

Presently Reyner said, in a voice not far from hysteria: "That prefrontal lobotomy was a good idea, John. Too bad that baby's already thought of it."

Williams rose slowly to his feet.

"Let's get back to the lab," he said. "There must be an answer somewhere."

But he knew already that it was far, far too late. For Homo sapiens, the telephone bell had tolled.



"Can you tell me which apart—— Oh, never mind."

TEA PARTY

(continued from page 125)

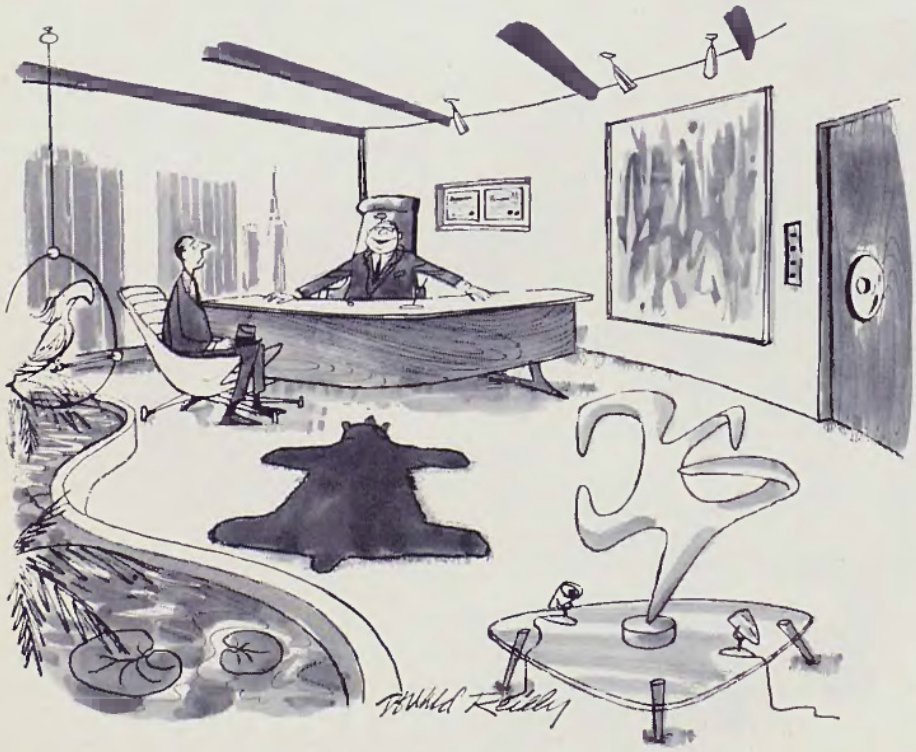
more allusive stratagem.) Do you love me, was my counter.

The ping-pong table streaked with slime. My hands pant to gain the ball. My sons watch. They cheer me on. They are loud in their loyalty. I am moved. I fall back on strokes, on gambits, long since gone, flip, cut, chop, shtip, bluff to my uttermost. I play the ball by nose. The twins hail my efforts gustily. But my brother-in-law is no chump. He slams again, he slams again, deep to my forehand. I skid, flounder, stare sightless into the crack of his bat.

Where are my hammers, my screws, my saws?

How are you, asked my partner. Bandage on straight? Knots tight?

The door slammed. Where was I? In the office or at home? Had someone come in as my partner went out? Had he gone out? Was it silence I heard, this scuffle, creak, squeal, scrape, gurgle and muff? Tea was being poured. Heavy thighs (Wendy's? my wife's? both? apart? together?) trembled in stilettos. I sipped the liquid. It was welcome. My physician greeted me warmly. In a minute, old chap, we'll take off those bandages. Have a rock cake. I declined. The birds are at the birdbath, called his white wife. They all rushed to look. My sons sent something flying. Some*one*? Surely not. I had never heard my sons in such good form. They chattered, chuckled, discussed their work eagerly with their uncle. My parents were silent. The room seemed very small, smaller than I had remembered it. I knew where everything was, every particular. But its smell had altered. Perhaps because the room was overcrowded. My wife broke gasping out of a fit of laughter, as she was wont to do in the early days of our marriage. Why was she laughing? Had someone told her a joke? Who? Her sons? Unlikely. My sons were discussing their work with my physician and his wife. Be with you in a minute, old chap, my physician called to me. Meanwhile my partner had the two women half stripped on a convenient rostrum. Whose body swelled most? I had forgotten. I picked up a ping-pong ball. It was hard. I wondered how far he had stripped the women. The top halves or the bottom halves? Or perhaps he was now raising his spectacles to view my wife's swelling buttocks, the swelling breasts of my secretary. How could I verify this? By movement, by touch. But that was out of the question. And could such a sight possibly take place under the eyes of my own children? Would they continue to chat and chuckle, as they still did, with my physician? Hardly. However, it was good to have the bandage on straight and the knots tight.



"Tut-tut, Mr. Forbush. We can discuss my fee some other time. Right now the important thing is to get you feeling better."

THE EYE

(continued from page 92)

flame of medieval hells. From somewhere down behind the counter I heard Weinstock's wheezing. "It rolled under," he muttered in a strained voice, "it rolled under." Presently he stood up, and here I caught my imagination (which, it is true, was compelled to work very fast) in an inaccuracy: Weinstock wore a mustache, but now it was not there. My fancy had not finished him in time and the pale space where the mustache should have been showed nothing but a bluish stipple.

"You look awful," he said, by way of greeting. "Shame, shame. What's wrong with you? Been sick?" I answered that I had indeed been ill. "Grippe going around," said Weinstock. "It's been a long time," he went on. "Tell me, did you find a job?"

I answered that for a while I had worked as tutor, but had now lost that position, and that I badly wanted to smoke.

A customer came in and requested a Russian-Spanish dictionary. "I think I have one," said Weinstock, turning toward the shelves and running his finger across the backs of several fat little volumes. "Ah, here's a Russian-Portuguese one—practically the same thing."

"I'll take it," said the customer and left with his useless purchase.

Meanwhile a deep sigh, coming from the back of the store, attracted my attention. Someone, concealed by books, shuffled past with a Russian "och-och-och."

"You've hired an assistant?" I asked Weinstock.

"I'm going to fire him soon," he answered in a low voice. "He's a completely helpless old man. I need someone young."

"And how is the Black Hand doing, Vikentiy Lvovich?"

"If you were not such a malicious skeptic," said Vikentiy Lvovich Weinstock with dignified disapprobation, "I could tell you many interesting things." He was a little hurt, and this was inopportune: my ghostly, impecunious, weightless condition had to be resolved one way or another, but instead my fantasy was producing some rather insipid small talk.

"No, no, Vikentiy Lvovich, why do you call me a skeptic? On the contrary—don't you remember?—this business once cost me good money."

Indeed, when I first met Weinstock, I immediately found in him a kindred trait, a proneness to obsessive ideas. He was convinced that he was being regularly watched by certain persons, to whom he referred, with a mysterious laconism, as "agents." He hinted at the existence of a "black list" on which his name supposedly appeared. I used to

tease him, but quaked inwardly. One day, it struck me as odd to run again into a man I had chanced to notice that very morning on the streetcar, an unpleasant blond fellow with shifty eyes—and now there he was, standing on the corner of my street and pretending to read a newspaper. Thenceforth I began to feel uneasy. I would chide myself, and mentally ridicule Weinstock, but I could do nothing about my imagination. At night I would fancy that someone was climbing in through the window. Finally I bought a revolver and calmed down completely. It was to this expenditure (all the more ridiculous, since my firearms license had now been revoked) that I alluded.

"What good will a weapon do you?" he retorted. "They are cunning as the devil. There is only one possible defense against them—brains. My organization ——" He suddenly shot me a suspicious glance, as if he had said too much. Here I made up my mind and explained, trying to maintain a jocular manner, that I was in a peculiar situation—no one left to borrow from, yet I still had to live and smoke; and as I said all this, I kept recalling a glib stranger with a missing front tooth who had once presented himself to the mother of my pupils, and, in exactly the same jocular tone, had recounted that he had to go to Wiesbaden that night and was exactly 90 pfennigs short. "Well," she said calmly, "you can keep your Wiesbaden story, but I dare say I'll give you twenty pfennigs. More I cannot, purely as a matter of principle."

However, now, as I indulged in this juxtaposition, I did not feel a bit humiliated. Ever since the shot—that shot which, in my opinion, had been fatal—I had observed myself with curiosity instead of sympathy, and my painful past—before the shot—was now foreign to me. This conversation with Weinstock turned out to be the beginning of a new life for me. In respect to myself I was now an onlooker. My belief in the phantomatic nature of my existence entitled me to certain amusements.

It is silly to seek a basic law, even sillier to find it. Some mean-spirited little man decides that the whole course of humanity can be explained in terms of insidiously revolving signs of the zodiac or as the struggle between an empty and a stuffed belly; he hires a punctilious Philistine to act as Clio's clerk, and begins a wholesale trade in epochs and masses; and then woe to the private individuum, with his two poor u's, hallooing hopelessly amid the dense growth of economic causes. Luckily no such laws exist: a toothache will cost a battle, a drizzle cancel an insurrection. Everything is fluid, everything depends on chance, and all in vain were the efforts of that crabbed bourgeois in Victorian checkered trousers, author of *Das Kapital*, the fruit of insomnia and migraine. There is titillating pleasure in looking back at the past and asking oneself, "What would have happened if . . ." and substituting one chance occurrence for another, observing how, from a gray, barren, humdrum moment in one's life, there grows forth a marvelous rosy event that in reality had failed to flower. A mysterious thing, this branching structure of life: one senses in every past instant a parting of ways, a "thus" and an "otherwise," with innumerable dazzling zigzags bifurcating and trifurcating against the dark background of the past.

All these simple thoughts about the wavering nature of life come to mind when I think how easily I might never have happened to rent a room in the house at 5 Peacock Street, or meet Vanya and her sister, or Roman Bogdanovich, or many other people whom I suddenly found, who started to live all at once, so unexpectedly and unwontedly, around me. And again, had I settled in a different house after my spectral exit from the hospital, perhaps an unimaginable happiness would have become my familiar interlocutor . . . who knows, who knows . . .

Above me, on the top floor, lived a Russian family. I met them through Weinstock, from whom they took books —another fascinating device on the part of the fantasy that directs life. Before actually becoming acquainted, we often met on the stairs, and exchanged somewhat wary glances the way Russians do abroad. I noticed Vanya immediately, and immediately my heart gave a flutter; as when, in a dream, you enter a dream-safe room and find therein, at your dream's disposal, your dream-cornered prey. She had a married sister, Evgenia, a young woman with a nice squarish face that made you think of an amiable and quite handsome bulldog. There was also Evgenia's burly husband. Once, in the downstairs hall, I happened to hold the door for him, and his mispronounced German "thank you" (*danke*) rhymed exactly with the locative case of the Russian word for "bank"—where, by the way, he worked.

With them lived Marianna Nikolaevna, a relative, and, in the evenings, they would have guests, nearly always the same ones. Evgenia was considered the lady of the house. She had a pleasant sense of humor; it was she who had nicknamed her sister "Vanya," when the latter had demanded to be called "Mona Vanna" (after the heroine of some play or other), finding the sound of her real name—Varvara—somehow suggestive of corpulence and pockmarks. It took me a little time to get used to this diminutive of the masculine "Ivan"; gradually, however, it acquired for me the exact shade that Vanya associated with languorous feminine names.

The two sisters resembled each other; the frank bulldogish heaviness of the elder's features was just perceptible in Vanya, but in a different way that lent significance and originality to the beauty of her face. The sisters' eyes, too, were similar—black-brown, slightly asymmetric, and a trifle slanted, with amusing little folds on the dark lids. Vanya's eyes were more opaque at the iris than Evgenia's, and, unlike her sister's, somewhat myopic, as if their beauty made them not quite suitable for everyday use. Both girls were brunettes and wore their hair the same way: a parting in the middle and a big tight bun low on the nape. But the elder's hair did not lie

with the same heavenly smoothness, and lacked that precious gloss. I want to shake off Evgenia, get rid of her altogether, so as to have done with the necessity of comparing the sisters; and at the same time I know that if it were not for the resemblance, Vanya's charm would not be quite complete. Only her hands were not elegant: the pale palm contrasted too strongly to the back of the hand, which was very pink and large-knuckled. And there were always little white flecks on her round fingernails.

What further concentration is needed, what added intensity must one's gaze attain, for the brain to enslave the visual image of a person? There they are sitting on the sofa; Evgenia is wearing a black velvet dress, and large beads adorn her white neck; Vanya is in crimson, with small pearls in place of beads; her eyes are lowered under their thick black brows; a dab of powder has not disguised the slight rash on the wide glabella. The sisters wear identical new shoes, and keep glancing at each other's feet—no doubt the same kind of shoe does not look so nice on one's own foot as on that of another. Marianna, a blonde lady doctor with a peremptory voice, is speaking to Smurov and Roman Bogdanovich about the horrors of the recent civil war in Russia. Khrushchov, Evgenia's husband, a jovial gentleman with a fat nose—which he manipulates continually, tugging at it, or getting hold of a nostril and trying to twist it off—is standing in the doorway to the next room, talking with Mukhin, a young man with a pince-nez. The two are facing each other from opposite sides of the doorway, like two atlantes.

Mukhin and the majestic Roman Bogdanovich have long known the family, while Smurov is comparatively a newcomer, although he hardly looks it. None could discern in him the shyness that makes a person so conspicuous among people who know each other well and are bound together by the established echoes of private jokes and by an allusive residue of people's names that to them are alive with special significance, making the newcomer feel as if the magazine story he has started to read had really begun long ago, in old unobtainable issues; and as he listens to the general conversation, rife with references to incidents unknown to him, the outsider keeps silent and shifts his gaze to whoever is speaking, and, the quicker the exchanges, the more mobile become his eyes; but soon the invisible world that lives in the words of the people around him begins to oppress him and he wonders if they have not deliberately contrived a conversation to which he is a stranger. In Smurov's case, however, even if he did occasionally feel left out, he certainly did not show it. I must say that he made a rather favorable impression on me those first evenings. He was not very tall, but well proportioned and dapper. His plain black suit and black bow tie seemed to intimate, in a reserved way, some secret mourning. His pale, thin face was youthful, but the perceptive observer could distinguish in it the traces of sorrow and experience. His manners were excellent. A quiet, somewhat melancholy smile lingered on his lips. He spoke little, but everything he said was intelligent and appropriate, and his infrequent jokes, while too subtle to arouse roars of laughter, seemed to unlock a concealed door in the conversation, letting in an unexpected freshness. One would have thought Vanya could not help liking him immediately because of that noble and enigmatic modesty, that pallor of forehead and slenderness of hand . . . Certain things—for example, the word *"blagodarstvuyte"* ("thank you"), pronounced without the usual slurring, in full, thus retaining its bouquet of consonants—were bound to reveal to the perceptive observer that Smurov belonged to the best St. Petersburg society.

Marianna paused for an instant in her account of the horrors of war: she had noticed at last that Roman Bogdanovich, a dignified man with a beard, wanted to put in a word, holding it in his mouth like a large caramel. He had no luck, however, for Smurov was quicker.

"When 'harking to the horrors of the war,'" said Smurov misquoting with a smile from a famous poem, "I feel sorry 'neither for the friend, nor for the friend's mother,' but for those who have never been to war. It is difficult to put into words the musical delight that the singing of bullets gives you . . . Or, when you are flying at full gallop to the attack——"

"War is always hideous," tersely interrupted Marianna. "I must have been brought up differently from you. A human being who takes another's life is always a murderer, be he an executioner or a cavalry officer."

"Personally——" began Smurov, but she interrupted again:

"Military gallantry is a vestige of the past. In my medical practice I have had many occasions to see people who have been crippled or had their lives wrecked by war. Nowadays humanity aspires to new ideals. There is nothing more debasing than to serve as cannon fodder. Perhaps a different upbringing——"

"Personally——" said Smurov.

"A different upbringing," she went on rapidly, "in regard to ideas of humaneness and general cultural interests, makes me look at war through different eyes than you. I have never blazed away at people or driven a bayonet into anyone. Rest assured that among my medical colleagues you will find more heroes than on the battlefield——"

"Personally, I——" said Smurov.

"But enough of this," said Marianna. "I can see neither of us is going to convince the other. The discussion is closed."

A brief silence followed. Smurov sat calmly stirring his tea. Yes, he must be a former officer, a daredevil who liked to flirt with death, and it is only out of modesty that he says nothing about his adventures.

"What I wanted to say was this," boomed Roman Bogdanovich: "You mentioned Constantinople, Marianna Nikolaevna. I had a close friend there among the *émigré* crowd, a certain Kashmarin, with whom I subsequently quarreled, an extremely rough and quick-tempered fellow, even if he did cool off fast and was kind in his own way. Incidentally, he once thrashed a Frenchman nearly to death out of jealousy. Well, he told me the following story. Gives an idea of Turkish mores. Imagine——"

"Thrashed him?" Smurov broke in with a smile. "Oh, good. That's what I like——"

"Nearly to death," repeated Roman Bogdanovich, and launched into his narrative.

Smurov kept nodding approvingly as he listened. He was obviously a person who, behind his unpretentiousness and quietness, concealed a fiery spirit. He was doubtless capable, in a moment of wrath, of slashing a chap into bits, and, in a moment of passion, of carrying a frightened and perfumed girl beneath his cloak on a windy night to a waiting boat with muffled oarlocks, under a slice of honeydew moon, as somebody did in Roman Bogdanovich's story. If Vanya was any judge of character, she must have marked this.

"I have put it all down in detail in my diary," Roman Bogdanovich concluded complacently, and took a swallow of tea.

Mukhin and Khrushchov again froze beside their respective doorjambs; Vanya and Evgenia smoothed kneeward their dresses with an identical stroke; Marianna, for no apparent reason, fixed her gaze on Smurov, who was sitting with his profile toward her and, in keeping with the formula for manly tics, kept tensing his jaw muscles under her unfriendly gaze. I liked him. Yes, I definitely liked him; and I felt that the more intently Marianna, the cultured lady doctor, stared, the more distinct and harmonious became the image of a young daredevil with iron nerves, pale from sleepless nights passed in steppe ravines and shell-shattered railway stations. Everything seemed to be going well.

This is the first installment of a major work of fiction by Vladimir Nabokov, to be published in three parts. Part II will appear next month.

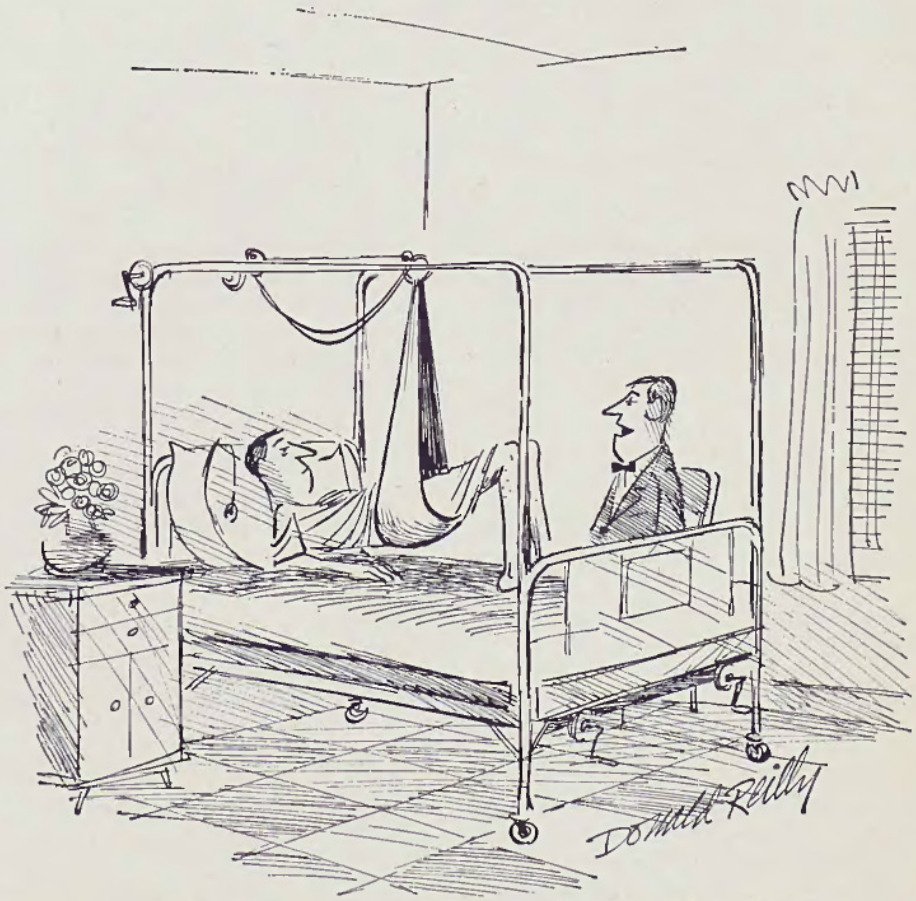
POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

(continued from page 98)

a Linguaphone, first voiced his disappointment at the failure of his party's civil rights plank to be more explicit. At least that's what the television interviewers thought he was trying to convey. Then was the old President-general withholding support of the anti-Mod front-runner who had considerable difficulty with the language himself but seemed to be pretty clearly opposed to the Eisenhower record of fuzzy good will? No, the Big Daddy of well-meaning doublethink smiled, he thought the platform was just fine and "Anybody who runs on that platform can't go far wrong." But it wasn't until the last strands of confetti were swept from the Cow Palace and the last Goldwater Girl shed her form-fitting jerkin that the recent G. O. P. standard-bearer got around to admitting that he hadn't read the whole platform until after the San Francisco Week That Was. And of course neither had Ike. Was it not to laugh as well as to cry, that gathering of tribal chieftains and their elegant squaws dancing to their primitive drums, some of them with deadly snakes in their mouths, as is the custom of the exclusive sect to which Barry belongs?

Nor does *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* have anything on Oh Rocky, Poor Rocky, the experienced loser, would-be leader of the 20th Century wing of the Grand Old Party, who jollied up to his political enemy with this glorious *non sequitur*: "Yes, I may have basic disagreements with him [Goldwater] on vital issues" (tossed off as an amiable aside, as if he were saying yes, I like vanilla and Barry prefers pistachio) "but I support Barry for his honesty and integrity and character." So the man reviled by his convention as a dangerous and subversive moderate (no better than a Commie to the right-wing kids who packed the gallery) stooped to embrace in this day of doomsday decisions the very man he had just been attacking as a medieval monster leading us hell-bent down the devil path to fascism and war. No wonder Dick Gregory, Mort Sahl and the other political comics seemed to be working for their laughs a little harder than usual. At some of these conventions the candidates seem to be telling the jokes and the comics seem serious, thoughtful and consistent in comparison. For comics become straight men in a conventionland of delegates in funny hats, Babbitts from the backlands tooting their horns and having their little moments of glory in the spotlight of the Presidential hullabaloo, disporting themselves in the aisles with show-off capers for candidates who aren't really candidates, the Walter Judds and the Hiram Fongs, nominated not for quick laughs but only after weary hours of polysyllabic oratory, atonal verbal music in futile search of a Schoenberg. You mean to tell us, ask our European friends, that these are the more responsible members of your republic gathered to choose the right man to guide the world's most powerful democracy and as such, the entire free world? Can such a man be sensibly chosen in the rooty-toot atmosphere of a four-day carnival, a nonstop Today-and-Tonight Show attracting 100,000,000 teletized citizens? It's a good question. And of course it sounds like one of those rhetorical questions anticipating a resounding *No!* Ah, but the answer is a firm if very small yes. It is like the lyric by Scott Fitzgerald's great-great-grandnuncle who could see through the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air through the perilous night that his flag was still there. Through the bright glare of the demonstrations, spontaneous and concocted, and bombs, largely rhetorical, bursting and thudding over the thousands of delegates, one can see through the occasionally electric but most often long-winded night that our political convention—the circus-tent display of the mediocre and the marvelous—is still there. Shot through with holes of illogic and hypocrisy, whipped and sometimes ripped in the gales of opportunism that howl around it, frightened by an unrelenting Goldwater majority or lulled into submission by a Machiavelli with a Texas drawl, there she stands in all her word-spangled glory.

Moving on from the encouraging Republican absurdities of San Francisco, we found ourselves plunged into the eye of the hurricane that swept down on Atlantic City from Washington last August: Hurricane Lyndie. Political hurricanes are still named for boys. Political storms with names like Margaret Chase Smith quickly ebb to gentle breezes. Our political totem is still crowned by the white man. The ladies are now allowed to vote and occasionally to sit on the floor as delegates, more often as alternate delegates, but they are still just a head above the Negroes on our tribal totem. This does not purport to be a play-by-play of the ritualistic yes-dance on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City some months ago. After all, you may be only now digging yourself out from under the avalanche of words that threatened to bury you with newsprint and TV-radio reportage, keeping you informed of the color and fabric of Lady Bird's apparel as she disembarked from her helicopter on the lawn of a great beachwater hotel, not to mention exactly what Hubert had for breakfast as he sweated out a solution to the insoluble problem of how to reconcile the



"Of course, I've heard the expression countless times, but this is the first time I've ever seen one."

differences of the freedom-hating regular Mississippi delegation and the Freedom Now rump Negro delegation. Atlantic City was supposed to be a who-cares, cut-and-dried, all-over-but-the-cutting-of-the-L. B. J.-birthday-cake convention, but not to this delegate watcher as I wandered the main floor of Convention Hall from Alaska to Wyoming, looked down on the panoply from the bird's-eye booth of Huntley-Brinkley, or from a balcony vantage point between the maroon, Texas-chic Ladies for Johnson and the Presidential box, or watched the three conflicting TV channels all booming at once in Babelic counterpoint over beers at the press lounge under the massive floor of this indoor football field, or attended the endless round of parties and receptions, or shared choice political tidbits with press and political friends in their hotel suites ringing the hall or retired to a quiet seaside cottage to catch my breath and reflect on the meaning of this madhouse convention of 5000 delegates, 15,000 spectators, 5000 working press, countless thousands of onlookers making passage into the hall a physical ordeal, plus more people than had ever watched a convention before hanging onto the words of Huntley and Brinkley and Trout and Mudd and Sevareid and all the rest of the electronic pundits without whom a convention would no longer seem official, this whole phantasmagoria of seemingly conspicuous waste—of time, of words, of money, of energy—this chautauqua invasion of 40,000 people moving in on a summer resort like ants on an unprotected picnic, and all to go through the motions of nominating a man whose right to carry the Democratic standard could have been affirmed at a quiet luncheon gathering of the party faithful in the private dining room of the White House.

The scene at Convention Hall the Sunday before the start of festivities was one of such wild confusion as to suggest an unruly army of hysterics getting ready for the Second Coming. My introduction to this political bedlam was like walking into Kafka's Castle redecorated by the Ladies for Johnson. The entrance to Convention Hall was thronged with convention drones, ushers, pressmen, Pepsi Color Girls and early arriving and already lost visitors. Uniformed guards blocked my entrance. "Got a pass or a badge, can't get in without a pass or a badge." But that's why I was here so early this Sunday morning, I explained, to pick up my press credentials which could only be obtained on the *inside*. "Nobody gets in here without a pass or a badge," the guard mouthed his prerecorded announcement. "Those are my orders." New victims arrived behind me and during this momentary distraction I pushed my way in. Dozens of frantic ladies with official convention badges seemed to be running around asking one another questions. A freckle-faced junior miss with an usher's badge intercepted me. "You're not supposed to wander around in here without an usher leading you." I told her I was on my way to the office of John Bailey, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. I had a letter to him from Attorney General Kennedy. "Oh, can I have it?" she said. "An hour ago I got Senator Humphrey's autograph." I finally settled for surrendering the envelope. Mr. Bailey's office was a hive of confusion. "Mr. Bailey isn't here —I wish they'd tell us where they go when they don't show up here," said a hard-pressed, round and ruddy young Irish face. Nobody knew where the convention tickets were, either. "They should have been delivered here, but we don't know who's supposed to send them. Maybe downstairs near the entrance . . ." he trailed off vaguely. I was to return to this den of frustration half a dozen times, but there were never any tickets and never Mr. Bailey. "I guess he's gone off to lunch and isn't coming back," the young Irishman said. A long line of frustrated ticket seekers was forming outside, but he had given up and was watching the ball game on TV. "Things are a god-awful mess here," he confessed. "We knew about Kennedy's request for your seats, but nobody can find the goddamn tickets." His eyes rolled back to the ball game. It seemed his Boston Red Sox were losing. By that time I had run into a big-shot Hollywood contributor to the Democratic coffers who snagged me a pair of President's Club tickets. And as I wandered the labyrinth of crowded corridors while the band inside the hall practiced trumpet flourishes, the convention theme song, *Hello, Lyndon!*, and *America*, I gradually acquired from passing friends so many assorted badges and pendants that I began to look like an overdecorated Red Army marshal. Only none of it was official. The seats I should have had, the press credentials that were my professional due, were never forthcoming.

"Is the entire convention being run this way?" I asked an old friend who happened to be a member of the Democratic National Committee. "Oh, every convention is run this way," she said airily, "only this one is a little worse. This one is really a mess." It was a refrain I was to hear as frequently in convention hallways as *Hello, Lyndon!* was to be heard from the big makeshift band in the hall. What seemed to be the trouble was that the fellow who was supposed to be in charge of this 30-ring circus, a J. Leonard Reinsch, apparently had disappeared. People who needed him for OKs for their office supplies couldn't find him. There were rumors that Lyndon had fired him and was bringing in a crony from Texas to take over the show. But in the offices where I had friends, that of the vice-chairman in charge of the Women's Division of the National Committee, for instance, no one could locate the outgoing or the incoming convention director. "Even if we want stationery supplies we don't know where to go," said a distracted Southern lady in the Women's Press Room. "I had to buy the typing paper myself. Nobody knows anything. It's really a terrible——" "Mess," I chimed in. The nice Democratic lady nodded. "Let's just hope the Republicans don't ask, how can we expect to organize the country if we can't even organize the convention." She smiled at me with partisan candor. Then the sound of the determinedly practicing band burst in from the vast convention floor again and her face brightened. "But it's all terribly exciting, isn't it?"

Yes, it is. It always is. Even when you know in advance who the candidates are going to be, and that their platform is bound to be the good old Let us continue for peace and prosperity and justice for all, against war, poverty and sin. The long-anticipated candidates and program were about to be presented in an atmosphere of considerable repetition and enraptured boredom, and yet, like the nice lady in that press room, I had a titillating sense of a big event getting ready to explode all around me. The fact that I knew the score in advance in no way diminished my sense of excitement. I walked around the pulsing hall with a quickening sense of convention fever not unlike the pleasurable pregame jitters I experienced over a year ago in Los Angeles on my way to see Koufax and Drysdale knock down the Yankees, or as I feel on my way to the bull ring an hour before the appearance of El Cordobés. It's *fiesta con* suspense, and while I'm with this image of the *corrida de toros*, it occurs to me that I do not sit on the shady side to see whether or not El Cordobés or Paco Camino or our talented Mexican Joselito Huerta will kill the animal, but to observe how well he is able to perform with it; in a similar mood, I have been curious to see how well F.D.R. or Harry Truman, or now Lyndon would perform, how an entire convention which must breathe the spirit of the man who dominates it will perform.

Every political convention is a condensation, a distillation of American history. When Willkie tilted with the pros, when Eisenhower opposed Taft, when Kennedy took on the field; it is a political contest and of course that adds to the excitement and the fun. But even when they are as predictable as the conventions of 1964, they command our interest as pageants. Pageants are elaborate charades of our historical past, repeating back to us the stories that have become our favorites. They are different from

"Well, I'd consider myself fortunate if I were you, Alice.
I mean, gosh—like I could never play the guitar!"

plays in that they lack the element of surprise or of compelling dramatic choice. They unfold majestically. The closely contested, open conventions do double service as suspenseful drama and impressive pageant. But the convention that renominates a President, sans conflict and surprise, still moves us, not as a pageant of the past but as a pageant of the future. From the performance of Jack Kennedy and his Harvard boys in 1960, from the tenacity of Bobby Kennedy and his precision football operation, from the class of the late President's acceptance of the nomination and the tough-minded savvy that bade him turn tables on his liberal and labor friends and offer the fateful second spot to Lyndon Baines, if we could not exactly foresee the future, we could at least foresmell or foresense the chemistry of the Kennedy tenure in Washington if he had been able to live out the years that had been promised him there. It is not only what the candidate says, the quality of the people with whom he surrounds himself, the aura or *ambiance* he creates, that colors this pageant of the future. Almost as important are the tangential events that every convention attracts and inspires. These may have nothing to do with official programs and procedures and planned demonstrations. They may be the angry words of rebellious delegates or would-be delegates, or wacky improvisations, or the gallery packing, or the slogans and songs of both respectable minority groups and attention-seeking crackpots. For the official convention inside the hall has a monopoly neither on funny hats nor on flashes of eloquence and wisdom. And these extracurricular people and their extracurricular message belong to the convention as truly as do the acting chairman, the keynote speaker and the Credentials Committee.

Our political convention is more than a giant proscenium arch: It offers the multiplatformed stages, ramps and runways, entrances to and from the audience, the sense of scenes unfolding all around the audience, and even involving that audience, that marks the true epic theater. In fact, it is only if you accept it as such that political conventions —especially those uncontested—come to life and meaning. At play here are all the political tremors and rumbles that will inevitably grow in volume and violence until the body politic is bestirred to adjust to them. The peripheral happenings press in on the center as the outer reaches of the metropolis impinge on and contribute to the culture impact of a Greater New York. So at the conventions before World War I, the suffragists who chained themselves to fences outside the halls and challenged the assemblies to remove the feminine taboo from the polling booths may have been haughtily ignored by indignant delegates, but they were members of those conventions just as surely as the prosperous and complacent supporters of William Howard Taft. So were the visionaries picketing for a working week of 48 hours instead of 60. Even the long-haired fanatics with placards advising that doomsday is at hand and that the convention must prepare to meet its Maker belong to the scene. Because this is the mecca to which America has grown accustomed to bringing its wares, be they spiritual, ideological or crassly commercial. Big-business lobbies and industrial institutes are at home here, with their opulent open-house bars and the ballroom parties that remind us of Grand Central Station at rush hour, only with all the passengers holding cocktail or highball glasses instead of cummutation tickets. The Bell Telephone Company offers service with the smiles of its comeliest operators and the Teamsters Union will gladly ply you with free cocktails washed down with attacks on Bobby Kennedy and whitewash of Jimmy Hoffa.

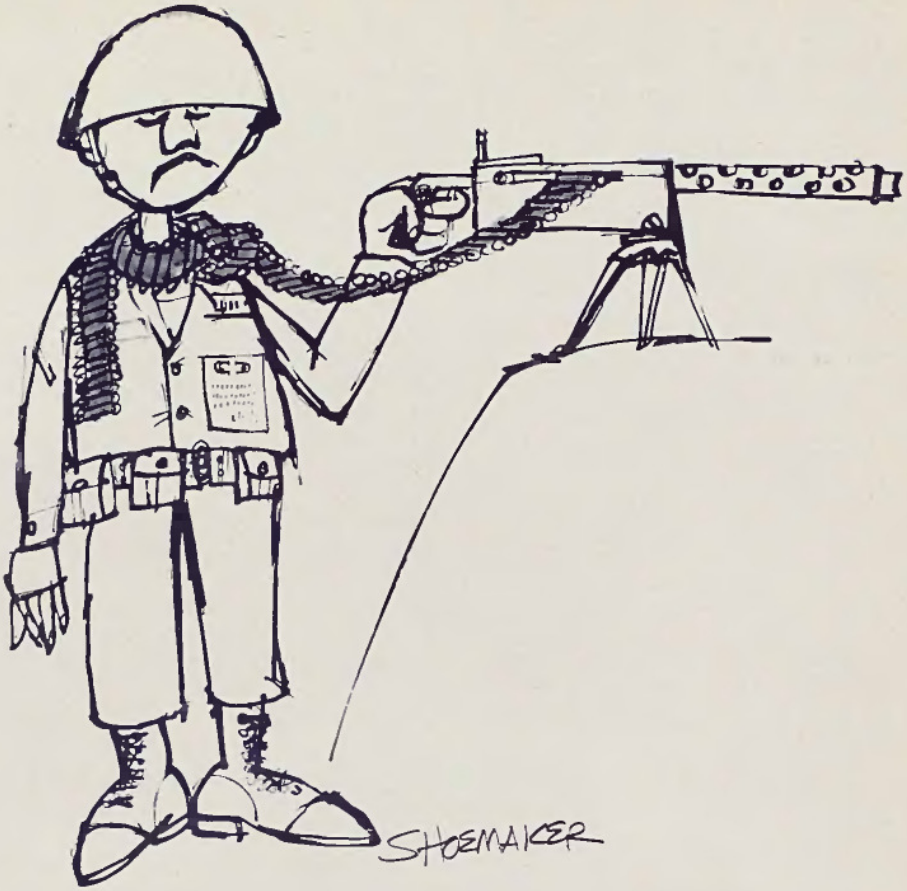
Yes, the convention is a political smorgasbord and there is something here for every conceivable taste. A reminder for the Democratic Convention is a smashed and bullet-ridden car on display as proof of terror in Mississippi. To the Republican Convention came a straight-faced comic who claimed to be the darkest of the dark-horse candidates, "running on the Lincoln platform of 1860 because it's so much more advanced than the one they got this year." At Atlantic City a mammoth billboard overlooking the Boardwalk presented to outraged Democrats an evangelic image of Barry Goldwater and the sly inscription IN YOUR HEART, YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT, which an ingenious heckler amended with a small additional shingle secretly installed an hour before dawn: YES—EXTREME RIGHT. The election may be over, but the implications of this free-for-all pageant linger on. The suffragettes, the Prohibitionists, the anti-Prohibitionists have gone, but their places in the procession have been taken by those who march against capital punishment, against possession of the bomb, against againsters. A small army of senior citizens descend on the convention waving their placards for Medicare. Nor is it surprising to find Indians from the hard-pressed reservations decked in their bright-colored eagle feathers handing out leaflets listing the abuses they've suffered from Republicans and Democrats alike. Legitimate protests and pet private peeves find a favorable climate at these conventions. A live donkey is lead into a teeming hotel lobby and we overhear its trainer saying, "Keep your head up now, you're supposed to look proud of yourself." A small child in a stroller is dragged into the act, with a large charcoal ring around its eye and oblivious of the sign in its hand, I'D RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH. And because this is the American way of making politics, there are the invariable beauty queens, like the Symingteeners of 1960, and the Kennedy debs, and now the Goldwater gals and the Johnson ladies, not to forget those leggy models who continue to sashay around Convention Hall promoting Pepsi-Cola. There go the aged and the halt and the clowns and the pussycats, all with their parts to play in this cast of thousands without which we seem unable to nominate our candidates or help them hammer out their policies. They may lead us to better life or sudden death and from the look of these conventions we'll follow them up the high road or to the brink wearing buttons on our lapels with bright sayings like VOTE FOR CHESTER A. ARTHUR, MAGOO FOR PRESIDENT and I'M FOR SEX, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from Bring on the Beatles to Freedom Now.

Of all the pressure groups leaning on these conventions, one in particular casts a dark shadow of desperation, of barely maintained forbearance, of restless hope. The Negro continues to wait, but not much longer, outside the hall, asking for his rights. He comes to every convention to redeem the promissory note that was first given to him a century ago. A few of them managing to gain the convention floor, most of them still clamoring to get in, 20,000,000 second-class citizens have moved up from bit players to principal performers in this pageant of the future. From the San Francisco convention we remember the Negro delegate, a lawyer from Washington, D. C., who clashed with his party's Presidential choice at the Platform Committee meeting on civil rights. And the lifelong Negro Republican who had made a seconding speech for Eisenhower at an earlier convention but who was refused his credentials this time as a member of the Tennessee delegation that was now lily-white. And another veteran Negro delegate whose clothes were partly torn from his back on the convention floor. And the Negro girls from CORE who protested with their bodies prone in the aisles of the Cow Palace. And the army of pickets outside who lay down in the streets in nonviolent but desperate siege of a convention whose white leaders and white delegates found themselves temporarily imprisoned. Negroes had been a respectable minority in the G. O. P. ever since the days of Reconstruction. Now they were being read out of their party. The gentleman whose suit had been torn from him, this bourgeois respectable, tractable Republican, was too shaken to make a statement to the TV and radio mikes pushed into his face. But his

silence and his bowed head were far more telling than, say, the third seconding speech for Congressman Miller. This Negro delegate who was allowed no voice on the floor of this white-backlashed convention was to have his say in the pageant of the future. How large a part eventually will be his should be clearer at the next conventions, and the next.

At the Goldwater convention, the Negro element was downcast and defeatist. At the Democratic stand it was no longer an underground stream but came swirling and rushing to the surface. Given Johnson permissiveness, A. D. A. encouragement and the aggressive challenge of the Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama ofays, the Negroes came militant and organized. On the eve of this convention, I was sitting in the Railroad Lounge, a free-beer hangout for the press laid on by the Railroad Association, listening to an inside story that the canny L. B. J. had handed Humphrey a hot potato—to work out a compromise between the regular white Mississippi delegation and the predominantly black Freedom Democrat Party delegation that claimed the right to represent its state in the roll call. The Johnson objective was to avoid an embarrassing fight on the floor. "That Lyndon is a sadist," said my friend, a veteran political reporter. "He's warned Hubert he won't get the nod unless he can solve this Mississippi mess. Then he leans back in his old White House chair and watches Hubert sweat. And Hubert will do anything to get that nomination. He wants it so bad you can positively smell it all the way down the corridor of his suite at the Shelburne."

Around the clock, with a hot line to the Johnson people in their suite and another to old-pro Governor Lawrence who chaired the Credentials Committee, Hotbreath Hubert tried to compromise the uncompromisable. To seat both delegations and allow them each half a vote? Both sides were insulted. To seat only those white Mississippians who would sign an oath of loyalty to Lyndon and let the Negroes fill the vacated seats? Five Mississippi Charlies signed the loyalty pledge but refused to share their section with Freedom. The Negroes were offered some crumbs, backed by the promise that things would be different in '68. I talked to two of them in the back of the hall. "Damn it, it's always tomorrow and tomorrow," one of them said angrily. "When will they ever learn, we're finished with tomorrows." " 'Sixty-eight is four years too late," his colleague added. "We've been working day and night to bring our people into the Democratic Party and the party won't let us in the door. Why shouldn't we be angry?" The official decision was to pare the Mississippi delegation down to those



five white loyalists, with the Negroes allowed two seats as delegates at large and the rest to be seated in the balcony as honored guests. Joe Rauh, Jr., the white delegate from the District of Columbia who argued the Freedom Party case, was for accepting this, as a small step forward. And so was Martin Luther King. But the Negro delegation, just as two of them had warned me, were not to be appeased. It seemed more like a morality play that Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, wife of a sharecropper, 200 pounds of political passion, should have come up from Ruleville, Mississippi, to argue a change in the rules that would let her people in. "Do you think I came all the way here just to sit in the back of this convention bus?" Mrs. Hamer demanded. Thus the stage was set for one of those episodes in the pageant that had no official bearing on the convention at hand but is destined to weigh heavily on the conventions of the future.

This was the play within a play wherein black Mississippi hoped to catch the conscience of the Democrats: Instead of submissively accepting those seats in the balcony, the Freedom group waited stubbornly just outside the hall while two of their leaders were admitted to the floor as delegates at large. Then sympathizers from Northern delegations—and they were numerous—offered them badges and floor passes which were quickly and secretly handed back through the police cordon to the members of the would-be delegation outside the doors. Soon the Negro delegation had physical possession of the seats vacated by disgruntled regulars who had withdrawn to their motel to plan another Civil War. Embattled sergeants at arms demanded that the Negro usurpers show their credentials or leave the hall. But they stood their ground. A few of them even sang *We Shall Overcome*. There followed an awkward wrestling match of awful pushing and pulling. L. B. J. had fretted that an open floor fight would embarrass his cause, but here was a *physical* fight in full view of a TV audience of some 50,000,000. To this fearsome end had Hubert's vaunted compromise evolved. Watching from the White House, the President phoned his aides to call off the forced eviction, regardless of the merits or demerits of the Freedom Party case. "Illegal sorehead troublemakers," a leader of white Mississippi called Fannie Lou Hamer's people. They may have been voteless at that convention, but their sit-in was one of the highlights of the pageant in which, officially, almost nothing of consequence was to happen but which at the same time was pregnant to bursting with the shape of things to come. A small crowd followed their mountainous Joan of Arc, Fannie Lou Hamer, back to her stuffy, unair-

conditioned motel room near the Boardwalk and I found myself thinking of this phase of the convention as "A Tale of Two Motel Rooms," for in another motel room a block away sulked Sheriff Bull Connor, the Simon Legree of Birmingham. The convention was too liberal for him. And there sat Fannie Lou, who belonged to the cotton pickers and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, for whom the convention was not yet liberal enough. Already in Dickensian mood I wondered if Bull Connor was the Spirit of Conventions Past and Fannie Lou the Spirit of Conventions Future. As I walked down the Boardwalk after the battle of Mississippi I came upon a line of white and Negro kids of college age moving in a slow circle singing, softly, perhaps because they had grown weary from their long vigil, "America, America . . ." The night was dark and they moved as gray shadows in filtered moonlight. State troopers and the idly curious looked on in neutral silence. After the flood of words from long-winded politicos inside the hall this quiet tableau reminded me again that official political conventions are buoyed up by the spontaneous convention of peoples who have no badges or credentials but nonetheless are members of this razzmatazz political wedding.

One of the illegal but influential maneuvers of political conventions over the years has been the filching of passes and badges in behalf of a cause strong in heart but weak in official sanction. Actually, convention spectators are supposed to be good children, seen but not heard. But we all remember conventions where the spectators' gallery, mysteriously packed for a dark-horse candidate, played a decisive role in the final choice. Abe Lincoln's legendary integrity did not extend to his campaign managers who counterfeited convention tickets for the supporters of Honest Abe and swayed the delegates by this proof of his popular appeal. Wendell Willkie didn't stoop to counterfeit tickets, but somehow he managed to pack the gallery and rode the crest of a "We Want Willkie" demonstration that finally upended the pros who were backing Dewey and Taft. The Stevenson forces tried the same caper in 1960. The emotional high-water mark was the parade of thousands of volunteers calling for Stevenson outside the hall. Meanwhile, Adlai, the unique "to be or not to be" candidate of American political history, was fencing with his immaculate conscience. Too finely drawn for the rough and tumble of our political arena, he could not help be swayed by the Stevensonian tumult outside his window. Finally, on the third day of that tense convention, his complex mind decided that he was in the race because events seemed to be choosing him, whether or not he chose them. Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota ("the good McCarthy" as he was called) put Stevenson's name in contention with one of the rare, brilliant nominating speeches of the modern era. Eleanor Roosevelt made a seconding speech. The explosive demonstration on the floor went on so long that the Los Angeles Coliseum had to be plunged into darkness to restore order. The gallery was a solid mass of "We Want Adlais." How had this been done? Shades of the ticket steal perpetrated for Honest Abe! The Stevenson people first had collected the gallery tickets allotted to them, then returned disguised as Kennedy supporters sporting conspicuous Kennedy buttons and skimmers. The Stevenson hysteria mounted to a point where it seemed to many observers that the long-shot Willkie ten-strike was about to be repeated. But this time what was taking place was not a pageant of the future but a passing show. The band was not playing "Hail the Conquering Hero," but "Farewell Our Defeated Prophet." Those who had loved Adlai for the mettle of his wit, the precision of his mind and the quality of his statesmanship were lifting their voices in a passionate leave-taking. The Kennedy brigade pulled in their heads and waited for the final barrage to fade away. They knew the Stevenson demonstration, overwhelming as it may have seemed, was not a cavalry charge but the sounding of taps.

What the Kennedys had brought to conventioniana was a style, a crispness, a grasp of the electronic advantage that was an elaborate adaptation of communications under the pressure of battle conditions. In a cottage near the convention hall the Kennedys had set up a command post with direct lines strung to special telephones installed at various strategic points on the convention floor. In addition, 40 Kennedy lieutenants headed by Bobby and Governor Abraham Ribicoff roamed the floor keeping the pressure on individual delegates, using walkie-talkies to report their progress to the cottage nerve center which also had special lines running to the Kennedy suites at the Biltmore Hotel and another hot line to Jack Kennedy's secluded hideaway in Hollywood. The Stevenson and Johnson staffers resented the Kennedy communications control and it was largely due to the tactics at the L. A. convention that Bobby Kennedy owed his

"'Star light, star bright . . .'"

image as a bloodless toughie and a high-pressure hatchet man. It took four years, a profound personal tragedy and another convention to reveal an entirely different and in fact more accurate image of Bobby. In 1960 he personified a new order with new, fresh ways of winning nominations. His use of battle-plan communications was significant, for the members of the Kennedy team taking over the Democratic Party were all products of World War II. The ghosts of that convention were Harry Truman and Jim Farley, and assistant ghosts were Eleanor Roosevelt, Sam Rayburn, Averell Harriman and Stevenson. It was a true turning of the historical corner and Bobby could hardly be blamed for filing the personal characteristics of every delegate with computerlike efficiency or employing walkie-talkies, the new tool of a new generation, to ride herd 1960 fashion on wavering delegations. Goldwater was to employ a similar communications system four years later at San Francisco. Conventions, remember, are a pageant of the future, not unlike world's fairs, and in years to come we may see closed-circuit television sets recording the moment-to-moment questioning expressions of the delegates so that the candidates' lieutenants may play on their sensibilities as on an electronically controlled organ. The Bobby Kennedys of tomorrow, the alert lieutenants of 2064, will probably be able to plug in to the very brain cells of the delegates with some ingenious encephalograph that will record the mental processes of these guinea-pig delegates even before they are able to point their minds to conclusions. The electronic possibilities of our future conventions are staggering to the old-fashioned mind.

But all the electronic "improvements" in store for us will not change the essence, the mystique of the convention. It is as if each convention, despite the overlapping of soaring balloons, catchy slogans, funny hats and exposed ambitions, has its own peculiar soul. The soul of the Eisenhower conventions, for instance, could be summed in likability, fuzzy good will. The soul of the Stevenson conventions was "Let's talk sense to the American people." The soul of Harry Truman's was "Give 'em hell." The soul of the William Jennings Bryan conventions could be found in Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. The soul of the F. D. R. conventions was benevolent, reassuring Great White Fatherhood, "We have nothing to fear . . ." The soul of the Goldwater convention was more hating than loving: "Extremism . . . is no vice . . ."

I believe it will be long remembered that while the Johnson convention gave its mind to its shrewd and capable standard-bearer, it reserved its heart and its soul for its martyred President. So the 15-minute ovation for Bobby Kennedy when he rose to introduce the film dedicated to his brother's 1000 days in the White House, and his real tears, and the terrible hurt that all could feel in him as he took part in that prolonged, wordless communication with the convention—there was the passion and the essence of the last Democratic Convention. All through the weeklong revelry, the gaudy irrelevancies, the Credentials Committee insolubles, the self-righteous oratory, the shadow presence of John F. Kennedy was in the hall. At one of the myriad cocktail parties around which conventions seem to revolve, a lady alternate delegate suddenly saw a vision at the bottom of her martini glass. In the midst of social laughter and insistent political chatter she paused to say, "Somehow it almost seems wrong, all these gay parties and just four years ago we were all in Los Angeles together helping to nominate Jack." That was the spirit behind the frenzied, cut-and-dried but still unpredictable convention. When they stood with Bobby, many of them unashamedly crying with him, the delegates and spectators spontaneously unified were finally having their say at the convention. For once the fine, firm, almost too-sure hand of L. B. J. was not upon them. A satisfactory convention is not a deliberative conclave but an emotional tribal ceremony, like the Seminoles converging for their green corn dance in the moonlit spring of the Everglades, and it wasn't until Bobby Kennedy spoke with moist eyes and his appealing diffidence that the heart and the soul of that convention received the spiritual and emotional nourishment it craved.

"I want to speak just for a few minutes," he was finally allowed to begin. It may be forgotten that Lincoln spoke for only a few minutes at Gettysburg while his colleague Edward Everett on that same occasion spoke for more than an hour. Through Bobby Kennedy, the late President's taste for literature was back in the hall. "When I think of President Kennedy, I think of what Shakespeare said in *Romeo and Juliet*: 'When he shall die/Take him and cut him out in little stars/And he will make the face of heaven so fine/That all the world will be in love with night/And pay no worship to the garish sun.'" At that moment all the convention was truly in love with night and if nominations had still been open for Vice-President the delegates would have stampeded for this young man who had so smartly quarterbacked their 1960 convention and who had served his fallen brother so faithfully and well.

I have said earlier that one approaches an uncontested convention as

"Quickly Jeeves!
...the Seidlitz Powders"

Good man Jeeves . . . quick to respond to his master's urgent need with **GARFIELD'S SEIDLITZ POWDERS.** Been doing it for years and years. Ever since the young master arrived home "blotto" from the Military Ball and had to arise at six to ride to the hounds. **GARFIELD'S SEIDLITZ POWDERS** had him fit as a fiddle in no time at all.

If Jeeves isn't around on the next "morning after", mix **GARFIELD'S SEIDLITZ POWDERS** yourself . . . simple, once you get the hang of it. Relieves acid indigestion, upset stomach and over-indulgence in eating and drinking, quickly, more effectively.

Garfield's Seidlitz Powders

At All Drug Stores

Soft and Rugged

BRUSH JACKET a la Western! Sueded rawhide leather, hip length fitted and styled for warmth and long, rough wear. This truly versatile leather jacket is lined with lambkin deep pile, leather buttons, lambkin collar and pocket trim. Available in natural canyon color . . . Men's sizes. 34-46.

$35.00 POSTPAID

Sorry, no C.O.D's

P.S. How about one for her too?

STUDIO SHOP

41 St. Paul St., Burlington, Vt.

one does a bullfight. Since the end is a foregone conclusion, it is the performance of the *número uno* that arouses suspense. Johnson's style is neither noble nor beautiful, rather crafty and technically perfect, what *aficionados* denigrate as "dry." It was unprecedented for Lyndon to change his plans and appear in the hall 24 hours before "Kennedy's Night" and virtually nominate Humphrey. Thus Johnson, the compleat professional, held a tight rein on the convention. His unexpected appearance was not only to stand off a Kennedy insurgence but a possible white Southern rebellion. Johnson—a man devoured by ambition not only to be President but to capture the imagination of history, as another Roosevelt—has considerable qualities for his time. He has mastered the art of prudence and the game of consensual politics. He is clever enough to know what he does not know and to feel his way. I happened to be sitting close to his Presidential box at his convention last summer. I could watch him smile. If I may read faces rather than platforms for a moment, it is not an easy, open smile. It is a smile that turns in upon the corners of its eyes and mouth as if it is always watching itself play upon its audience. Roosevelt and Kennedy were also calculating men, but their spontaneous smiles had the power to light up the world around them. They were, simply, beautiful men. Johnson's smallness seems to be constantly in the way of his greatness. But he has gone to the school of greatness and he is an apt if uninspired pupil and he has copied down some of the lessons and learned them by mind if not by heart. He carries them forward in the pageant of the future, reluctantly sharing the pageant spotlight with the Kennedy team that promises to return to the scene and perhaps even to dominate it again one day.

If I had not encountered the gentleman I am about to introduce, I might have had to invent him, because he is the ideal doubting Thomas come to question our convention ways. Last summer I was having cocktails at one of the plush hotels that had become political headquarters, on a terrace overlooking the Boardwalk. My host was St. John Terrell, the young theatrical wizard who was in charge of the President's birthday party which was to be just the biggest birthday party of all time, with the biggest birthday cake in the history of the world and the most fireworks ever shot into the sky in the history of the world. Listening to the ebullient St. John with me was an official observer from India, a ranking member of her diplomatic corps. A member of one of the ruling families, he had been educated at Oxford and he sounded more like highborn British Establishment than the Indian revolution that had overthrown it. The Indian diplomat listened with barely concealed disdain while St. John (or *Sin-jin* as he is called) was unfolding his manic plans for the birthday. "Every ethnic group you can think of, Poles, Germans, Norwegians, Scottish bagpipers, Greeks, Turks, thousands of them, busloads, and we even have Cypriot Greeks and Turks riding in the same bus, they come from Trenton and get along fine—and they're all coming for free, just to be part of the scene, all we have to do is feed 'em, it means about five thousand box lunches [nothing at conventions seems to come in smaller lots than five thousand] and we're even putting up kosher box lunches for the Orthodox Jews!" Sin-jin had even wanted to have paratroopers free-falling through simulated ack-ack fire, with one dummy hurtling into the ocean as if shot down—only to reappear again as a parachute Lazarus. "But Lyndon wouldn't go along with it," said Sin-jin ruefully. "Didn't think it was dignified." I looked up at the sky where a small plane trailed a banner reading HELLO, LYNDON. Right behind it was another urging SEND HOME FOURSTAR FUDGE. On a patio below our balcony a state delegation, which shall be mercifully nameless, was having a party before going over to conduct business in the hall. Members of the delegation were all wearing identical gold-and-purple sports jackets. A number of them were already listing as if they had been left over from the party the night before. A girl in an itsy-bitsy bikini was dancing the frug or something. Visitors kept dropping in with loud guffaws and much back-slapping. A potbellied delegate put his straw hat on the frug dancer's head and performed a crude imitation of her sensuous gyrations while fellow delegates and their wives howled.

"What all *this* has to do with democracy I wish someone could explain," said the Indian diplomat in honest bewilderment. "I wonder if anyone here realizes what a dreadful example of democracy a spectacle like this gives the world? A world that is looking to you for leadership. Do you realize that there hasn't been a single vote taken at this convention? Everything's by acclamation. Couldn't you even have a vote for Vice-President instead of just sitting back and waiting for the President to appoint him? These delegates have absolutely nothing to do. And even when there is a vote of sorts like at San Francisco, their state bosses are telling them what to do, or they're bound by something called a unit vote or by a primary election like the one Goldwater won in California by an eyelash. It's all such a hodgepodge. I do think it's going to be an unfortunate day for democracy when these things are shown to the rest of the world via Telstar."

I tried to explain how delegates are chosen, and frankly bogged down. I acknowledged that conventions had not been conceived by the founding fathers and are not prescribed in the Constitution but my memory of their history was faulty. Something about candidates being chosen by Whig and Democratic Congressmen in caucus until the Democratic caucus of 1832 refused to back Andy Jackson. So delegates from the various states assembled and took over the job themselves. No body ever passed a law ruling that Presidents must be nominated this way. It just growed, and growed bigger every four years. "Surely there must be a better way, a more dignified way, a wiser way to choose your candidates and consider the great issues they will have to face," our visitor from India was insisting.

Below us the festive delegation in their extrovert blazers were loudly playing their *Hello, Lyndon!* record. Nearby a young folk-song group was twanging "Barry—Barry—King of the Radical Right . . ." A candy vendor on the Boardwalk was peddling chocolate memorial Kennedy coins. A wax museum on the corner was offering action studies of Jack Ruby murdering Lee Harvey Oswald. A group of young Minnesotans passed by with an improvised band tooting *The Minnesota Rouser*, in honor of "Who but Hubert Humphrey!" There was even a flagpole sitter holding up something we couldn't read. It might have been VOTE FOR MICKEY ROONEY, who was starring on the Steel Pier, not far from "Her Sexellency, Sally Rand."

Yes, this great decision-making body, playing a vital role in deciding our fate, not just for the next four years but for the future of our civilization, was oddly dressed in the harlequin colors of the fool. I could see how it might irritate and baffle our visitors from the far shores. I had to admit that the American political convention was a noisy and overextended carnival and clearly an odd way to choose a Chief Executive and a program for the most powerful office on earth. As pure democracy it was a farce. Positively god-awful. It has only one defense. Not all the sages and philosophers and statesmen, neither in this country nor in the sister republics so quick to criticize, have ever been able to dream up anything better. She may not look like pure Guernsey, but she's been nourishing our political system for more than a hundred years.

"Here we are, my dear—the wine cellar!"

I DON'T GET IT *(continued from page 105)*

sloppy girls, that's all, so everybody says he's surely one of the great writers of our time, and nobody says anything about me. That's not right.

I don't begrudge Alexander Pope his fame, he's entitled to it, but these other kids, where do they keep coming from, most of them irreligious, too, many of them blasphemous, several unbathing. I respect William Blake his fame—he worked hard for it, and honestly. Besides, while he was alive he must have felt a little like I have always felt—lousy, because William Blake wasn't considered the great man during his lifetime that he was. I think Bill Blake is entitled to every bit of his belated fame, and the thing that burns me up about Bill is that he didn't get rich, all kinds of other people got rich, but Bill didn't, he started poor and he stayed poor his whole life. And I'll be damned if I want that sort of thing to happen to me, too, having the same first name, but so far not having encouraged a lovable nickname. I could long ago have encouraged everybody to call me Bill. In fact, long ago I was called *Wild* Bill ten or eleven times by newspaper reviewers of books, but I soon enough noticed that they called anybody whose first name was William the same lovable Wild Bill, and God knows *all* of us Williams weren't wild or certainly not equally wild. They weren't sincere, and one thing a suspicious man is everlastingly concerned about is the sincerity of his admirers. Are they sincere, the nonentities? I am an entity, not a nonentity. I have been an entity all of my life. It hurts an entity to find all kinds of nonentities, or only recently graduated entities, getting all of the attention.

It isn't easy for me to be comfortable about never having been on the cover of *Time*, for instance. What does *Time* mean by bypassing me year after year? Do they mean to imply that these other kids who are getting on the cover are more important than I am? I'll be damned if they are. I'll be damned if anybody who has ever been on the cover of *Time* is more important than I am. I happen to understand about importance. I'm an expert at it. I know who is important and who isn't. And towering over and above everything I know is the proud and lonely fact that I am the most important of all, so what's *Time* trying to do, confuse me? Well, brother, just remember one thing, I can get hot, but I'm awfully difficult to confuse.

Nobody, but nobody, is going to tell me I'm not the most. I am. I was the most when everybody else was struggling bitterly to become a little. Peter Ustinov, all bearded that way and brilliant, unable to open his mouth except to say something bright and true, where does he get off trying to make a fool of me that way, by comparison? I don't happen to want to wear a beard, I find a beard like that an unnecessary calling of attention to oneself. And I keep my weight within bounds—*large* bounds, but still bounds. I don't believe it is nice for any man to have more than an average of 20 pounds of blubber to carry around and laugh with whenever he is embarrassed about his bad jokes. I carry a proper average of only about 20 pounds of blubber, which in itself is superiority. But not just Ustinov, all of these guys from London, from England, from Wales, from Scotland, from Ireland. What was it with Brendan Behan, singing those irrelevant ballads all the time? Talking all the time, not letting anybody else get in a few quick words, and then when they did, refusing to listen. That isn't the way. That's a very impolite way to be an entity. I always give the other kid a chance to say his say, stupid as I always know it is going to be, and as it always *is*. Kenneth Tynan, or Ken as so many of his admirers prefer to call him, where did he ever come from, with all that fancy writing about the theater? I've got more theater in my little finger than Kenneth Tynan has got in his apposable thumb, which I have just lately learned is the difference between us and the apes. He's got his apposable thumb and I've got mine, but I swear it isn't arrogance that impels me to point out that mine is the superior apposable thumb, it is simple devotion to the truth. These kids won't stop. They keep coming at you from everywhere, from all directions, and some of them seem to drop out of the sky or come up out of holes in the ground, all eager and swift, and none of them, none of them aware, as I am, of the difficulty and enormity of the present human predicament. They get the publicity, just the same, even Irving Lazar, and he's not even a writer, he's just an *agent* for writers, he can't even write a letter, he telephones, so he's in *The Saturday Evening Post* with a great big feature story—Irving Lazar. Is Irving Lazar as great a man as Sam Spiegel, who made the movie of Lawrence of Arabia and is a greater man than Lawrence of Arabia, and has a yacht? And pays taxes? And could buy a whole fleet of London taxis if he felt like it? Well, I'm bigger than Sam, everybody knows that, and I'm not referring to height alone, although I'm bigger there, too. I'm referring to size in ineffables, but, if that's not good enough, in *effables*, too. I don't begrudge Irving and Sam having what they have, I'm all for it, if that's the sort of thing they want, all I'm saying is what the hell is the yacht *for*? Are we a maritime people? From the four corners of the world year after year fourflushers keep arriving on the scene and grabbing all of the attention and money. It's not right. It's wrong. It hurts. Makes me stop and wonder if all of my noble work has been worth the while. Or did I throw the pearls right smack into the kissers of the pigs? It's not nice even to suspect that I may have.

Put it this way, or as nearly this way as you can possibly manage: A hundred years from now, in 2064, where are all of

" 'Drag race,' my foot! I know a rumble when I see one!"

these kids going to be, and then honestly guess or estimate or compute on a machine where I will be, and then I think you'll understand some of my annoyance, because, frankly, it isn't possible for any outsider to understand *all* of it. Even an insider, and I am very nearly the only insider there is, can't understand all of it. Or don't even plunge a hundred years forward, make it a smaller portion of time, make it day after tomorrow, because tomorrow is just a little too near—well, where are these kids going to be day after tomorrow? Pretty much nowhere, wouldn't you say? While I am going to be right where I always have been, at the tippy-tip top, alone, aloof, supreme, and badly in need of a hat.

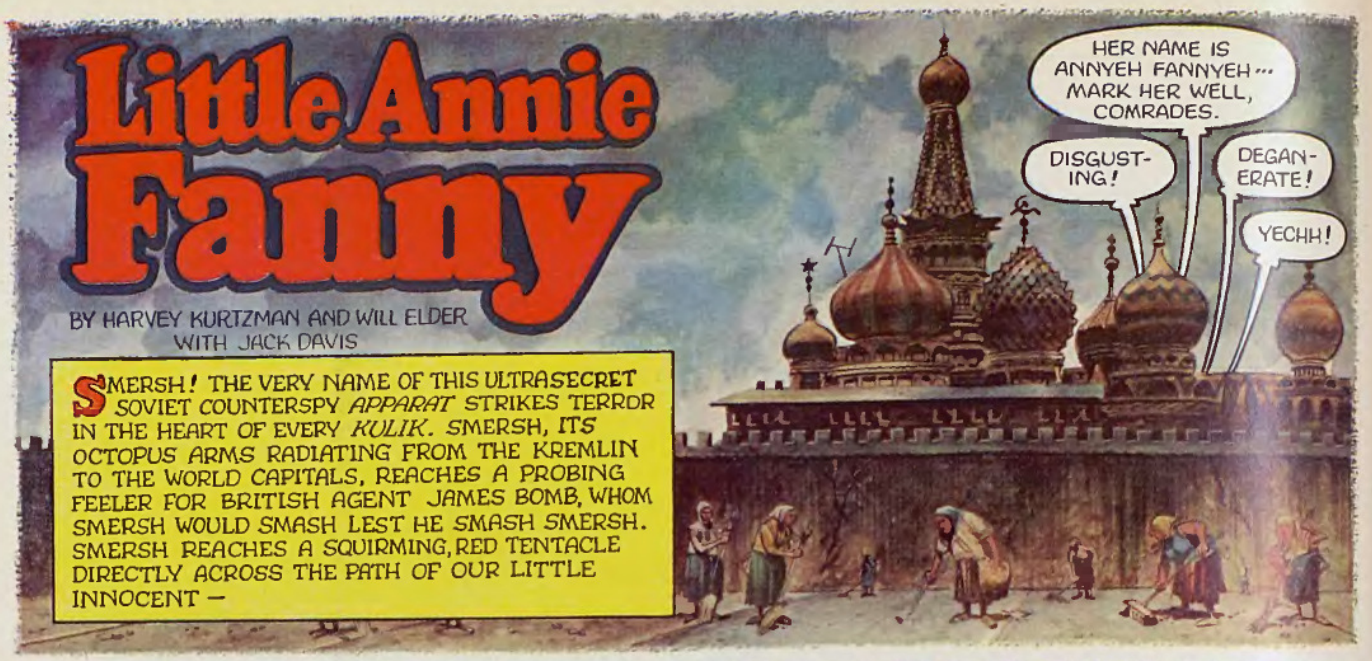
Norman Mailer—why should so many people feel, especially the young, that Norman Mailer is the man who has got something to say to them, and not I? I can't account for it. It simply has got to be the consequence of some sort of unfortunate misunderstanding of something or other. So far he doesn't seem to have encouraged anybody to refer to him by the lovable nickname of Norm, but that in itself doesn't justify the belief so many kids have that Mailer has the message they want to hear. He can write, nobody in his right mind, nobody in anybody's right mind, wants to pretend he can't write, but let's face up to asking the key question at this point: Can he write, can he even begin to write, as I can write, as I have written? Let's just ask that key question, and then let's just try to answer it honestly. He keeps getting all kinds of complicated things straighter than all of the other kids, but the complicated things I write about are even more complicated than the ones he writes about, and I get mine straighter than he gets his. I get mine so straight I have to guard against their moving back over on the other side. And Nelson Algren—what is this wild stuff about Chicago, is Chicago some kind of zoo, or what? And going around the world, and meeting different people—that's a matter of travel, that isn't preaching the gospel. I preach the gospel. And yet these kids are getting all the gravy. And they keep coming—Heller, I can't even remember his first name, *Catch-22*, I never even read it, although there is a kid in there by the name of Yossarian, but the kid's not even an Armenian, let alone me. It just isn't possible for anybody who isn't an Armenian to have the name of Yossarian. One of the hottest writers going, and all on the strength of one novel about how a kid in the Army discovered that an Army is made up of a lot of boobs and phonies, each of whom is slyly fighting off accident and death with every ounce of his animal cunning. Something Heller, a name before Heller, but not a nickname, a straight name of some kind. I was in London one time and every newspaper in town had a piece about him, and not a lousy word about me, stopping at the Savoy. J. D. Salinger aching with love for his classy, glassy people, whose family name *is* Glass, but loathing everybody else, as if everybody else were in fact in another race entirely—crooks, that is, charlatans, killers. There's another kid who keeps grabbing—space, fame, money, and all he does is hide, all he does is refuse to see anybody, so everybody keeps trying to get a big story about him just the same. Burns me up. What am I supposed to be, a has-been? A never-was? A second-rater, maybe a third-rater, or even a fool of a fandango fourth-rater? I don't get it. How can anything so plain as my incomparable superiority go so unnoticed? I have never been cheap. I have always had a cheerful word for just about anybody, children who tend to turn away in terror from most people run to me, even though I look like hell most of the time. And I think about big things earnestly. I worry about the world. I seriously question the wisdom of having a lot of high explosives stockpiled all over the place and ready at a moment's notice—notice? These kids in the Government are getting all of the notice, too. And they go on television, on *Meet the Press*, on *Open End*, on the Jackie Gleason show, on *Open Mind*, on *Open Window*, and they casually, playing it down, let everybody know it is only a matter of a small mistake, a nervous accident, until everything will be shot. A lot of high explosives stockpiled all over the place makes me worry as much as it makes anybody else worry. I mean, it isn't all poetry with me, as it is with Ezra Pound, for instance, some of it is anxiety about the whole mother human race. I don't want that race to be blown to smithereens, because a thing like that could make a lot of trouble for me personally and for all I know forever prevent my true greatness from emerging from the junk pile where it has been for so long. If everything and everybody becomes part of that junk pile, how the hell will I ever make it clear once and for all that I got entangled in the junk by unhappy accident, and by rights should have been out in the light, standing straight on the pedestal plainly marked Top Writer of the Time. I worry about that, too. And I hate all these kids who don't worry about big things at all. It isn't right. I'm jealous of all these kids, because if anybody deserves to be lucky, I deserve to be. And I'm suspicious of everybody who seriously imagines that these kids are possibly as important as I am, which on the face of it is fantastic. I am the greatest. Let's just understand that. Let's just accept it, so that we won't become neurotic, and then let's all pitch in together and be nice. Let's all be nice to one another, for as much as you are nice to one another, you are nice to me, and you know me. I'm the nicest. I love everybody.

"Golly, you producers don't waste any time, do you, Mr. Gottlieb?"

Little Annie Fanny

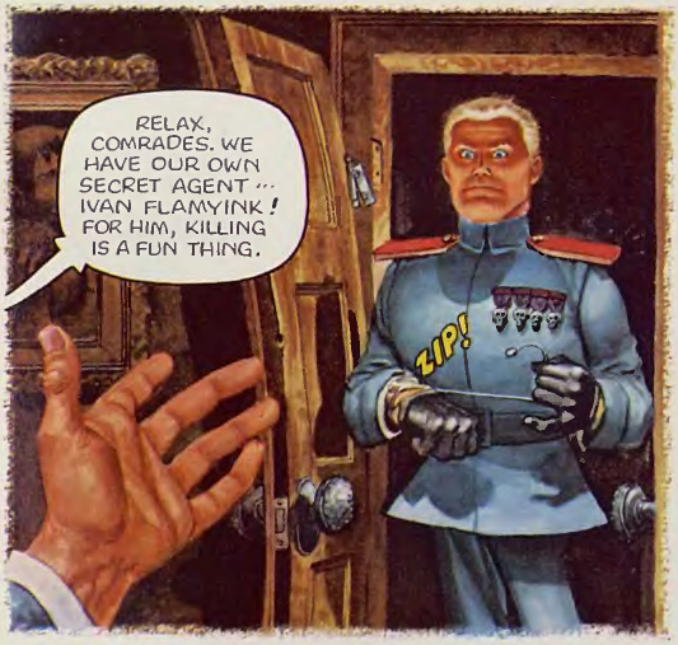
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS

SMERSH! THE VERY NAME OF THIS ULTRASECRET SOVIET COUNTERSPY *APPARAT* STRIKES TERROR IN THE HEART OF EVERY *KULIK*. SMERSH, ITS OCTOPUS ARMS RADIATING FROM THE KREMLIN TO THE WORLD CAPITALS, REACHES A PROBING FEELER FOR BRITISH AGENT JAMES BOMB, WHOM SMERSH WOULD SMASH LEST HE SMASH SMERSH. SMERSH REACHES A SQUIRMING, RED TENTACLE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE PATH OF OUR LITTLE INNOCENT —



COMRADES! PLEASE! WE ARE HERE TO TRACK DOWN A FOREIGN AGENT ··· A FRIEND TO THIS GORL, BUT A DEADLY ENEMY TO SMERSH. THIS SEEMINGLY INDESTRUCTIBLE FALLOW (THAT ONE MUST SECRETLY ADMIRE) HAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY LIQUIDATED NUMEROUS MEMBERS OF OUR *APPARAT*. WE WILL NEED A FEARLESS MAN TO DESTROY THIS AGENT.
DOZVI-DANYA, COMRADE!
I DON'T VOLUN-TEER!
DON'T LOOK AT ME!
ME NEITHER!

BOT IN ORDER TO FIND THIS AGENT, WE WILL NEED A MAN TO STAY DAY AND NIGHT AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THIS LITTLE ANNYEH FANNYEH!
I VOLUNTEER!
ME TOO!
ME ME!
ME!


RELAX, COMRADES. WE HAVE OUR OWN SECRET AGENT ··· IVAN FLAMYINK! FOR HIM, KILLING IS A FUN THING.
ZIP!

GO, AGENT FLAMYINK, KILL SOMEBODY A LITTLE, FOR THE COMRADES.
MY PLEASURE, COM-RADE.
HOO, BOY! LOOK WHAT A FUN THING IT IS FOR HIM!
HE SURE IS A FINE DORTY-RAT KILLER!

HEY! HOW COME WHEN BRITISH AGENT KILLS HE'S SECRETLY ADMIRED AND WHEN I KILL, I AM "DORTY RAT"?
NEVER MIND, AGENT FLAMYINK! WE KNOW THE BRITISH AGENT WILL PASS THROUGH NEW YORK THIS WEEK, WHERE HE WILL NO DOUBT SEEK OUT THIS LITTLE ANNYEH FANNYEH FOR FEMALE COM-PANIONSHIP. YOU WILL THEREFORE STODY HER PICTURE ··· MAMORIZE IT, TEAR IT OP AND SWALLOW IT!

HOW COME NO ONE EVEN CALLS ME COMRADE?
CAN I HOV SOME?
PLEASE, AGENT FLAMYINK, DO NOT TALK WITH A FULL MOUTH. YOU WILL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO NEW YORK, WHERE, THROUGH ANNYEH FANNYEH, YOU WILL FIND AND DESTROY JAMES BOMB, BETTER KNOWN AS 0007-AREA CODE 212.

NEW YORK
JIMZIE! - SOON AS I GOT YOUR NOTE, I RUSHED RIGHT OVER! I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE WRITING MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.
I'VE GOT EXACTLY 90 MINUTES IN NEW YORK!
YOU! TAKE MY BAGS INTO THE OTHER ROOM!
YOU! TAKE MY SUITS TO BE PRESSED!
YOU! TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF!
NOT YOU! ... HER!

YOU BIG SILLY! YOU'RE ALWAYS SO SERIOUS, LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD ON YOUR SHOULDERS. ... LAUGH! ... COME ON! ... KITCHY KOO -
DARLING, I HAVE GOT THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD ON MY SHOULDERS.
POW!
CAREFUL! THAT'S A DEADLY BERETTA UNDER MY ARMPIT!

AND NOW, YOU LITTLE GOOSE, QUICKLY! ... I'M DUE IN ISTANBUL TONIGHT.
AH! THE CHAMPAGNE!
IT'S A LOVELY DAY.

... UNLESS IT RAINS.

... BUT THE CROCODILES LAUGH IN THE SUN.

... NOT IF THE TABLECLOTH SNEEZES HIGH UP.

EENY MEENY DIXIE DEENY SKINAMACRACKER TOM AND NEENY-

IF YOU ARE CONFUSED, ANNIE, THIS FELLOW IS A BRITISH AGENT, SENT BY 'M' WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR ME –
0007, AREA CODE 212 ··· SOMETHING'S UP AT SMERSH! ··· WE DON'T KNOW WHAT, BUT SINCE YOU'RE OUR NUMBER-ONE SMERSH-SMASHER, STAY ON YOUR TOES! ··· AND OH, YES ··· OUR ARMORER HAS MADE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU!
A NEW WEAPON, EH? HAH! VERY CLEVER! – LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN OLD CLUB. DOES IT FIRE THROUGH THE HANDLE? DOES IT SHOOT FLAME? POISON GAS? A LASER BEAM? A COLLAPSIBLE AA CANNON?
NONE OF THAT! THERE'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. WHO WOULD SUSPECT THAT THIS PLAIN OLD CLUB IS ACTUALLY JUST A PLAIN OLD CLUB?
NOW! YOU WILL PROCEED TO CENTRAL PARK. THERE WILL BE A BOAT WAITING ON THE LAKE –
I HAVE TO FINISH MY LIST OF NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SOME WITH ME AND WE'LL BOTH SWEAR, CROSS OUR HEARTS, KISS OUR PINKIES TO THE SKY.
··· A PLAIN OLD CLUB? ··· 'M' MUST BE GOING BALMY. ··· WHAT'S THAT? ··· SOUNDS LIKE A HELICOPTER!
SMERSH!
BLESS YOU!
LUCKILY, I HAVE MY COLLAPSIBLE LIGHTWEIGHT .32.
I'LL JUST UNFOLD THE BUTT FROM THE STOCK –
KLIK!
– SCREW THE BARREL OVER THE BREECH-BLOCK –
KERKLIK-
– INSERT THE MAGAZINE INTO THE TRIGGER PLATE –
KLAK!

-OR WAS IT THE STOCK TO THE TRIGGER PLATE AND THE BUTT TO THE BARREL ?
FORGET IT! THEY LEFT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO!... LEAPIN' LIZARDS! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
BOOM!
OF COURSE, ONE WELL-PLACED SHOT WITH THE BERETTA, COMPENSATING PROPERLY FOR DRIFT AND STRIKING THE STABILIZER BLADE AFT OF THE ROTOR BEARING WOULD JAM THE UNIVERSAL AND SEND THEM INTO A FLAT SPIN!
SMERSH!
OH, HELL! I'LL SMASH 'EM WITH THE CLUB!
YI!
YOU'RE ALWAYS IN SO MUCH DANGER, JIMZIE! ALL THIS NEEDLESS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU? WHY DON'T YOU TURN OVER A NEW LEAF WITH ME...?
LET'S RESOLVE, NO MORE DRINKING!
NO MORE DRINKING? OH, HOHO!
NO MORE STAYING OUT LATE!
NO MORE OUT LATE? YA HA HOHO!
NO MORE WASTING YOUR MONEY!
NO MORE MONEY? AH HA HAHA! STOP! THIS IS TOO MUCH!
NO MORE KILLING!
OOLP!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK KILLING BOTHERS ME?
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
... THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME ABOUT KILLING IS THE OCCASIONAL MESS. FRIGHTFULLY DIFFICULT TO GET OUT THE BLOODSTAINS, YOU KNOW.
YAAGH! THERE'S A SPOT!
UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!
OUT, DAMNED SPOT!
WHAT MAKES HER THINK IT BOTHERS ME?

I'M NOT JUST A COMMONPLACE KILLER, YOU KNOW. I'M LEGAL! I HAVE A GOVERNMENT KILLING LICENSE. I HAVE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS! CERTIFICATES! I HAVE ··· I HAVE ···
KILL
Kill
Kill
Kill
KILL
AAAH! WHY KID MYSELF! IT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME MORE AND MORE! THE DOCTOR YES AFFAIR! THAT GOLDTHUMBER ADVENTURE! THE KILLINGS! I SEE THEIR EYES AT NIGHT, WHEN I TRY TO SLEEP··· STARING AT ME – !
I RESOLVE, ANNIE··· I RESOLVE NEVER TO KILL AGAIN! KISS MY PINKIE TO THE SKY!
LOOK, JAMES··· HERE'S THE BOAT THEY SAID WOULD BE WAITING···
WE'RE ALL ALONE. UNSTRAP YOUR BERETTA AND YOUR COLLAPSIBLE RIFLE AND TREAT ME ROUGH LIKE IN THE HOTEL.
YES ··· TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES! ··· ER, NO ··· WAIT! MAYBE JUST TAKE OFF YOUR BLOUSE ··· ER··· NO ··· AHEM ···
WHY, JAMES! YOU'RE BLUSHING!
IT'S NO USE! WHEN I RESOLVED NOT TO BE A KILLER ANYMORE, I GAVE UP MY BELIEF IN MY BRUTAL MASCULINE IMAGE. I GAVE UP MY DREAM OF SECRET AGENT 0007, AREA CODE 212. AND WHAT ARE WE WITHOUT OUR DREAMS, BUT SOFT, EMPTY SHELLS?
SOFT, EMPTY SHELLS ··· HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JAMES BOMB, SECRET AGENT 0007, AREA CODE 212!
IVAN FLAMYINK OF SMERSH!
JAMIE! HE DRAGGED ME ON THE BOAT AND TOOK MY CLOTHES WHILE YOU WERE HAVING YOUR TANTRUM!
HOW CAN THE INTREPID BRITISH AGENT SAVE HIMSELF WHEN HE HAS RESOLVED TO KILL NO MORE, AND KISSED HIS PINKIE TO THE SKY? DON'T FAIL TO MISS THE CONCLUSION OF THIS THRILLING JAMES BOMB ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY."

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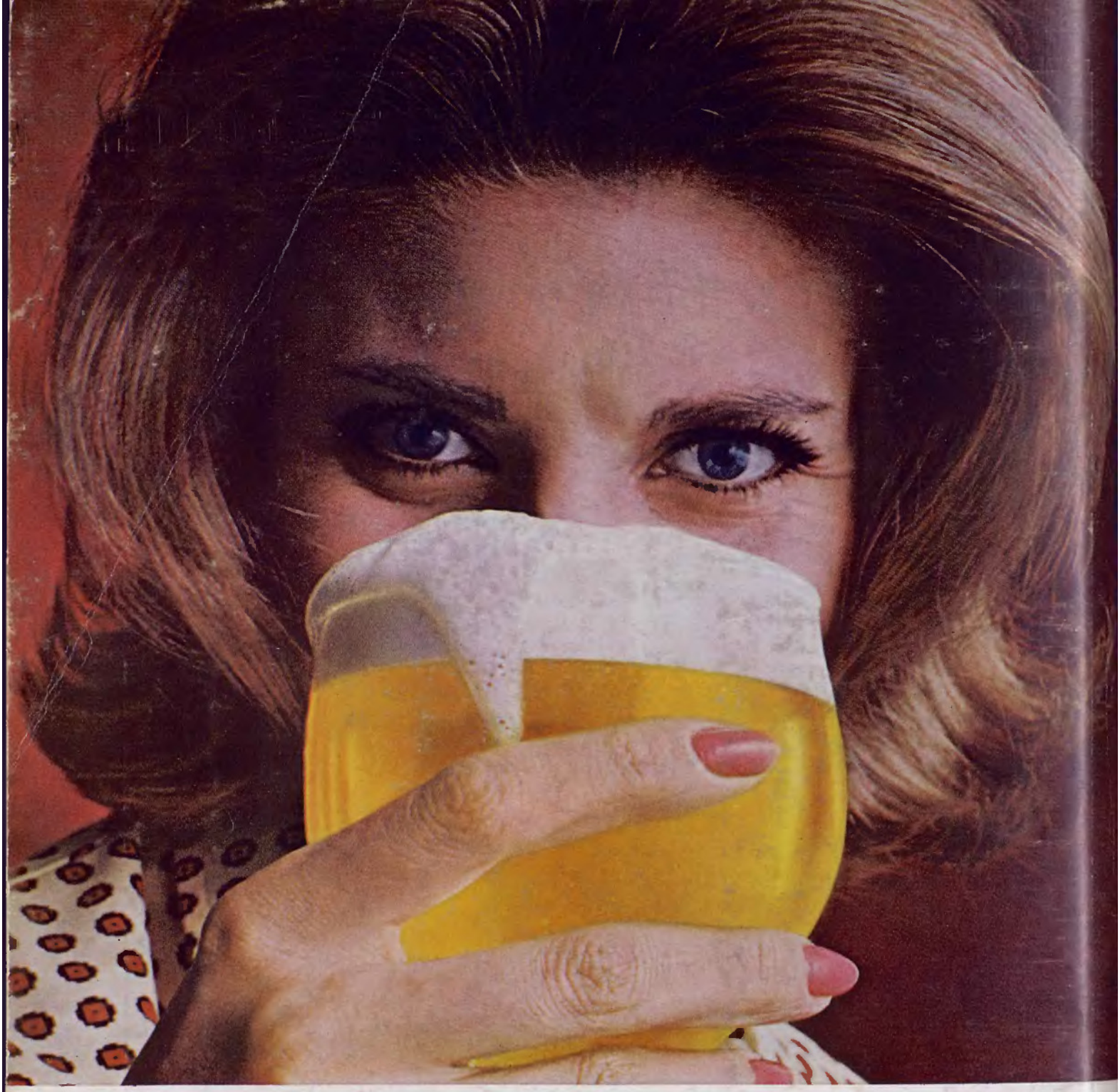

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